THE OUTLINE OF KNOWLEDGE

EDITED BY

JAMES A. RICHARDS

TRAVEL

VOLUME XV

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TRAVEL

"With what soothing emotions, what eager delight, do we follow the traveller, who leads us from the cares, the sorrows, the joys of ordinary life, to wander in another hemisphere; to mark unknown forms of luxuriant beauty and unknown objects of majestic greatness—to view a new earth, new skies."

ALEXANDER HUMBOLDT.

TRAVEL

THE NEW MELTING POT ON THE BOSPORUS

Constantinople, the Most Expensive and Impoverished City in Europe—How the Turk Is Breaking With His Ancient Traditions—A Hopeless Haven for Russia's Refugees—The Turkish Flapper Discards the Veil

By Lucian Swift Kirtland

As of old, you can buy sweets at Hajji Bakir's (paying pounds in stead of *piastres*); you can wander into St. Sophia and be received with Turkish courtesy (if the guard at the gate decides that you are an American and not a Greek or Armenian); and you can find the same tourist hotels in the quarter called Pera. But if you think that the Constantinople of to-day is the Constantinople you once knew—well, to put it gently, you labor under a gross illusion.

I shall have to go into some personal experiences to explain what I mean. From the deck of a British cruiser I have just waved good-bye to the Sublime Porte. This means of transportation not only solved the seemingly impossible problem of how to get to Port Said, but saved me from the most rapidly ruinous daily expense I have ever known. Despite the depreciation of the currency, Constantinople, instead of being a paradise for meager purses, is to-day the most expensive city in Europe, and perhaps in the world.

If the day had not been so rain-swept, I could almost have viewed the extreme limits of the *bona fide* suzerainty of the Sultan from the deck of the boat. The great fleet of gray-painted British dreadnaughts lying here and there in the harbor could certainly have covered all that remains of the Turkey of to-day with a fusillade from even their shortest range guns. The actual territory over which the Sultan can claim influence—tenuous at that—is but a paltry few square miles. Think of that as a last remnant of an Empire which once extended from the plateaus of Central Asia to the walls of Vienna!

Of course this remnant does not coincide with the geographical limits laid down in the Peace Treaty of Sevres. Those bearded Kemalists in the Anatolian hills are absolutely indifferent to the Peace Treaty. But I have no intention of going into politics. These geographical items are simply included to instance that, among its other peculiar present-day troubles, Constantinople is a great city which has been almost entirely cut off from its hinterland for a year. Imagine, in comparison, New York rigorously confined to the Isle of Manhattan, having communication by sea with London and Paris, but having no communication with its back country.

The upshot of this situation is that you can buy recent London or Paris newspapers in the Constantinople bazaars, but you can't buy butter and eggs from country districts twenty miles away. This means starvation for the common people (even with wages more than double what they ever were before). But starvation just now is not peculiar to Turkey. It is the familiar state of all Eastern Europe.

However, the curious effect of Turkey's physical isolation from its Asiatic hinterland and of its proximity to Western Europe has forced, or provoked, this ancient city, in the abject hopelessness of its fate, to examine the foundations of Western civilization with a concern which fanaticism has not permitted for centuries, and to distrust its own star of destiny.

This is the greatest change of all, greater even than the loss of territory and prestige. It is so radical and revolutionary because it is a change in morale, customs, and beliefs. It is a "Westernization" of the outlook upon life and most of the problems of life. It is not a camouflaged political move such as fooled the world for a time when the Young Turks were badgering Abdul Hamid. At least, there is no propaganda heralding to-day's overthrowing of the past. The transformation has to be discovered from being on the spot. It is social, not political.

For instance, take out your album of photographs of the Stamboul streets ten years ago. Find one picture, if you can, of a Turkish woman not veiled. And to-day? (This has all happened since the momentous date of the armistice.) Yes, there are veils, a few. Cruel prose forces one to acknowledge that the charms of some faces are just as well hidden. But when they wish it, the women of Turkey in this day of miracles are becoming their own dress dictators—after centuries of allowing their lords to ordain their styles. They have not departed from tradition, exactly. The creative artist rarely does. They have taken the old Eastern model and have made it bewitching. The once heavy veil with masquerade slits for the eyes has now become a film of gauze, when it exists at all. The emancipation has discarded only what was ugly. In this refur-

bishing of the national dress one feels (and feeling is a good criterion for judging fashions) that those slender figures and those delicate faces could not find in the length and breadth of the world a better expression of taste.

With emancipation in dress has come emancipation in any number of other directions. Of course, there are many palaces on the Bosporus which a visitor might enter a thousand times and, except for the rustle of silk behind a curtain, never become conscious of a woman's existence in the household However, there are those other palaces to-day where even the foreigner may call upon the daughters of the household. In homes of this sort we will be served tea, and he will be asked about the fox-trot and French literature. Can this mean that the masters of the harem have become more tractable? There doesn't seem to be any other possible meaning.

The son of a cabinet minister said to me, "We have had our eyes and minds opened to the fact that many of our old ways are so antique for this age that they creak. If we are to keep them, we must go back to Asia entirely. Otherwise we must turn our backs on Asia and go with Europe—be part and parcel with Europe. We have chosen the ways of the West."

Be that as it may, every afternoon between four and six you can see Turkish girls, unveiled, sitting vis-a-vis with handsome Turkish young men, having their tea in the "oreign" hotels with the same pervading atmosphere that one would expect at Rumpelmayer's in Paris, or at The Plaza in New York. As yet, they come their separate ways and meet. They do not smash the conventions of street conduct. Nevertheless, there appears to be an innocent frivolity and freedom of comradeship which the hectic excitement of intrigue behind the *purdah* never gave.

It should be understood that this social revolt for some of the revolutionaries is not being carried through without some cause for trepidation. It is a transition era. There are still long knives, and sharp ones, in Stamboul, and the undertow of the Bosporus continues to tell no tales. This is a dangerous combination, especially when there are fathers who cling to the older ideas of dishonor, and do not pretend to understand "afternoon tea." Over innumerable cups of coffee I was the confidant of a young American. He had met a charming Turkish girl, a daughter of one of the oldest families. She was imbued with the spirit of the new adventures in emancipation; and she, too, wished "to have tea." It was innocent plotting, but it was dangerous. I stuck to gray-haired (perhaps opportunist) advice, and insisted that the payment which would be exacted if discovery should follow would undoubtedly include the conventional knife and the conventional finality of the Bosporus.

Even that courteous, old-fashioned friend of yours, whom you knew as the head of a multitudinous household, may now be living with but one wife. Economic changes make war upon old customs. The Prophet declared that a man *must* take one wife, and that he *might* take four (not counting slaves) The Turk is bankrupt. For a man in bankruptcy, one wife is certainly cheaper than four. Besides, as a young Turk of the nobility observed to me across the table of his club, "It is no longer *chic* to have more than one wife." What happens to the divorced wives is another story.

So much for the Turks. But Constantinople is more than a Turkish city (alas for the Turks!). It is a port of all nationalities

I cannot venture upon a photographic description of the floating life of the city, particularly that part which is host to the foreigner. Such variety of writing may have been all right for the Eighteenth Century, but it would hardly do for our day.

We may not appreciate the subtleties of technic in the East's preservation of law and order, but after its own fashion the Oriental system seems to succeed. At least society endures and labors on. To-day, however, all known tradition has collapsed in Constantinople. In 1914 the machinery of state was still functioning, albeit decayed and only tied together with string. Three months after she entered the war Turkey collapsed abjectly. Then the German efficiency engineer came. His repairs were purely opportunist. He took command of the few resources, the strategic position, and the man-power, and he spent these mercilessly but to the best effect. Then, of a sudden, the German fled. With his hand off the bellows, the fire in the ashes died.

Following after came a host of troubles: the Kemalist separatist movement; the fall in exchange; starvation; the humiliating Peace Treaty; the invasion of the Greeks; and the flood of the Russian refugees. The Turk was suffering from theoretical and practical anarchy mixed, but he hardly applied such names. He was dazed. Unless incited to be just the opposite by administered orders, the Turk is inclined to be apathetic. He decently endured the anarchy, but the scum of every other element took advantage of the twists and turns of lawlessness. The city wailed in chaos. Then came the British fleet and British supervision of the police efforts. This supervision included early closing regulations! (The trouble with early closing of the bars is, according to the Turks, that the rogues are all driven out on the streets before the honest people have sufficient time to get home and bar themselves in.) These ordinances may help—but what could have been the previous condition?

Almost no system of standards of payments for service rendered remains by which the traveler can be guided. This chaos begins on the moment of entry, whether by sea or by rail. I have been in almost every port from the Levant to Yokohama at one time or

another, and I thought I had become familiar with every barbarous experience that a traveler's arrival can evoke—but I had never met to-day's baggage porters of Constantinople. I am sure Captain Kidd's pirates would be mild and gentlemanly in comparison. To encounter the Constantinople ruffians is an ordeal to leave the hardiest weak from exhaustion; and as a matter of fact, exaggerated as it may seem, the precarious condition of safety is not limited to baggage. In this bedlam of brigandry the only law is jungle law. When I was in Constantinople several of the legations warned their nationals of the dangers of departing by the night Orient Express. The only course for personal safety was to go to the station by daylight and to spend ten hours or so in the waiting room—and by no means to allow friends to come to see them off. The midnight return from the station across the river was a hazard too serious to risk.

Most of the streets, with the exception of "The Grand Rue de Pera," are unlighted; or, if lighted at all, the scene is staged with those same flickering wicks which are conventionally used in our theaters to suggest the gruesome. Shortly after dark the streets are virtually deserted. There is that same lonesome emptiness which characterized the battle-zone towns of France at night during the war. But the terrors of Constantinople are not from the sky; they are from the dark shadows at every turn. There are watchmen—aye, truly. They wear the same old medieval garb and they occasionally pass down the streets. They beat continually on the pavement with long staffs of wood which yield a mysterious reverberating and echoing sound. But the accepted idea is that the wayfarer is wayfaring at his own risk. If there is a sudden cry at night of murder and robbery (a lone cry with no sound to compete against it except the ever-baying of the unhappy dogs) no rescuers rush out. If there is any notice taken, it is never more than a cautious look from some well-barred higher casement. "In the morning," someone explained to me, "we look to see whether or no there is a pool of blood—and there too often is." Believe it or not, I do not think there was a night when I was not awakened by some fearful shriek.

As I said, the Grand Rue de Pera (together with some of the neighboring alleys) is an exception to this desertion between sunset and sunrise. This street always had its importance in the foreign quarter. It has now been taken over by the Russians, that is, those Russians who have a piastre to spend. Every day a new Russian restaurant opens, until one believes that these refugees live as did Mark Twain's Italians who took in each other's washing. The Russians seem to exist by eating in each other's restaurants.

When I was with the Russian army in 1916 I made a good many

Russian friends, and thus I have been especially interested in the endurance of the thousands upon thousands of Russian refugees in England, France and Germany. I have seen those shadowy figures, who once upon a time under the Czar bore distinguished names, wandering like shadows through the empty, echoing spaces of the old embassy building at Paris, still pretending to function as the only real Russian government. I have spent days at the refugee camps outside of Berlin, barracks which were once for war prisoners, and I have seen there men, women and children grateful, in their hopelessness, even for such hospitality. However, to know the full tale, one must know Constantinople in this present year of grace. The Russians have come to the Bosporus—an army. Ironically—a grim irony!—this countless horde made me think again and again of the remark that was so often made to me in Petrograd days: "The end of the war can only be when Muscovy reaches to the Golden Horn. The New Age will begin when a Russian moujik nails the cross above the crescent on the dome of St. Sophia."

Not a paragraph, but volume upon volume would be essential to begin to portray something of the drama of these Russian refugees. In one drab particularity the history of many is the same. They arrive in the great capital, a starving city truly, but nevertheless a city where every luxury is available—at a price. They have suffered incredibly; in their escapes they have endured privations which one sometimes thinks could only have been survived by Russians; they have known heroic adventures and sacrifices. But it is not good to endure too much. Their position, their families' lives, and their country's soul—all have been destroyed. Perhaps it is seeking after forgetfulness. They reach out for the luxuries and pleasures which Constantinople still offers—at a price. They pawn their jewels, they sell their furs, and they exchange their bales of paper *roubles* for Turkish pounds. They go to the great hotels and sleep in soft beds; they dance; they devour Russian pastries; and they taste again many glasses of vodka. Their money goes. They cannot pay their hotel bills. (And at this point I might say that the first hotel room which was reserved for us was billed at forty-four Turkish pounds a day, without food. A pound was equivalent to a dollar in value. Furthermore I might say that a possible exchange value for Southern Russian roubles when I last asked was *one million roubles to forty-seven pounds!*)

Darksome abysses which I never explored only know where these refugees go when their money is spent. But there are countless new arrivals to take their places at the hotels, the pawn shops, the dancing places, and the vodka cafés.

In its madness the Grand Rue de Pera has its own outward respectability, at least in comparison to those side streets of small

cafés, bars, and rookeries where the sailors of all nations throng. Under foot is a slimy mud; the narrow sidewalks are crowded with Eastern vendors; gasoline lights flare. In and out of the throng pass women seeking to allure by accoutering themselves with the tinsel adornments and the veils of the harems from which (they are prepared mysteriously to whisper) they have escaped for an hour's adventuring. (See *The Arabian Nights,* almost any page.)

Centuries of Turkish fanatical rule have made us forget that the Osmanli seizure of Rome's Eastern capital was at first not a strangling of civilization and culture. For many years under the Mohammedans the Byzantine city kept the light of culture and science burning when most of the cities of Europe were in darkness. But when fanaticism at length prevailed every effort was made to destroy the preëminent position of the city as the natural capital of the meeting of the roads between the East and the West. But no attempted isolation could entirely destroy the city's natural position as a commercial center. Even to-day, despite the chaos of the hour, business survives, although it may not be said to flourish. British, French and American firms are establishing themselves in anticipation of those days which they believe must inevitably come.

By day the harbor is crowded with small boats, and along the docks are busy scenes. The bazaars are not deserted. The international business houses, if not full of business, are at least full of clerks poring over figures.

It can be truly said that Americans are popular in Constantinople, and it was through the courtesy and influence of an American banking firm that we had many privileges given to us by Turks and the Turkish Government, privileges which I had never dreamed of as a possibility. One afternoon the old palaces of the Sultans on Seraglio Point were opened to us for a special visit. It was there that we were shown the audience room of a former Sultan, and outside this room was an insignificant chamber in which the American Minister used to have to wait when he had business to do with the Sublime Porte. Being only a Minister, and not an Ambassador, and from a country which the Sultan knew little about and cared less, our representative was never admitted to the "Presence," but had to do his business through intermediates. And there was I, a mere journalist; but because I was an American I was being shown every courtesy. I had been offered coffee from gold cups studded with diamonds, and I had been smoking the Sultan's own private brand of cigarettes.

It is possible that in the future Seraglio Point may be opened to travelers. At least there are some Turks to-day who venture to make that prediction. There is a curious psychology that goes with this, but there is no space to go into that here. It is certainly to be

hoped that this prediction may be carried out, as this walled point not only has one of the finest views in the world, but those old palaces live up to what one's imagination expects of the East. Throughout the rest of the Orient there are few buildings which will stand inspection so successfully, particularly in Constantinople itself, as the Turks with their characteristic indolence have permitted so many of their fine churches to fall into disrepair.

Seraglio Point occupies the eastern extremity of Constantinople. On one side it is washed by the waters of the Bosporus; on the other side is the Golden Horn, the old harbor, beyond which are the Christian quarters of Pera and Galata. The old quarters of the Sultans form the apex of that narrow triangle that was the ancient city, and is now called Stamboul.

Stamboul is the Moslem quarter, and it contains the residence of the Sultan as well as many of the great churches and mosques for which Constantinople is so famous. Among these is St. Sophia, originally erected as a Christian church and later converted into a mosque of Mohammedanism. This building is a marvel of massive architecture, a vast octagonal hall of many-hued marble, covered by a dome that seems to hang suspended above it, so skillful is the use of the arches that support it, so perfect the adjustment of half domes and buttresses. Stamboul is crowded with mosques. On the slopes of the triangle in front of St. Sophia rise mosque after mosque, each bearing the name of the Sultan that built it. Most of these mosques are copies of the older church. The most commanding of them all is the mosque of Sultan Sulieman, the first to become visible as the visitor approaches or leaves the city by way of the Bosporus. Like Mohammed V., Sulieman the Magnificent was an ally of an European sovereign, Francis the First of France.

Constantinople remains one of the world's great adventures for the tourist. It stirs the imagination by strong medicine. One never can forget the magnificence of its distant views, nor can one ever forget the sordid terribleness of a nearer inspection. The most prosaic must feel the colossal weight of the centuries. No less do the least impressionable shudder at the pandering and abandonment to vice. Unlike the fascination of Egypt, or of India, or of China, the charm of Constantinople grows in the perspective of memory. You cannot forget, you do not wish to forget, but you do not wish to stay.

Constantinople's close association with western Europe is causing impressive changes. The spectacle of its turmoil, of the abject poverty of such a large section of its population, and of the hopelessness of the refugees that have sought a haven there leaves an ineradicable impression on the traveler's mind.

OUR TINIEST DEPENDENCY

Liliputian Guam, Our Strangest Pacific Possession—An Island That Imports Its Quadrupeds—Snaring Intoxicated Fish—What Uncle Sam Has Done for the Natives

By G. E. Mitchell

Midway between Hawaii and the Philippines lies the fairy island of Guam. Few, if any, of our possessions are more worthy of a brief visit than this tiny island of great and varied beauty, whose inhabitants possess unique social customs, as yet largely unspoiled by the contact with Western civilization.

Hardly larger than a big farm, the island of Guam, an all but submerged mountain peak, seems to comprise all kinds of country from bare sand dune to densest tropical jungle, while its plant growth is as remarkably varied. Over six thousand different kinds of trees and thrubs and plants on this little island have been studied and described by the United States Government specialists since our occupation of the island in 1898.

Guam, discovered by Magellan in 1521, is the largest of the Ladrones or Marienne Islands, a chain extending over 400 miles in length. Had Uncle Sam been intent on conquest he would have taken the rest of the group from Spain following the Spanish-American War, but we wanted only a midway coaling station, and so we allowed Spain to sell the other islands to Germany. The extreme length of Guam is about thirty miles, and its breadth is from seven to nine miles.

Although the natives of Guam are described by all early explorers and historians as treacherous and fickle, their treatment by white men was not such as to inspire confidence in foreigners, and, indeed, until American occupation of the island, their lot was usually a hard one. They were murdered in the name of religion, made slaves, and taxed to the point of extinction. Yet the visitor to-day will find a finely developed, wholesome, native race—honest, trustworthy, and fairly industrious for a tropical people whose gardens and groves yield abundantly the year around. Left to themselves the resources of the island would easily sustain in comfort its 9,000

to 10,000 inhabitants—a fairly dense population for two hundred square miles.

The traveler will find native families on the little island of Guam to-day whose line of descent is traced from progenitors who lived long before the discovery of the island by Magellan. They are the "Nobles"—a distinct class—the members of which would as soon think of marrying one of the under class as the King of England would consider marrying an unlettered country maid. A parallel to this pride of caste was the belief of the islanders that Guam was the most important country in the world. In accounting for the origin of man they believed that everything in the world was derived from a certain rock rising boldly from the sea on the southerly part of Guam, which first became human and was then transformed into a rock that gave birth to all men.

The dress of the women is a showy costume—an ample skirt of print or bright colored gingham with a short chemisette of thin white material cut low in the neck and provided with wide flowing sleeves. Stockings are rarely worn except on gala days. Some of the native costumes are very prettily ornamented with lace or embroidery. Their handkerchiefs are often of fine texture with colored borders.

The care of the parents in providing for their children is exceptional. A prospective purchaser of a plantation of young cocoanuts, or perhaps of some lumber lying under a house, is likely to meet with a refusal. The owner will probably say that he has planted the trees for little Maria, or that he is accumulating a number of good posts so that Felipe may have a house of his own when he marries. There are perhaps few countries in the world where greater attention is paid to the establishing of a young couple in life, though in Guam their wants are comparatively simple. On the other hand, parents are tenderly cared for in their old age, sons and daughters showing them the greatest respect and affection and recognizing their authority as long as they live. Men and women of forty or fifty years will seek permission of their parents before engaging in any undertaking, while the spectacle of old women, abandoned and forgotten by their children, acting as water carriers and drudges, a common sight in Samoa and among our American Indian tribes, is unknown in Guam.

The island has been greatly improved by American occupation. The few diseases to which the natives were subject have been practically stamped out, peonage has ceased, and the manufacture or sale of intoxicating liquor has been from the first forbidden, so that there is no drunkenness. Cock fighting has been abolished, and fair salaries are paid to the local native officials.

The visitor will find few instances of large individual wealth in

Guam. The main industry is farming, although there are artisans of all kinds to support the local needs. There are shoemakers, stone masons, boat builders, silversmiths and other craftsmen, although you may have to wait some weeks for your shoes, since each man's trade is secondary to the work of his ranch. A blacksmith is likely to be delayed in making a plow, owing to the fact that the man from whom he gets his charcoal is so busy supplying visiting vessels with fruit and vegetables that he cannot find time to burn it.

Everybody has enough to eat, for nature is very bountiful; every family has a house to live in. If an occasional hurricane sweeps a man's things away, he and his family are helped along until they can re-establish themselves. Those in better circumstances are absolutely content with moderate possessions. There is no use, they say, in planting great quantities of rice and taro; it will mold and spoil, nor is there need of a large herd of cattle, for the needs of a man and his family are limited. "Enough but not too much" seems to be their Utopian motto. On the whole, one may go far in looking for a more contented and simple life than that led by the natives of Guam. With the present American freedom from oppression and with the absence of the responsibility and worry characteristic of the highly civilized races, the natives of Guam have attained to a happiness which many more enterprising peoples have failed to reach.

The islanders are good fishermen, but their practices would probably make Izaak Walton turn in his grave. One of the most curious methods of fishing practiced anywhere in the world is to make the fish drunk. The toxic fruit of the tonga is pounded into a paste and allowed to ferment. At low tide bags of tonga are taken out on the reef and sunk in certain deep holes known by the natives to be the natural lurking places of their finny prey. The fish soon appear at the surface feebly swimming or struggling—badly intoxicated, in fact. The natives immediately scoop them up in nets, spear them, or jump overboard and catch them in their hands. The "catch" resulting from one of these raids is a conglomeration of strange shapes and bright colors. There are great snake-like sea eels, voracious lizard fishes, gar-like hound fishes with their jaws prolonged into a sharp beak, long-snouted trumpet fishes, porcupine fishes bristling with spines, squirrel fishes of the brightest and most beautiful colors—scarlet, rose color and silver, and yellow and blue—parrot fishes with large scales, parrot-like beaks and intense colors, sea butterflies, trunk fish with horns and armor, cardinal fishes, warty toad fishes with poisonous spines, greatly feared by the natives, fish with long spurs on their foreheads, and many other strange kinds. The islanders have many other methods of fishing and are almost as much at home in the water as the fish themselves.

One of the singular customs of the natives of Guam is betel nut chewing. A grove of betel nut palms is always one of the most beautiful sights of the tropics. The tall, straight stems of the trees grow to a height of one hundred feet and are topped with handsome branches or fronds. The fruit is an orange colored nut about the size of a hen's egg, with an aromatic flavor and consistency somewhat like that of a nutmeg. It hangs in long bunches below the dark green leaves of the palm. Chewing the betel nut makes the saliva red, so that the lips and teeth appear to be covered with blood. This habit seriously injures the teeth and sometimes almost destroys them, nevertheless, it is a matter of etiquette at all weddings, celebrations and funerals. Children begin to chew the betel nut at an early age, and old men and women are frequently seen with their teeth reduced to mere blackened snags.

Guam is the home of the ivory palm. The ivory nut tree is one of the handsomest palms of the tropics, and it is one of the most important of the economic resources of the island. With real ivory already so scarce as to be almost worth its weight in silver, a genuinely good substitute is of great value. The best substitute is furnished by the ivory palm. This beautiful tree is one of the feathery or pinnate palms, resembling a feather duster of enormous dimensions. The nut from which the ivory is produced is large and heavy, about five inches in diameter, extremely hard, and nearly black on the outside. The ivory inside, however, is a clear white and of sufficiently fine grain to make high-grade buttons. The nuts are borne in great clusters, and when ripe they fall to the ground. Heretofore most of them were exported to Germany. Since the beginning of the war shipments have been deflected to the United States, where the trade rightfully belongs. It is stated that henceforth the United States will take a large proportion of this output of the various Pacific islands, and at least all the ivory that is produced in Guam.

The familiar coconut tree is one of the commonest palms of the island, where it thrives to perfection in the salt-sprayed air. Nearly every family in Guam has its coconut plantation, and all the enterprising natives are extending their areas. Several large plantations contain 6,000 to 8,000 trees. There is a ready sale for all the copra, or dried coconut, that can be produced, and the natives will not part with a coconut grove in good bearing condition at any price. The trees are planted about twenty or twenty-five feet apart, and in the young plantations coffee, bananas or cacao (chocolate) trees are planted between the rows. A coconut tree is in full bearing when ten years old, and it will continue to bear until eighty years old, yielding from thirty to fifty pounds of copra a year. Copra is the most important article of export from Guam, and traders vie with

one another to secure the crops from the natives by advancing them goods or money beforehand.

The boundaries between plantations are usually indicated by lines of coconut trees. The coconut also furnishes roofs for the native houses, the majority of which are thatched. To make a thatch the coconut frond is split down the middle, the two halves placed together and the leaflets braided diagonally. Coconut thatch is not so durable as the famous nipa thatch of the Philippines, but it will last several years and the supply is inexhaustible. A good thatch is absolutely waterproof. The sides of some of the houses are enclosed by coarse Venetian blinds made of coconut leaf mats which can be raised or lowered at will. The "cabbage" or terminal bud of the coconut is edible, but as the removal of the bud kills the tree the natives of Guam indulge themselves only on rare occasions of festivity, when they prepare it as a salad or kind of cold slaw. The natives do not care for coconut meat.

Another useful tree that grows in Guam and is found in many tropical countries is called Marunggai. Its root furnishes the edible horseradish; its seeds yield the famous "ben" oil of commerce which is so highly prized by watchmakers as a lubricant; the young leaves, young pods, and flowers are eaten, like spinach. Not the least singular of the plants of Guam are the many so-called sea beans. These are not, as may be supposed, bean vines which grow in the sea. They grow along the shore of water courses, however, and each bean contains a large air chamber which, when the bean drops into the water, enables it to float so that it may even find a lodging in the soil of a distant isle.

Strangely enough there are no indigenous quadrupeds in Guam. All the four-footed beasts of the island have been imported. A species of deer which haunts the stretches of saw grass furnishes a favorite food for the natives who hunt it with dogs and gun. If you visit Guam in the mating season you will hear the honk-like cries of the fighting bucks at night, especially when the moon is in the full. But it is the domestic animals which especially attract one's attention. The big buffaloes, or carabao, are the principal beasts of burden, the same as in the Philippines, only in Guam they seem to be somewhat speedier. The buffalo is dependent upon water and he must be wet down frequently to prevent him from becoming crazed and running amuck. These water buffaloes are much more powerful than oxen and when one goes on a rampage he may cause serious trouble.

The natives of Guam make their domesticated animals perform strange tasks. Their cattle resemble our own Jerseys and both bulls and cows are employed as steeds and for drawing carts. They develop astonishing speed. It is a common sight in Guam to see a

very dainty, smooth-skinned cow, saddled and bridled, trotting along, with her calf beside her, almost as swiftly as a horse. The natives rub and curry their bovine mounts as though they were horses.

Guam has a variety of remarkably handsome birds. The most beautiful, perhaps, is the rose-crowned fruit dove. Its back and wings are green, mingled below with yellow and orange and with purple on the breast. One of the commonest birds is the big kingfisher, with beautiful blue and tawny coloring. This bird eats lizards as well as fish and utters a strident, rattling note which is often heard at night. The real songbird of the island is a reed warbler which nests in the large swamp near Agana, and which has a song of exquisite sweetness. Wandering shoreward a good many snipe, plovers, turnstones and other shore birds are seen with the usual number of true sea-birds—gulls, terns, boobies, frigate birds, tropic birds, etc.

There are no poisonous reptiles on the island; in fact, there are very few of any kind. All of the houses are frequented by small lizards, but they are harmless little creatures and they are always welcome because they catch insects. They have such good toes that they can run upside down on the ceiling with the greatest rapidity. One of the large lizards will give the most hardened traveler a start as it dashes through the bush. It is a good four feet long, black in color, and speckled with sinister lemon-yellow dots. The Guam kingfisher is a lizard-eating bird, this creature is a bird-eating lizard.

AUSTRALIA'S MANDATE IN THE PACIFIC

Australian Administration in German New Guinea—Rabaul, a Triumph in Tropical City Construction—New Guinea's Rich Resources—The Professional Mourners of La Massa

By Thos. J. McMahon, F. R. G. S.

German New Guinea, a territory of over 150,000 square miles now under Australian administration, comprises not only that section of New Guinea which was known as Kaiser Wilhelm's Land, but also many neighboring islands, including the Bismarck Archipelago, New Britain and New Ireland, the German Solomon Islands, and many others. Rabaul is the capital and the seat of administration and at present the government is military. Preparations are being made for the institution of a civil administration as soon as the powers of the mandate are confirmed by the League of Nations.

The settlements of German New Guinea are strikingly complete. Rabaul, in particular, comes as a surprise to the traveler. It possesses handsome public buildings, and its private bungalows are comfortable. There are long streets lined with fine trees, and the Botanical Gardens are the best in the Southern Hemisphere. Fifteen years ago the Kaiser sent one of his own gardeners to lay them out.

From eight o'clock to midday the streets of the town are bustling with activity. Motor cars flash past the slow-moving "bull-a-ma-carts" drawn by lumbering buffalos, khaki-clad soldiers and officers in smart white uniforms are seen everywhere, and the ubiquitous native police stand at their sentry duty outside of administration offices, or take charge of native boys and prisoners detailed to clean up the streets. The up-to-date store of the German Development Company covering twenty acres is busy selling every kind of commodity. Natives from the villages on the outskirts of the town come in with supplies of bananas, coconuts, betelnuts and pawpaws for their fellows who live in Rabaul.

To make Rabaul the sanitary and healthy town that it is, was a task of no small proportions, and to combat malaria and destroy the mosquitoes that cause it require constant watchfulness and the most drastic regulations. Considering the fact that the city was built

over a swamp and was once an unhealthful place, the results achieved are remarkable. Native scavengers are constantly at work. Public buildings and private houses alike are subject almost every hour to visits from inspectors whose duty it is to see that a proper disposition is made of water, waste and refuse. Every day hundreds of small native boys, or "monkeys" as they are called, sweep the streets and scour the gutters. Heavy fines are the penalties imposed on careless householders who let water drip from a tank or in any way permit it to be exposed. After every rain, ruts, roads, gutters, and drains must all be flushed off. Even the trees that line the streets are inspected, and the least indentation which might catch water is filled with cement.

The Germans were responsible for the discovery of copra and its many uses, and the coconut is the most valuable staple product. Every year copra valued at £300,000 is exported, a large part of it going to America. Some of the largest coconut plantations in the world are to be found on the island of New Britain. Some of these which are now valued at about five millions will probably be worth about eighty millions in another decade. Obviously, Australia is taking over very profitable territory.

Curiously enough the coconut industry in New Guinea was started by a woman whom the people dubbed "Queen Emma". Half Scotch and half Samoan this remarkable woman started forty years ago to open up thousands of acres of coconuts. One of her plantations which she bought from the natives for a mere box of tobacco was recently sold for £70,000. She was a trader as well as a planter and it was from her that the German New Guinea Development first bought its trading rights. She had thousands of people in her employ, and every day she conducted her enterprises from a central office in Rabaul. Some years ago she retired to Europe, a very wealthy woman.

Prior to the war the German administration made strenuous efforts to regenerate the declining tribes of natives. This offers a tremendous problem, as the population of German New Guinea is about 300,000, and some 100,000 of these savages have never come into contact with the white man. Nevertheless, hospitals were built in every district, and the Governor went so far as to erect a college at Rabaul where he hoped to teach the native chiefs the German language. This effort proved to be futile, for none of the chiefs could master the complicated details of the Teutonic speech.

There is one grotesque language, however, that is heard everywhere—pidgin English. This absurd lingo serves as the esperanto of the territory. When a German speaks to a German, when an Englishman speaks to a German, and when a native speaks to either a German or an Englishman, they all use this awkward method of

expressing themselves. If a native wants a crosscut saw he demands: "Pull him he come, push him he go. All time kai-kai (eat) tree." When hot water for a shave is needed the native boy is ordered to fetch "hot water to cut 'em grass". The order to open a glass of beer is "fight 'em bottle". The manner in which a native expressed himself on hearing a piano played is characteristic: "Big fella, white fella (white man), massa he fight 'em teeth (notes) belonga big fella boxis (piano) and big fella boxis, my word he plenty sing out!" It is wrong to suppose, however, that the native has to use pidgin English: at the mission schools, where it is prohibited, natives speak and understand pure English more easily.

The Australian administration is carrying on beneficial work of all kinds. For one thing it is trying to give the native workers on the plantations more freedom and better working conditions. Labor laws have been introduced to give medical inspection, more comfort, and shorter hours of work. Women can no longer be employed. Doctors have been sent out into the more thickly populated sections of the territory to cure disease, to mend limbs, and to do all that medical science can to invigorate the race.

A wise law initiated by the German administration has been maintained. All idle or semi-savage natives are compelled to pay a small annual tax. This tax, amounting to ten shillings, is called "throw away money" by the natives, and, as the chiefs are held responsible for any deficiency, the money is generally forthcoming. The purpose of this tax is to force the natives to do work of some kind, for in order to have money to meet this obligation they must do something to earn it. There is plenty of work.

Of course all kinds of savage superstition are to be found among the tribes in this large territory, and it is obvious that the difficulties of administration are hugely complicated. On the island of La Massa, to cite just one instance of the grotesque savage customs, the people have a strange group of "wailing women". Scattered about the village, sitting under coconut trees, or wandering desolately about, these creatures shriek and howl continually in the most ear-splitting manner. They are official mourners, mostly middle-aged widows, whose duty is to wail for departed chiefs. At times these wretched women are forced to lessen their noise through sheer exhaustion. When they do decrease the volume of their shrieks, sticks and stones are thrown at them to make them "wail up" louder. Sometimes a group of women and children will gather around a mourner, waiting patiently until her lamentations abate, and then prodding her with sharp sticks so as to bring her screams and cries up to the proper pitch. This frequently leads to trouble, for when the mourner comes off duty she sets out to take revenge on her tormentors, precipitating a fight which sometimes results in a public

riot. Another cruel custom of La Massa is the badge of widowhood which the wives of chiefs must wear when their husbands die. This is a thin fibre rope suspended around the neck, holding a coconut shell filled with foul-smelling lard. This obnoxious stigmata must be worn for a long period, as a sign to men that they must not approach and make offers of marriage. These wretched ladies seldom get married again, and the spirits of the dead chiefs doubtlessly congratulate themselves on the efficacy of their ugly device.

Among the many islands that comprise the territory of German New Guinea are places of great beauty. It is not surprising that they should have attracted many adventurers and explorers. Thirty-eight years ago a Utopian scheme was attempted on the island of New Ireland—an experiment as romantic in its brief existence as it was unhappy in its conclusion. A French nobleman, the Marquis de Ray, after travels in and around the islands, conceived the idea of starting a new kingdom. New Ireland, with its green hills and its glorious climate, was chosen as the ideal spot for a settlement, and the Marquise saw himself as the head of a busy community rapidly becoming rich on a tropical island of amazing fertility. A prospectus containing a glowing description of the island was widely distributed throughout France and Italy, and in a short time men and women of all trades and professions were attracted by "the prodigious fertility" of the land.

Indeed, on superficial consideration, the proposition was very alluring to people accustomed to the crowded acres of France and Italy. In the fertile new land of vast spaces there seemed to be infinite possibilities. Every settler on the new land was to get twenty hectares of land, a house, and all the necessary comforts.

From the very first, however, the expedition was doomed to failure. The organization was utterly inadequate. No more unsuitable place could be found than the south end of the island: it had no bay for the shelter of ships, and farming land was by no means extensive in area. Steam cranes, machinery for sugar crushing, and saw mills were dumped upon the shallow shore. There were literally piles of carriages, incubators, gorgeous harness, agricultural implements, bricks and building material mingled together indiscriminately. There were heaps of crates, boxes of food, and immense piles of clothing. There were hundreds of axe, pick and shovel handles, but there were scarcely any axes, picks, or shovels into which they might be fitted. Steam boilers and machinery of all kinds were lacking in some of their essential parts. There were stacks of wheelbarrows, but there were no wheels for them. Food was badly packed, clothing was found to be unsuitable for the cli-

mate. One thing was almost complete—a great wooden cathedral lacking only the nails with which to put it together!

So great was the chaos and confusion that some of the people refused to leave the ship. Those who landed found the natives treacherous and aggressive, and during the first few days of the landing malaria killed off some of the most prominent members of the expedition. Not enough quinine had been brought to stay off fever for one person. Dispirited, beyond hope, it was decided to abandon the settlement, and the ship took the wretched group of pioneers to Australia. Only one person, a mere boy, had the courage to remain and seek his fortune in the new world, and to-day he is one of the richest men in German New Guinea.

The plans of the visionary founder of this ill-fated colony went tragically wrong. Other qualities than those possessed by this sanguine and quixotic group were needed for the development of savage territory: organizing ability, courage, energy and foresight. The shrewd commercial enterprises of the Germans and the work of the hard-headed colonists made the late Kaiser's sub-equatorial possessions invaluable, and under the league's mandate Australia falls heir to a land of rich and almost inexhaustible resources.

WELCOMING THE NEW YEAR TO JAPAN

How the Empire Celebrates Her Great National Holiday—Elaborate Preparations for the Ceremonies—Quaint Customs and Fantastic Rites—The Demon-Chasers and Their Noisy Exorcisms

By Nancy Virginia Austen

As the old year draws to a close there is a bustle and stir in every hamlet and corner of the Japanese Empire, for before the New Year comes every spot and crevice of each Japanese house and garden must be cleaned; every debt must be paid; a new dress made for each member of the family; and food prepared for the feast of celebration.

Messengers, servants and shop people rush about paying and collecting bills until midnight—often not finishing until dawn. If one has no money to pay his bills one must get it by some means, no matter how desperate. Some borrow, others pawn their valuables, and some even sell their daughters. Naturally, at this time of the year, the houses that do business beneath the three gold balls are crowded, and just after the New Year they are filled from floor to ceiling. Sometimes, when other means are not available, suicide is a last resort of a debt-ridden soul. The Japanese do not fear death, nor do they have a highly developed sense of the obligation to hold on to life, so it is natural enough that suicide should be a popular means of escape from serious and tragic difficulties.

Youths are seen hurrying along with canvas bags full of money. They are either on the way to pay their masters' debts or returning with money which they have collected from debtors. The fact that no one ever tries to take those canvas bags from the defenseless boys is a good sign of the honesty of the Japanese; in fact, business houses regularly employ small boys to carry money to the banks, and they are never molested.

Housewives and maids rush to the temples for some of the sacred coals with which to start the fire for the New Year feast, thinking that because the priest has blessed the flame the effect on the cooking will be beneficial. The streets are crowded with people buying straw decorations and offerings for the god shelf. Here and there an inquisitive foreigner, like myself, watches the activity with

interest and surprise. Though I have lived in Japan for twelve years, these hectic preparations and ceremonies never fail to delight me. I rarely fail to visit the street bazaar on New Year's eve to purchase decorations and to mingle with the crowds as they clatter by on their noisy wooden sandals. They are all talking as fast as they can, and they are all eager with excitement. Most of the people wear a tense, strained look, showing that life for most Japanese is a bitter struggle for existence. As a matter of fact there are very few care-free Japanese. It is their urbane custom to hide their suffering behind a smiling countenance, and it is this deceptive appearance of contentment which leads many visitors to Japan to believe that its people are happy.

The vendors of pine and bamboo, of evergreen twigs, of fruit, of seaweed, of dried fish, of Shinto decorations made of twisted straw, and other decorations for the gateway or god shelves, set up their stalls along some of the streets, and in these places you meet the world and his wife on New Year's Eve. For a few cents one can buy curious ornaments which are supposed to induce the gods to bestow favors upon the houses on which they are hung—a short straw rope strangely twisted, a few branches of pine or bamboo, a small piece of seaweed alike possess the magic power. More magnificent ornaments which serve the same purpose may be purchased for larger sums, and no doubt they make a deeper impression on the capricious gods. The poor, who feel they must honor the New Year and provide some charm against the evil spirits which are feared so much by almost the entire land, tack by their doorways a tiny twig of pine, a fern, an orange, and a strip of seaweed. For the superstitious Japanese these trifling objects hold much significance; to him they are promises of long life and happiness and a guarantee of numerous progeny. If he can afford an extra penny or two for decorations he will affix small bamboo trees on either side of his doorway, and perhaps stretch a straw rope across the entrance to insure long life and to honor the Shinto patron deity of Japan, the shining sun goddess, Amaterasu. Those who can afford a more elaborate gate decoration erect bunches of pine trees with bamboo in the center at either side of the gate, stretch a straw rope at the top, and hang in the center a cluster consisting of a lobster, an orange, a long strip of seaweed and some ferns. These are also symbols of happiness and long life. The significance of the New Year decorations is the same whether they be the tiny pine twigs of the poor or the elaborately wrought designs of the rich; but whether the degree of prosperity and the number of sons granted by the gods depend upon the size of the decorations is a question which I have never been able to answer.

The New Year festival is observed by everybody. It is observed

in the great cities and in the tiny villages and by all classes from the members of the Imperial court down to the humblest outcasts. No matter how far toward Western civilization Tokyo and the port cities have advanced, they join hands with all Japan to celebrate their ancient festival and to pay homage to their ancestral deity, the goddess of the sun. Every office and shop is closed at this time; every government official has a holiday; every workman lays down his tools. All Japan prepares joyfully for the celebrations.

New Year's morning a significant change comes over the streets of Japan: the feverish activity and the toiling workers have vanished in the interval between dawn and daylight. All is quiet, all is clean. The few people to be seen are idling along in their best kimonos. It is the only day in the year that all the shops are closed; a subdued air pervades the whole scene. The bamboo trees at either side of the narrow streets bend at the top and almost touch, forming a feathery green arch, through which the brilliant sun is filtered in a soft glow. I know no broad thoroughfares in the Occident which, with all their retentious splendor, are half so attractive as a typical Japanese avenue.

The fantastic pine and bamboo decorations are kept in place throughout the first week of the New Year, which, by the way, is called *matsu-no-uchi* or "inside-the-pines."

The first week of the New Year is the first week of January in Tokyo and the westernized part of the country, but in the interior where the old calendar is still in use it comes in February. If you should look down one of these fairy-like streets on the seventh of January you would see men busy at every gate taking down the pine and bamboo decorations. After they have been taken down they are burned behind the bamboo fences or hedges which invariably surround the Japanese houses of the rich and poor.

But let us return to the first day of the festival and see what the Japanese were doing while we wandered through street after street festooned with evergreen and mystic Shinto symbols. Their day began before we were up, for the Japanese must rise early on New Year's morning to perform his various tasks. What is called the "new water" must be drawn. The morning meal must be prepared—the *omochi* (a dumpling made of pounded rice), soup, various pickles, and some bean curd. Every member of a family puts on his ceremonial dress, his best kimono, which is usually black with the family crest in the center of the back and on each sleeve. The members of each household greet one another with low ceremonial bows. Japanese children are especially respectful to their parents.

On the first day male members of the family go out to make calls on friends and business acquaintances. Gentlemen, dressed in

dark silk kimonos and stiff, rustling silk skirts, followed by youths carrying boxes or trays full of flat parcels, may be seen walking or riding in jinrikishas through the streets. Here and there appears a formal Japanese gentleman in a silk hat and a frock coat bent on the same mission as his more decorative brothers. Even if one wears foreign clothes he must keep the customs in the accepted manner. He will hurry to take off his Western clothes as soon as he returns home, for they are not as comfortable as his own. The attendants bearing the gifts are either servants or younger brothers, who may not engage in their own social activities until later.

Servants make their calls on the second of the year; the ladies of the household make their calls a little later in the season. To pay a visit at this time it is not necessary to enter the house. The caller pushes aside the sliding door of unpainted wooden bars and says, "Excuse me." This brings to the door a servant, or the mistress of the house, who falls upon her knees and makes a low bow to the caller. She spreads her hands flat on the straw mat upon which she kneels and touches her head to them lightly. There ensues a mutual exchange of the season's compliments, a few more low bows, a few set phrases. The presentation of the gift is accompanied by remarks deprecating its insignificance. These presents may consist of any small useful articles such as cakes, eggs, sweets, or fish. Finally, with a last low bow, the caller goes on to repeat the same words at another friend's home. In Japan there is no such thing as spontaneous expression; the easy familiarity of our Western civilization does not exist. Each occasion has its particular formula, and one may not exceed its bounds without appearing ignorant of the usages of polite society. It is not easy to learn these innumerable phrases, nor does a Japanese know instinctively the right thing to say. No, indeed; mistakes in etiquette are the cause of ill feeling and even of actual disaster at times. A Japanese friend of mine told me that when she was first married she always tried to go calling with her older sister or her mother-in-law, so that by listening to what they said she would learn the proper thing to say. In Japan the elder always speaks first.

I discovered a simpler way than that to get around the difficulty; I used to mumble my words so that my hostess could not tell whether I was speaking properly or not. However, an American is not expected to be as accurate as a native, so my mistakes were not the cause of great consternation. I would peep out of the corner of my eye to see how long the bow of my hostess lasted and I made mine correspond. The elaborate and unbending code of the cultured Japanese appears a little ridiculous to the Western eye, a waste of energy over trifles. But there is something in it that the casual observer may not penetrate: it is the expression of the fine reti-

cence and self-discipline of the people, of their instinct for aloof delicacy, for stark simplicity, for line and form rather than color, which shows itself in their art as well as in their manner of life.

As the New Year's day advances the streets become gay with children and young people, laughing, shouting and playing all manner of games. Battledore and shuttlecock is the popular street game. It is played with a weighted feather and a wooden paddle. The Japanese carry their love of beauty into their sport, as well as into every other aspect of their daily life. Even the little wooden paddles are decorated in charming designs and the feathers, bright and multicolored, resemble the lazy flight of innumerable birds. Both old and young engage in the game. The incessant click of the paddles would proclaim the New Year season if all other proof were lacking. The sky is dotted with the numerous kites of the boys, and even the men do not scorn the art of kite-flying on the New Year. The god of wind has difficulty in deciding whether to favor those who pray for good winds to lift their kites or those praying for gentle breezes to favor their feathers!

The aim of the New Year festivities is happiness and good luck, so the pictures of the seven gods of good luck are hung in the place of honor. This part of a Japanese home needs a word of explanation, since we have nothing like it. In every Japanese house there is an alcove raised above the rest of the room where an ornament and a picture called a *kakemono* are placed. Not more than three pictures may be hung at one time. The most honored guest is seated nearest the *kakemono,* and it would be a great rudeness for any other to take this place. However, the responsibility for taking his correct seat rests upon the guest, for the hostess always offers him the place of honor. Certain aspects of Japanese etiquette are strangely devious. It is a little difficult to understand just why the guest should be exquisitely urged to do that, which, if he acquiesced, would place him on the list of the socially undesirable.

Many people make pilgrimages at this time to the shrines of the seven good luck deities. The New Year post cards which Japanese send to all their friends very often bear the likeness of these same deities. Throughout the evening of the first day of the festival peddlers go through the streets hawking their supply of folded paper. The people buy these fetishes and put them under their wooden pillows to bring good dreams.

The New Year is the signal for the revival of official society. It resembles a procession. The steady stream of richly gowned men and women pours into the palace to call upon the Emperor and offer him the compliments of the season. There are receptions and dinners at the palace for the officials, the civilians with high Imperial decorations, and the foreign diplomats. These affairs are unbeliev-

ably brilliant, a kaleidoscope of light and color—the glitter of gold lace and the sparkle of gems from flashing decorations, the nodding of plumes as the smart dignitaries sweep up to the entrance in automobiles, carriages, and jinrikishas. The American diplomat is almost the only soberly dressed person in all the gay throng, for there is a rule that the American Ambassador wear ordinary evening dress on such occasions. One wonders at moments if the whole scene is opera on a grand scale or only a part of the imaginative pictures of one's childhood, set into unexpected motion. This sense of unreality is accentuated by the fact that the glitter is a cause for an uncomfortable solemnity; the people move about like gaily dressed puppets, not even daring to express their boredom on their faces. Everyone is obviously wondering what to do next and how long the thing is going to last and how many days will intervene before it comes around again. Such is the gay life of the capital.

There is an interesting ceremony on the second day of the celebration called the "first shipment," when drivers of wholesale delivery wagons decorate their horses with bright cloth and bells and deliver a few pieces of goods to the retail trade. The meek, sleepy little horse almost covered with flowered cotton, or silk strips, looks out from behind his shaggy eyebrows at his master, sauntering in front, for in Japan the driver leads his single horse. The few calls are generally accompanied by hospitable glasses of wine which generally keep the driver in a genial frame of mind.

On the sixth day the fire brigades perform daring feats upon high ladders for the delight of large crowds which gather to watch them. The firemen stand on their heads, hang by their toes, balance on one arm, race up and down the ladder, and do all manner of difficult acrobatics, reminding one of the ladder and rope experts of the American circus. They also go about the streets making weird noises to scare away the fire spirits. The amount of noise made depends upon the size of the donation which has been given for their New Year feast. "Big money, big noise," is the slogan. My cook felt sure I would bring down the fire spirits upon our house because I drove away the firemen with their ladders and drums, and he made a special trip to the temple to make up for my unbelief. The foreigners' ignorance of Japanese customs frequently causes irritation, though they are willing enough to pardon when the offense is not wilful.

On the ninth of January everyone buys a paper Daruma, a god of good luck. This Daruma is painted red, except for its face. It has neither eyes nor legs, and is put upon the god shelf. When a piece of good luck comes to the house, an eye is painted on the Daruma; if fortune smiles again, another eye is added. The Daruma

is kept until the last day of the year when it is carried off to a stream of running water and thrown in with a prayer that bad luck may be carried away with it. I am the recipient of several of the paper deities each year. Perhaps my Japanese friends believe that I am especially in need of the favors of the little round-faced gods.

An interesting religious ceremony connected with the New Year celebration is one which has survived for more than a thousand years. This is the recitation of prayers over the robes of the Emperor at a great Buddhist temple in Kyoto, a former capital of Japan. Since the capital has been located in Tokyo some of the robes which the Emperor has worn are taken in a long chest to Kyoto, a train journey of about three hundred miles. The chest is borne from the Tokyo Imperial palace to the train on the shoulders of white robed priests, and escorted by a guard of Buddhist priests. On arrival at Kyoto it is carried in the same way to the temple. These robes are considered as symbols of his Majesty, the Emperor, and prayers are held for a week for his good health. At the conclusion of the prayers the robes are returned to Tokyo under the same strict guard.

One of the strange ceremonies of the New Year festival is performed in connection with the ushering in of "the great cold," as the Japanese call the winter season. At that time certain people seek to obtain merit by running, clad in the thinnest of garments, to a temple where they pour cold water over their bodies. The sturdy ones continue this for a whole month, but the majority satisfy their religious ardor with a few trips. The spectacle of the icy water trickling over the shivering bodies of the devotees makes your teeth chatter. It needs a consuming enthusiasm to keep the worshipers at these cold ablutions and one wonders how they escape pneumonia.

The most interesting and picturesque of all the New Year ceremonies is the one which is contrived to drive away evil spirits. Men dress themselves in the most grotesque costumes they can devise. Hideous masks with horns, or fashioned like the faces of animals, are the main features of the occasion. The less adventurous souls are satisfied with wearing their kimonos inside out. Then, carrying drums, trumpets, bamboo pipes, or anything that can make a noise, they march through the streets, stopping at every door, and going through all manner of physical gyrations. It is strange that such terrifying sounds can emanate from a few drums and tin horns. We call these men "devil-chasers" in English. If the evil spirits are at all timid I am sure they run for their lives when the devil-chasers arrive.

IN CAIRO'S TEEMING THOROUGHFARES

The Confused Street Life in Africa's Largest City—Haggling with Cairo's Shrewd Tradesmen—The Parisianized Women of the Harem—To the Necropolis of Egypt's Ancient Kings.

By C. Whitney Carpenter

The first glimpse of Cairo is disappointing. A clangorous railroad station, one of the largest in the Orient, filled with hurrying travelers from all parts of the world, seething with the hubbub and activity of an Occidental terminal, and echoing with shrill cries, is the bewildering entrance to a city which one's imagination has always pictured as shrouded in a strange, romantic glamour. The glamour is there, but it must be sought out in the varicolored life of the city; in that life which lies beyond the modernized section: in the old bazaars where ironmongers, coppersmiths, and merchants of all kinds are congregated and haggle between prayers, in the great mosques where the pious come to prostrate themselves before Allah, and in the tormented stream of life that ebbs and flows beneath the projecting balconies of the harems in the narrow, winding streets of the old section. Cairo is a city of many peoples. Not even the bridge at Constantinople can boast a more heterogeneous crowd than that which daily crosses the steel thoroughfare over the Nile. This bridge, impressively guarded by two bronze lions, is utterly inadequate for the heavy traffic of ancient and modern conveyances that moves across it in a never-ending procession. The asses and camels of the peasants from the farm country move perilously amid the swift motors and the smart carriages. Donkeys and shouting donkey boys, wedding processions aglitter with tinsel and gorgeous trappings, countless cabs with passengers from the four corners of the earth, flat donkey carts with veiled country women, all mingled in what would seem to be hopeless confusion, struggle across the bridge in a riot of color and a pandemonium of sound. Below flow the calm waters of the Nile—the fortune of Egypt. Its ancient *felucas* lie at anchor, or move slowly with an archaic grace beneath their bellowing triangular sails. Modern steamers on their way up the Nile equipped with every comfort for the tourist pass quickly by these primitive boats. Here and there are the *dahabeiyahs* that are

sometimes used as houseboats, gay with flapping family linen of varied colors.

If you would know the true Cairo, escape from the throng of cosmopolitan guests who have come for the season and find your way into the more remote parts of the city. On the streets those indefatigable salesmen, the Arabs, are hawking everything from a fly switch to a camel, and shouting the merits of their wares at the tops of their voices. Soon the press of the traffic becomes intense. Coachmen drive their little carriages recklessly, barely missing the pedestrian and shouting: *"Riglak ya mu'su"* (your foot, sir) or *"Shemalak ya shickh"* (to your left, O chief) as a warning to look out for the hoofs of their diminutive cab horses which they urge along unmercifully with stick or whip. Confused crowds of men, women, camels and donkeys jostle and push one another roughly aside in their efforts to reach their destinations.

This is the life into which I make my way. As I turn the street corner I pass a blind beggar asking for alms. *"Allah hakk lukmet 'sish,"* he whines. I happen to know that this familiar refrain means: "I seek from my lord the price of a morsel of bread," and I answer him in the usual way: *"Allah ya' tik,"* or "God give thee." For my politeness I receive a look of hatred as he opens his eyes and glares at me. A smart carriage moves slowly by, hesitating just enough to give me a glimpse of a wonderful pair of black eyes that flash seductively through heavy black lashes. Perhaps this woman is one of the modern Egyptian ladies of fashion who accompany their husbands to Europe every year. There they dispense with their *yakmash* and wear the most expensive and often the most startling of Parisian creations. At home they wear the thinnest of white chiffon veils covering the lower part of the face.

A little further along a carriage stops in front of a large private residence surrounded by a high wall. I stand and watch as the eunuch jumps down from the box to open the door for a heavily veiled woman in a long black cloak who passes hastily into the house. A fancied glance from her luminous black eyes would be enough to stimulate a man to annihilate the servant and follow her.

I hail a public carriage to drive to the bazaars a few blocks away. The driver charges me an exorbitant sum, but I pay him what I know is right and proceed to walk calmly down the street. The angry Arab follows, vociferously demanding the balance of his fare, and in a few minutes he is reinforced by a crowd of his friends who insist that I deal justly with the driver. No matter in what part of Cairo you may be a dispute with an Arab brings a group of sympathizers who spring into existence immediately. This time I pay no attention to the driver and walk calmly along until I reach a secluded spot. The obnoxious fellow's whimpering appeals for

the rest of his money are too much for my temper, and I turn and knock him down. He rises with startling agility, picks up his dusty tarbosh, brushes his trousers, apologizes, and departs in the wake of his sympathizers who are already scurrying down the street. I have driven in his vehicle since this little incident, but he has never tried to overcharge me, for he knows my methods and he respects them.

The Oriental habit of fleecing the "dog of a Christian" is carried on with all possible shrewdness in Cairo by both Moslem and Coptic Arab, but as the Koran prohibits the acceptance of interest on money the Copt has for generations amassed the wealth of the country. In my numerous visits to bazaars where I have listened to the merchants discussing political and civic affairs, I found the Copt servile and fawning and the Moslem masterful and aggressive. An Englishman is quoted as saying that "the Moslem Egyptian never tells the truth except when he intends to deceive, while the Copt omits to tell it on all occasions." However, many government positions are held by Copts who are trusted and respected, especially on account of their financial ability. As they are the moneyed class it is not surprising that they should object to the large school tax which they have had to pay for years. The greater part of this money goes to the village schools, or *kuttabs,* that teach only the Koran.

The arrangement of the Cairo bazaars, which, along with those of Damascus and Constantinople, are noted all over the world, enables one to shop with the greatest ease. Every trade has its own section. In the shoemaker's bazaar I find goods from all over the East—slippers from Algeria, Turkey, China, Japan, Arabia and Persia, in infinite variety and design—and like all travelers I bargain and am lost. The Turk and the Arab are clever salesmen and will always ask at least two hundred percent more than they expect to get from a sale.

There is no little difficulty attached to Egyptian shopping and it takes many days to explore all the bazaars for the obscure places where the most desirable goods are to be found. The tradesmen, living as they do in their open-air shops, regard visitors as a part of their daily lives, and they generally serve coffee when they see a chance of an eventual sale. The silk merchants and the coppersmiths have the most popular of the bazaars, but I make my way to the shop of a certain wily Turk who has some beautiful Turkish and Persian rugs which he is holding at fabulous prices. I have been drinking his coffee for a number of days, and he now offers me a Persian silk prayer rug for $150, for which he had once asked $600. He is probably making a handsome profit, but I buy it, glad to get what I want after so much haggling.

Leaving the bazaars, I thread my way through the little alleyways, so narrow that if a camel from the desert happens to come along the pedestrians must take refuge in the little shops to let the beast go by, its packs literally touching the buildings on either side.

On another day I take the trip to the pyramids. On my way through the city I am lost in the crowds of a procession. An Arab pilgrim is returning from Mecca surrounded by all the pomp and circumstance that his purse will allow. Camels resplendent in scarlet cloth, cowrie shells, tinsel and glass ornaments, bear musicians whose barbaric music summons the people to view the triumphal return of a pious pilgrim, whose devotion to Allah has been manifested by his journey to Mecca. The pilgrim himself, in smug self-complacency, with an unctuous holier-than-thou expression on his face, rides comfortably in a carved palanquin carried between the camels. He is followed by a cavalcade of white donkeys carrying shieks, clowns and jugglers, bagpipe players and trumpets, cymbals and drums.

I am about to leave the religious procession and proceed on my way, but I am interrupted by a street fight that has just started. Ordinarily the streets of Cairo are free from this sort of thing. In this case, however, a serious row has been started because some irreverent Greek has ventured to scoff at the pilgrim's piety. A Mohammedan takes offense and the Greek knocks the Mohammedan's tarbosh off. This is more serious than it would seem. The tarbosh is not removed even in the presence of royalty. At home it may have a special chair as a throne. Now to have one's tarbosh nonchalantly knocked off in the street is an insult of insults. A nasty brawl ensues in this case and serious complications are only averted by the prompt arrival of the police. The indignant owner, muttering angrily, hastens to a nearby shop, where he will have his precious hat renovated. Young Cairo is insistent that the appearance of its headwear shall be impeccable. The Cairo tarbosh receives attention at least once a week, and there are many little shops at which red fezzes are being remolded, while the owners, often clad in heavy embroidered silks, lounge on the little carpeted bench before the door while the proprietor proceeds with his work.

Finally, having left the city behind, I reach the edge of the desert, where the great Pyramids and the mysterious Sphinx preside over the matchless glory of the blazing sunset. I sit for a long time marveling at these mighty tombs as the setting sun sheds its radiance over the barren waste, every new shadow changing the mutilated features of the age-old symbol of the unknowable. Suddenly a lone camel rider appears, spreads out his prayer rug, faces toward Mecca, and kneels in silent adoration. The shadows fall quickly and the outlines of the Pyramids and the Sphinx are immersed in the dark-

ness of night. The desert stars come out and seem to blaze with unusual brilliance, in the distance—incongruous sound in these immemorial sands—is heard the gong of the trolley car that has been built to carry sight-seers from Cairo.

Another day takes me to the native quarter of Cairo, where I lose myself in the narrow tortuous streets. In these labyrinthine alleys, where ancient buildings are huddling so close together that they seem to support one another, I am besieged by blue-garbed vendors who wish to sell me lemonade and bread rings. Swarthy little street Arabs beg for *baksheesh* as they carry coffee from the stalls. I am part of a stream of donkeys, horses, pushcarts, and merchants. Closely-veiled women carrying heavy burdens on their heads and holding toddling children by the hand pass by unobtrusively. The wayside cooks call attention to the excellence of their wares. Above, the closely latticed windows seem to lean toward one another, and sometimes they almost meet across the dark thoroughfare. Behind these windows are the secrets of the Mohammedan household. Sometimes I see seductive eyes gazing from the *burka,* or decorated face veil, and sometimes there is a furtive glance from the *yakmash.*

The Koran allows a man to have five wives. This has made him a figure of romance—a strange combination of lust and piety, a man dominated by an unwavering faith in his God. Though Mahomet allows this great freedom to men, there are comparatively few of them that take advantage of it to-day—for economic reasons. Along with the rest of the world Egypt is feeling the increase in living expenses. Furthermore there is unrest among the "new women" of the harem. They are showing a desire to break their bonds, and it is quite possible that, in the not too distant future, Mohammedanism will receive its first blow from the women whom it has so long held in bondage. The older generation of women is still docile and subservient to tradition, but the young women are fretful and rebellious.

The actions of a certain charming Turkish princess in Cairo are indicative of the gaily irreverent spirit of the modern woman. She was thrice divorced and in the eyes of the Mohammedan world she had lost caste. Nevertheless, her home became the rendezvous for smart Europeans—generals, diplomats, and occasionally a king or a prince. Her dances were the most successful of the season. She always spent the month of May in Paris, crossing over to London for the season, and in August taking a shooting box in Scotland. She played a splendid game of tennis and bridge, and she was excellent at other sports. In fact, she had become the fashionable cosmopolitan, as far removed from her sisters of the harem as she was from an Indian squaw.

Some of the progressive young Egyptians of to-day desire educated wives, and many mothers send their daughters to mission schools. This new custom is doing a great deal to disrupt those venerable institutions which have kept women in bondage for countless generations.

Mohammedanism is a men's religion. I have never seen a woman in one of Cairo's many mosques. The women in the country districts seldom observe the call to prayer with the devout regularity of the men. Women seldom go to Mecca. For the men, the more difficult this trip the more merit they gain. A modern railway carriage was built in the form of a mosque to carry pilgrims to Mecca, but it made no special appeal to the pious.

Egypt's Moslem men of affairs have been slipping away, little by little, from orthodox Mohammedanism. No doubt the fact that the Copt has amassed the wealth of the country and proved himself the best business man has given the young Mohammedans food for thought.

CORFU, THE COLORFUL ISLE

Greece's Beguiling Ionian Island—Amusing Customs of the Corfiote Peasantry—A Night in a Strange Hostelry—Bathing the Newly Born in Wine

By Basset Digby, F. R. G. S.

Everyone has heard of the beautiful Mediterranean island of Corfu, but hardly anyone can tell you off hand just where it is. Many people think it is near Corsica, others near Cyprus, or between Crete and the Dardanelles. Even the name of the Ionian Isles, of which it is the chief, fails to make its position familiar. Situated just off the coast of Albania and a hundred miles north of the Grecian Gulf of Corinth, it is a port of call for the little steamers on the run from Brindisi to Patras.

As a rule there is a softness and haze about Corfu's color. There are few sharp outlines or garish massings of tint; color blends into color in a Turneresque way. At dawn and sunset the flushes of shell-pink and mauve and the blues of the looming mountains of Albania, on the eastern mainland, are visions that stamp themselves forever on the memory.

Corfu has none of those smoky approaches and drab wharves which mar the scenic approach to so many of the world's beauty spots. I embarked at Patras one evening. All the following morning the boat steamed up along the coast of Akarnania and Tsiami, among islands rising steeply from the sea. Passing Paxos and Antipaxos in the afternoon, we entered the lake-like channel between Corfu and the mainland. Shortly before sundown we reached port, passing in by the ruined walls of the medieval fort of Cassopo which was built where Cassiope used to stand.

The little steamer was going on across the Adriatic to Brindisi that evening, so she did not bother to nose in behind the low breakwater against which a choppy sea was beating. The Corfu passengers had to drop from rope-ladders into the tossing walnut-shells of boats brought out by clamorous longshoremen.

Once ashore, one is instantly impressed by the absence of the trappings of ugly industrialism. A great deal of hard work is done

on Corfu and industries abound—but the island does not make a smoky mess of its manufacturing. Sunshine and the lovely blends of color and what I suppose our efficiency experts would term architectural inefficiency characterize the places where things are made.

It is a sheer delight to wander through the streets of the town. They are narrow and winding and not nearly so dirty as those of most of the streets of southern Europe. Often floored with slabs of stone, and winding hither and thither in the most inconsequent way, they recall some of the townlets among the quarried uplands of Malta.

The people of Corfu in many ways resemble Italians rather than Greeks. For four hundred years they were ruled by Venice, from 1386 up to the fall of the Ionian republic in 1797. The upper classes keep their Venetian titles. They have more aristocratic ideals and western polish than the rest of Greece, and they stand aloof from the Greeks of the mainland.

There is not much money in Corfu, and it is one of the few places in Greece where beggars are numerous. No fewer than seventy are said to have been counted on one occasion outside the residence of the unfortunate British chaplain.

As is general in southeastern Europe, what we should consider a disproportionate amount of money is spent on clothes, and it is often a surprise to see the shabby and even slatternly homes to which smartly dressed townsfolk return after their promenade in the cool of the evening.

In Corfu one shakes hands with social inferiors as well as with social equals. That is generally the case in truly democratic Greece, and I have heard of a man who was considerably taken back when the small, ragged boy dispensing light refreshments in the station buffet at Megara climbed onto a departing train and insisted on wringing his hand, as a parting courtesy from one good talker to another. Up in the other corner of Europe, too, the Swedish country-people one tips or to whom one makes a gift or sends a Christmas card or gives verbal birthday wishes, always shake hands with you.

The white villa-palace, Achilleion, at Gasturi, about a couple of hours' walk from the port has given the island more prominence in late years than any of its scenic beauties. Here was a favorite refuge of the ill-fated young Empress Elizabeth of Austria, and thirteen years ago it was bought from her executors by ex-Kaiser Wilhelm. In the Italian renaissance style, with Doric colonnades and balconies overlooking the sea, the palace stands out, a brilliant mass of dazzling marble, against the green gardens with which it is surrounded. Among white marble terraces are several remarkable Greek statues including the famous Dying Achilles. In the palace museum are Pompeian relics given by the late King Humbert of

Italy, and some of the best finds made by Schliemann in his Cyprus excavations.

A curious story is told about the alleged burial of the famous pearls of the Empress Elizabeth. They are believed to have been enclosed in an iron case and lowered into the sea off Gasturi. It is now one of the favorite traditions of the Corfiote fishermen. Many of them will even point out, for a slight financial consideration, the exact spot where the chest and its precious contents were lowered into the depths.

Achilleion had a paragraph to itself in the Peace Treaty of Versailles. The Germans had to sign it away to Greece, who undertook to turn it into a nursing-home for the Greek army.

From the hill of Gasturi there is a lovely panorama that includes the blue sea, gray-green hills, snow-capped Albanian peaks, the old gray buildings of Corfu, and frowning cliffs and fertile valley farms. Groves of olive alternate with thousands of acres of grape-vines. There are hedges of prickly pear spinneys of walnut, fig trees, and from time to time a graceful palm.

The King of Greece has two residences on the island, one a quite commonplace palace in the town itself. The other, *Mon Repos,* is a delightful villa with fine views of the town and the fortress. Its gardens contain groves of orange and lemon trees, figs and olives.

Sportsmen may find excellent hunting if they use Corfu as a base. The island itself, despite an area of about three hundred square miles, does not have much game, but five miles across the smooth and easily navigable sound lie the rugged mountains of Albania, where wild boar, wolf, bear, chamois and deer may be hunted. Beaters and dogs are obtained in Corfu and a half-decked native sailing-boat which is run by a Greek captain and a crew of two or three may be hired for about five dollars a day. It is necessary to take care about getting the particular set of permits that local politics demand at the moment, and one must not be distressed if insuperable obstacles seem to be raised when all arrangements have been made and everything is ready. When the obstacle presents itself, keep on looking for "the man higher up" until you find the gentleman who constitutes the real obstruction. Give him a few dollars and you will get an ineffable shrug, a smile and a wave of the arm that means: "Go ahead! The road is clear." Along the Albanian coast, in the sheltered bays and the stream-mouths, there are any number of wild duck, woodcock and snipe. Quails, too, are abundant in the springtime.

One day I journeyed out in a queer little carriage to Paleocastrizza, about two hours' drive from town. There was once an ancient fortress here, on a precipice that overhangs the blue waters of the Adriatic, but on its site was built a medieval convent. Close by are the ruins

of another medieval stronghold, the Castle of St. Angelo. On the way out from Corfu, the road cuts through the middle of the island, passing the Bay of Govino that was used by the Venetians as the harbor for their galleys and small sailing-boats. One's imagination is stirred by the ruins of their arsenals and store-houses along the shore. Then the track goes inland for a distance, through a forest of gray old olives, passing presently round the flank of a hill overgrown with myrtle and arbutus. And to seaward the cliff falls sheer to the islet-studded sea. On the road I was struck by the number of unhappy dogs, which, like so large a proportion of Levantine hounds, stood badly in need of veterinarian attention. There is nominally a dog tax in Greece, but it is seldom collected unless offered. I am under the impression, by the way, that our dog-catcher stalks the city's highways and byways with a huge pair of tongs that reduce the American onlooker to tears of laughter. Wielding this grotesque tool of doom, he pinches stray hounds and drops them, yelping with terror, into his tumbril.

If you are off on a tramp in the south of Corfu and decide to put up for a night or two at a village *khan,* or inn, you will probably run into what you take for an impudent exaction. The room to which you are shown will have four or five beds. "But I'm alone!" you'll protest. "That's all right," the host replies. In the course of the evening various strangers will stroll in, encamping near various beds, and it will gradually dawn on you that you are but one of several occupants of the room—quite apart from the vermin. If you want a room to yourself you are considered a rather snobbish sort of person, and you have to pay for the night's hire of every bed. That is apt to bring your night's village lodging up to what it would cost in a good hotel in Paris or London. You are also considered more than a bit of a snob, in a Balkan *khan,* if you want clean sheets (or sheets at all, for the matter of that). In the Dedeagatch *khan* I told the proprietor—who was also the bed-maker, porter, cashier and custodian of the poultry and rabbits that inhabited the corridor—to change the sheets on the bed I was to occupy. I came in an hour later and found him changing them—from another dirty bed of the five I had to pay for in order to get my room to myself! However, there is no country in the world where the traveler gets on more smoothly and pleasantly with the peasants by treating them courteously and jocularly as equals. Do not press the boss of your sleeping *khan* in rural Corfu to provide you with meals and then become annoyed if he declines. A sleeping *khan* is a sleeping *khan.* Meals you get at the feeding *khan,* which is usually only a few paces away. It is at Corfu, traveling eastward, that the *khan* system begins. From this little island in the Adriatic, for thousands of miles across the Balkans, Russia, Siberia and China, to the Philip-

pine Islands, stretches a line of these crude hostelries, and the traveler is supposed to carry his food and his bedding with him, asking literally nothing more than water to drink and wash in, and a more or less waterproof roof over his sleeping head.

The expedition to San Salvador mountain, the peak which lies across the bay of Corfu, is an interesting one. I made it in one long day, but it would be less tiring to take two or three. Starting at seven in the morning, I hired a picturesque little sailing-boat to take me over the bay to Karagol. Here, after some haggling, I was able to procure mules and a guide. The track went up steeply through the olives, and presently emerged on the barren and rocky mountain-side. Here the mules slipped and staggered on the loose stones underfoot—and one steed sat down on his hindquarters and remained sitting for some seconds, his ears very erect, looking greatly surprised.

There were many flocks of goats along the way. I am by way of being a connoisseur of goats. They interest me immensely, and terrify me not a little. They are so temperamental. I grant the Greek goat three claims to pre-eminence. It is the smelliest, the most inquisitive and the most extraordinary climber of all goats. When a Greek goat catches my eye I stop mooning about and hurry away. A wandering dog who adopts you is difficult enough to shake off, but if a Greek goat takes an interest in you he will follow you all day. In the hills of Patras a goat ate four copies of a New York newspaper I had thrown down on my waterproof.

The first time I saw a goat fifteen feet up a tree, in Praxothele, I made a mental note to say nothing about it. It would sound bad. People, I assumed, would exchange expressive glances—and an excuse would be found to move the decanter and get me to walk out into the garden for a few minutes to see what a beautiful starry night it was. You know how people are. But now I have seen so many Greek goats up trees, and I find other folks have, too, that I am emboldened to mention them publicly—if still a trifle defiantly.

After the village of Signis, our climb grew steeper and steeper. However, early in the afternoon, I reached the tumbledown convent on the summit. Thither, in August every year, a pilgrimage is made by people from all over the island, on the occasion of the anniversary of the Transfiguration.

I was lucky in picking a clear day, for though the peak is not very high—only 3000 feet—it is the highest on the island, and I had a wonderful view. I even sighted the dark rim of the coast of the heel of Italy, far across the Adriatic. Then, turning, I looked far eastward, far into the rugged interior of Albania, seeing there the castle and plain of Butrinto and many hill villages. Southward my

gaze passed over all Corfu to the islands of Paxos and Santa Maura beyond.

One of the most interesting things in Corfu is the picturesque ceremonial surrounding the peasants' christenings and wedding. I wonder what our zealous prohibitionists would think of the Corfu newly born babies being bathed in warm wine, in which sprays of myrtle have been steeped! There are some places where the baby is rubbed with pepper and salt. The priest cuts a few hairs from his head, kneads them into wax from a taper on the church's altar, and drops them into the water which is going to be used for the baptism. At the baptism an amulet is placed round his neck. Wherever you wander in Greece these ceremonials of birth and marriage and death are of much interest. The Athens baby's first garment, among the poor, has to be made out of his father's old shirt. The eighth day after birth, the Rhodesian baby has its lips touched with honey by a child, who must be the eldest of a family, saying: "Be as sweet as this honey!"

In some regions the cutting of the first tooth is celebrated as a family festival. There are songs and there is alcoholic liquor, and baby is tubbed in a sort of porridge of boiled wheat and water. Then thirty-two boiled wheat-grains are strung on a thread and sewn on his cap.

A baptism is well worth seeing, and the peasant parents feel honored if a traveler comes into the church to look on, though he is expected to make a little gift of a few pennies to the young stranger. First baby's godfather has to rub him all over with oil. Then the priest pours some oil into the water in the font and blows on it and the child's face to exorcise evil spirits. Next he takes baby in his arms, holds him up to the east and swings him through the air, in the sign of the cross. Three times he is completely dipped in the font, then anointed with signs of the cross in holy oil on the brow, breast, back, tongue, soles of the feet and palms of the hands. Three times the godfather carries him round the font, and then follow long prayers, recitations of the creed and other rituals.

Weddings do not take place in May and the middle and upper classes consider it unfashionable to be married in church. An altar is arranged in the middle of the drawing-room of the bride's parents. After the couple have been pronounced man and wife, the priest takes each by the hand and the trio walk three times round the altar while the guests pelt them with candies done up in little screws of paper. A marriage is not called a wedding, but a crowning, for the climax of the ceremony is the crowning of bride and groom with orange blossom wreaths. While the priest blesses the couple the best man holds the wreaths over their heads. Then he crowns them,

and, later in the service, changes the crown, the wife's resting on her husband's head, the husband's on the wife's.

The typical village shop in Corfu is unusual. More than half its trade is done by barter, which imparts what the laconic West Front *communiqués* during the war termed "a certain liveliness" to its transactions. When two or more Corfu peasants are engaged in barter the result is strident and operatic. Usually an otherwise united and happy family is rent with mutual distrusts and suspicions when some of the wee farm's produce has to be taken to the store to be turned into Corfu's equivalent of soap and crackers. For this reason everyone goes along to see there is no bungling or weakening at the critical moment. It makes shopping much more exciting than our humdrum haggling over prices and exchanging of nickels and dimes. There is scope for a quick wit and a clever tongue. The eye of the peasant's pretty daughter is an incontrovertible asset, and even storekeepers have been known to have sick headaches and to yield extra handfuls of this or that if only the clamor is loud enough and long enough.

HOBNOBBING WITH FIJI'S ARISTOCRACY

Entertained by a Descendant of Cannibals—Modern South Sea Hospitality—Special Performances of Native Festivities

By Nelson Taylor

Yacht Wisdom II swung at anchor in Suva Harbor. It was steamer day and not until the smoke of the mail-boat was cleared away by the fresh southeast trade-wind did Suva return to its everyday occupations. Steamer day only comes once a month. At that time the town is crowded with tourists, with natives who have established their little stands to sell fruit and curious, with porters and carriers, and with a variety of people who come from up-country and the neighboring islands. This particular day was the occasion of the departure of the Governor, who was quitting the Fijis after an administration of many months, and high-chiefs from all the provinces had come to pay their last respects to the "High-Chief Master."

The captain and I sat under the yacht's awnings studying the chart. In the northern part of the Fiji Archipelago are Vanua Levu and Taviuni, two large islands. Most spots on a chart interest the curious traveler, but these two islands looked particularly attractive: perhaps because they were so far from the steamer port, or because they were so situated that they could be reached in a day's run in the trade-winds, or because we had remembered that Taviuni was "the garden of Fiji." The captain said, "We must arrange to see these islands." As it happened, a stroke of good fortune made it very simple to fulfill his wish.

The "Wisdom's" launch came alongside and landed a lone passenger on the starboard gangway. He was a gray-haired Fijian dressed in European clothes. His manner was that of a gentleman, and, putting the crook of his walking-stick over his forearm, he shook hands with us. Though his English was somewhat limited, it was good, and with simple directness he said, "I am J. A. Rabici. You would like to visit my island, Taviuni. Why have you come to Fiji?"

Instead of answering, I should have liked to ask something about reading minds, but the captain was undisturbed and replied to the

Fijian's question. "I am taking the 'Wisdom II' on a cruise around the world. We left America a few months ago planning to visit all the South Sea Islands and, of course, Fiji had to be included. I am Dr. Salisbury. Sit down and tell us about your island."

Everyone in Fiji knows Rabici. As soon as we had heard him say that name, we knew he was one of the high-chiefs whom so many people had praised, and we knew that our visitor was not plain J. A. Rabici, but the Honorable Ratu Joni Antoni Rabici, Roko Tui of the Province of Cakaudrove. He is, by the way, one of the remaining members of the old royal family. Rabici's father was captured by the Tongans when they invaded Taviuni, and later rescued by the warriors of Vanua Nevu, who mobilized their great fleet of a thousand war-canoes, and defeated and feasted on the invaders.

Rabici was a smart old gentleman, and he waited until we had mixed a cocktail before he extended a formal invitation to visit Taviuni. We accepted readily enough and arranged to sail with Rabici in two days' time. He was to be our guest on shipboard; we were to be his guests on the island.

On the appointed day Rabici came aboard leisurely with a half-dozen trunks and as many servants, bushy-haired fellows, dressed in clean singlets and *sulus,* barefooted and bareheaded. "Wisdom II" got under way in a steady southeast wind that lasted all night. The following morning we were in the lee of the northern islands, and the sun was rising through the coconut-trees on Taviuni's skyline.

"First we shall go there," Rabici announced, pointing to a spot in the jungle of the large island of Vanua Levu. "That is Ndreckambra, a pretty little village hid in the trees, where you shall see pure Fijians. We can shoot parrots and pigeons and go fishing."

"But that bay is not surveyed," objected Dr. Salisbury.

"Never mind. I can pilot you," the Ratu replied, and we did not dispute him.

The pilot-chief skilfully directed us through the hole in the barrier-reef to the still waters of the lagoon, twisting along the channel until an anchorage was found close to shore.

Ndreckambrans do not see their high-chief often enough to be on terms of familiarity. He is their king before whom they bow with great deference. When Rabisci stepped ashore his subjects approached within a respectful distance, squatted, and then gave three claps with the palms of their hands awaiting his signal for them to rise. This ceremony was repeated by the various groups of natives which our procession passed on its way from the beach to the grass compound in the center of the village. The women who sat in their thatched houses laid down their mattings while the chief passed, chanting a weird, melodious native song.

Fine mats of pandanus grass were spread on the turf and the *Mbuli* (village chief) brought his gift, a large fresh *yaqona* root. Fijian custom demands that presents of this sort are to be returned immediately for division among the people. Rabici accordingly gave back the root and ordered it to be made into kava for everybody. In a few minutes the drink was ready in a large wooden bowl, and was served to those who liked it and to those who did not. Girls quickly made some wreaths of leaves and lined up, sitting cross-legged, for an impromptu *meke,* singing and pantomiming to celebrate our visit. The men loaded presents of bananas, yams, pigs and chickens on the yacht.

In the afternoon bushmen came aboard to take us hunting. They rowed us ashore, carried us on their backs across the wet coral, showed the way through the jungle, called the birds, pointed them out, and retrieved them as they fell. We shot red, blue and green parrots, little parroquetes and large gray pigeons, all of which were good to eat. They were not easy to shoot, however, for they could not be hit on the wing on account of the dense growth. For another variety of sport, the Ratu took us fishing on the reef to catch lobsters and spear fish in an artificial light.

These entertainments were merely preliminary to what was to follow, for we had not arrived at Somo Somo, Rabici's headquarters, where he had sent word of our coming. Most Fijian villages are very attractive. The houses, two for each family, are as similar as a number of stacks of dry hay on a green field, though they are frequently arranged in lines and groups that are in harmony with the trees and the topography of the country. There is always a compound for general use, and everywhere the ground is covered with native grass that is kept cut and clean, without any traces of leaves or rubbish.

Situated on a little undulating rise from the white coral-sand beach, Somo Somo is a charming place. The houses are arranged in groups along the fresh stream that divides the village, and there are immense trees between the houses and surrounding the large compound. As we passed through the village Ratu received and acknowledged the greeting of the crowd. Mounting the hill at the back of the village by a trail bordered with croton, we passed through a luxuriant park in which grew rare ferns, palms, vines and trees, and came to the grounds of Rabici's house. In the center of a spacious lawn on which were paths and terraces stood a rambling bungalow of European design with wide, shaded verandas. Rabici sparkled with geniality as he poured us whisky and soda. "Here's to George Washington and to all Americans," he said, as he raised his glass. After we had finished our drinks he showed us the framed pictures on the walls. First he pointed proudly to

a portrait of Cakobau, with this comment: "He had power when Fiji was Fiji. He was a cannibal. My father's brother." There were pictures of family groups and of conventions in which Rabici sat, of horses and of men-of-war. One picture showed the Prince of Wales and his party which included Rabici wearing a medal he had just received. After a siesta we strolled to the village to see the preparations for the holiday festivities of the morrow. The tapa-cloth makers were busy everywhere. Some of them were pounding out the fresh bark of the barau-tree into white, thin and fibrous sheets that were glued together and hung in the sun to dry. Others were painting and stenciling fantastic designs on dry cloth. Each house was making wreaths and waist-bands with long streamers of bark and vines and flowers which were to serve as costumes for the men taking part in the war-dance. Men were occupied oiling and polishing their war-clubs, or fixing their hair to stand up and shine. Women were casting nets in the sea or fishing in the stream for crawfish. A herd of turtles, huge fellows, some of which weighed two hundred pounds, were being driven to a small field where they were turned upside down and made as helpless in their big shells as fish in a frying pan. The little boys were in busy pursuit of chickens and ducks, and pigs were being slaughtered for the feast.

We were entertained for supper at the home of the village chief. His house, the largest in Somo Somo, was a masterpiece of Fijian architecture. It was rectangular in shape with a steep roof covered completely with a thatch of leaves two feet thick. Within there was one large room with no posts, for all the timbers were big logs and the roof was trussed. The inside was lined with bamboo strips on which artistic designs had been woven. The floor was made of coral pebbles completely covered with several thicknesses of pandanus mats.

The meal was served on a special mat placed in the center of the room. In the middle of this mat sat a native girl, her dark skin shining with coconut oil. The servants first brought in a large bowl of soup which was placed near the girl so that she was able to dip it out with a half of a coconut shell and serve it to the guests without changing her position. The meal included a large variety of native foods. There were fish of many kinds, including little black ones roasted in green leaves and forbidden to all natives except the chiefs. After the fish we were served turtle, pig, chickens, yams, breadfruit and taro leaves that had been steamed in the milk of grated coconut. We ate heartily of everything, and when we had washed our hands in the bowl of water that was passed for that purpose, we rose with difficulty, so thoroughly had we gorged ourselves.

After a song we were invited to drink kava with a group of girls

who were practicing the steps and figures of a *meke* nearby. In former time kava was the exclusive drink of the chiefs, but now any Fijian is permitted to drink it. The British Government, however, has prohibited the old method of preparing the drink. It used to be made by chewing the root and spitting it into the bowl, and it is said that this process made the drink intoxicating. Kava has a flavor that can scarcely be described. It is not sweet, nor sour, nor tart nor bitter. It has a cleansing taste like a mouth wash, and it quenches the thirst.

The next day the special holiday festivities arranged in our honor opened with a kava ceremony on the compound. On one side sat the high-chief with his guests. The large wooden bowl in which the kava was to be made had been hewn from a solid log, and near it sat an under-chief. The ceremony connected with the preparation of the drink was very elaborate. A group of six men brought in a huge kava root. Another group cut up the root and placed it in a wooden mortar, whereupon another detachment crushed it with a pestle and then put the mass into the kava bowl. Water was brought in long sticks of bamboo and poured into the bowl while the under-chief stirred the mixture, straining out the solid pieces with green bark that had been shredded into long fibres. When the drink was finally prepared, another under-chief held forth a half of a coconut shell to be filled and passed it to the high-chief. Rabici received the proffered cup. Pouring off a little of the liquid he raised the cup, saying, *"Bula-loloma"* (life-love), and drank while everyone clapped hands in unison. He then flung the empty cup from him, and all the guests were served in the order of their rank, the ceremony ending with a dozen claps of the hands.

The luncheon which we were given that day at Rabici's home would not have impressed us greatly if it had been served at a good Continental restaurant, but in wild Fiji it was a repast of astonishing magnificence.

After luncheon we went to the place that had been prepared for the war dance and the *meke meke*. Seats for the spectators were all that was lacking to make the natural theater complete. It was surrounded by huge banyan trees, backed by a thick jungle of brush, tangled vines and creepers, and flanked with the straw-colored houses of the natives. At the sound of a large *lali* a young high-chief entered arrayed in leaves, flowers and streamers of soft white bark. His splendid muscular body glistened with oil; his face was painted with large red circles. A large train made of one piece of tapa cloth seventy-five feet long trailed behind him, indicating the high rank of the woman to whom he was married. He flourished a mighty war club. Behind him, following at the respectful distance his impressive train demanded, came a hundred men of the village carry-

ing war clubs and dressed in costumes that rivaled that of the high-chief, except that they lacked the trains. Fifty maidens in dresses of newly made tapa cloth followed the warriors. After this procession had passed in review the men executed one of their dances while the girls sang the old songs with which they used to send warriors to battle. After the men had completed their dancing the girls sang about the exploits of ancient heroes and illustrated their feats on he battle field with pantomime. Finally a turtle was killed, and the men drank the fresh blood that was left in the shell. The ceremony was concluded when the dancing girls laid their tapa dresses at the feet of the guests of the high-chief, and the men brought us yams and turtles with a generosity that was embarrassing.

On the following day we went for a picnic to the wonderful cataract at Naitava. The island of Taviuni has a hundred waterfalls and cataracts that are fed by a lake on its high plateau. At Naitava a small waterfall plunges over solid rock, worn so smooth that it forms a series of slippery shoots down which the young and reckless can slide. On one side the canyon wall rises in a sheer cliff of solid rock to which trees, weighted with luxuriant vines and orchids, cling with gnarled roots. On the other side of the canyon is a jungle that rises in rough and rocky terraces covered with a tangle of moss, ferns and flowering shrubs. The foliage that overhangs the canyon is bathed in sunlight, but the roaring water as it pours down the cataracts is lost in darkness and gloom.

The first girl to arrive at the head of the falls was Drada, the daughter of a chief and the leader of the girls of the village. She stood at the pool on the edge of the cataract, took off her pinafore and rearranged her sulu of calico with a single hitch around the waist. The other girls who arrived shortly afterward oiled Drada's body with coconut oil as she stood by the clear waters, as unembarrassed in her semi-nudity as a shining bronze statue. After she had been made ready the other girls prepared themselves in the same fashion.

As Drada stood at the brink of the falls she looked about for someone to make the descent with her and singled me out. It appeared to be dangerous, but it was impossible to resist her invitation. Seated behind her bobsled fashion, I allowed a little water to dam up behind to give additional impetus to our descent, then let go my hold on the rocks. It was a thrilling descent. Near the bottom the shoot takes two curves, one to the left and one to the right, and we swept around these like a racing car on the banked side of a motordrome. Finally we were catapulted out into space over a ten-foot drop, and landed in the swirling pool at the foot of the falls. We climbed out quickly to watch the dozen girls who fol-

lowed us in rapid succession, shrieking and laughing as they were hurled into the foaming waters.

The exhilarating descent was repeated time and again until finally we had to abandon it through sheer exhaustion. Only one of the men in the party refused to make the descent, and he was the butt of much ridicule on the way back to the village. The girls improvised a mocking song which they sang time and again to the poor fellow's obvious embarrassment.

That night we thanked the high chief and his people for their generous hospitality, for we were to sail on the following day. At daybreak the water around the yacht was swarming with the canoes of the villagers, and many of the boys had come aboard to tie wreaths and streamers to the rigging. The light wind caught our sails, and as we slipped away gradually leaving their canoes far astern, their song became fainter and fainter in our ears.

INTERVIEWING THE ALBANIAN HOUSEWIFE

Revelation from the Distaff Side of Albanian Life—Bartered Brides, Their Problems and Their Servitude—Penetrating Moslem and Christian Households.

By Leonie Nathan

Mohammed, when he wrote the Koran, was obviously cherishing no very friendly feeling toward women, and the Muftis, who have been the expounders of this sacred book, have also been equally indifferent to what would seem to be the simple, inalienable rights of the other sex. In countries which have been under Turkish rule, and where the people are of the Mohammedan faith, women know few of the privileges and pleasures which have been considered their rightful heritage in the Occident.

We were thinking about the Albanian women while our horses were carrying us from the seaport of Durazzo toward Tirana, when the familiar Albanian salutation of *Teugkat-jeta* (long life to you) greeted us. *Teugkat-jeta,* we called back to the three pantalooned women from the mountain district.

"What have you on your back?" I asked one of the women. Although she did not understand my language, my gesture conveyed my meaning, and she moved toward us in a friendly way. The bundle, which was suspended on a heavy cord to a band around her forehead, proved to be a wooden cradle over which was a heavy woolen cover. Beneath this there was a tiny baby tightly swaddled. A little "charm" fastened to a covering was intended to keep away the "evil eye," but it was hard to understand how the infant with or without "charm" could survive very long under that heavy rug. It was the custom, she assured me, and she could not be persuaded to show us the baby.

Over the dusty, parched road, our three new acquaintances had been walking from their mountain village since four o'clock in the morning. It was market day, and they hoped to reach Tirana before eight o'clock in order to find advantageous places to display the merchandise which they carried balanced on their heads.

These three pedestrians were from the mountains where women have a little more freedom than their veiled sisters in the cities.

In the mountainous sections women are permitted to talk to other men beside their husbands; whether they are Christians or Moslems they go about without covering their faces; and, despite the fact that they have never been inside of a school, they are bright and quick-witted. As a rule the women of the mountains are not particularly good looking, and their bobbed hair and hennaed fingers do not improve their appearance. They are tall and fair, with oval faces, acquiline noses, moderately high cheek-bones, and gray-blue eyes. Almost without exception they are lean, for they work too hard and eat too little. Forced to get the firewood, to carry water, to spin, knit, weave and cook, to carry produce into town on market days, and to perform many other arduous tasks, these unfortunate females are looked upon as man's chattels, never being allowed to forget that at all times they are required to obey their husbands. Girls are bought for wives from their fathers or brothers very much as one would purchase a horse or a cow.

Later that day we accepted an invitation to visit the home of one of the more representative mountain women. There were many things we wanted to know. The difficulty lay in finding a female interpreter, as we would not be allowed to take a man into a Moslem home. Eventually we succeeded, and little Albanian mountain horses carried us to the Muftis' home. We reached there at four o'clock in the afternoon, when the muezzin was summoning the faithful to prayer. Apparently, however, there were no faithful. We stopped our horses, thinking our Mohammedan gendarme would want to dismount and kneel in prayer, but he did not heed the call, nor did we notice anyone else paying any attention to it. Our guide explained that an Albanian is first an Albanian, and afterwards Moslem or Christian—religion being a matter of but slight importance to many of them. The neglected appearances of the mosques gave evidence of this.

Madame, the wife of the Muftis, was at the door to greet us. We were to be guests for the night, and were ushered into a large room with a high fire-place. A generous pot suspended from the raftered ceiling on an iron chain hung over the open fire of brushwood. A low divan, covered with dried sheep skins, ran around the room. Above the divan, and running parallel with it, was a narrow shelf, serving to hold the coffee pots and a few other articles of copper. On the floor, here and there, were small rugs striped yellow, black and red in a zigzag design, which made one feel dizzy if one looked too long. A beautiful prayer rug was pinned on a wall.

A servant came in carrying a silver tray with tiny cups containing steaming hot Turkish coffee. Then cigarettes were passed around, and the servant backed out of the room. Madame herself passed the Turkish delights.

These preliminary formalities having been looked after, our hostess settled herself down on the grass mat in front of the fire-place, and eyed our American clothes with a good deal of interest.

"Madame," I said, through our French interpreter, "we have come to you to learn something about the women of the mountain districts—the wives and mothers of the families. Won't you tell me something about them?"

She smiled, but there was a look of caution behind that smile. Women in Albania are not used to expressing their opinions about anything, nor are they accustomed to being consulted. She was not sure her husband would be satisfied, but she would ask him. Evidently he was in an adjoining chamber, for she returned in less than ten minutes with an expression of satisfaction on her face, and again settled herself down before the fire-place. Her pantaloons were of a rich brocaded satin, falling around the ankles in great folds, to be gathered in with gold-embroidered ankle bands. Her blouse of striped white silk had wide flowing sleeves, and over this was worn a short sleeveless jacket or bolero, embroidered in gold thread, and studded with imitation stones. A soft, silk-fringed covering framed her face, on which was what we would call a "wash," made from ingredients which the women themselves concoct, and which is put on as an American woman would apply powder.

This Albanian woman of the better class was as much interested in our American styles as we were in hers, and it was a mute, but mutual, admiration party.

By this time our cigarettes had burned down, and our attentive hostess, after passing them again, resumed her position.

"You Americans cannot sit on the floor this way because you wear corsets," Madame informed us smilingly.

Just then the oldest son of the household walked in and was introduced by his proud mother. This led me to ask:

"How long have you been married, Madame?"

"Since I was fifteen years old," she answered proudly, and then looked up to see what kind of an impression her reply had made upon us.

"You will want to know about our marriage customs," the good lady added. "No doubt they are very different from yours in America. Marriage here is arranged entirely by the head of the house, children being betrothed in infancy, though the fact is usually kept secret by the parents until the children have reached an age of wisdom."

"How is this arranged?" was my natural question.

"A man will say to another with whom he wishes to be allied, 'When your wife has a daughter I want her for my son.' When they are over fifteen years—though some marry as young as thirteen years—

arrangements are made for the marriage. The man is bound to take the girl, no matter what she is like—she may be ugly, she may be pretty, or she may have a very bad disposition, but if he does not take her he will fall into a blood feud with her family."

"How about the girl!" I interrupted.

"She may refuse to marry the man, but in such a case she must swear before witnesses to remain single forever."

"Does the man ever have a chance to see the girl who will some day be his wife?" I inquired.

"No, never, if they are Moslems. After the ceremony he lifts the veil from his wife's face and sees her for the first time. You must remember that a girl at twelve or fifteen years of age is veiled and sequestered, and is never seen on the streets until after she is married. During this period of seclusion from the outside world she is usually preparing her trousseau, which means even the spinning and weaving of the materials. The Christians, however, are somewhat more liberal"

"Do the Moslem men have many wives?" I asked.

"Sometimes they do, but it is rather unusual, for an Albanian Moslem tribesman rarely takes more than one wife at a time."

"And do you have divorce as we Americans have?" The word "divorce," however, was not clear to the lady, and she asked our interpreter to explain what we meant.

"Oh, of course we do," she said, as soon as the word had been explained. "A man may divorce his wife by saying, 'I divorce thee,' whereupon he cuts off a piece of her dress and sends her back to her parents."

"Is it a cause for divorce if there are no children?" we asked.

"Yes, that is all a woman thinks about when she marries—to have children—boys, not girls. Should a woman bear her husband only daughters, the family on his death has the right to turn her out, though the girls may have been married to some Albanian sons at good prices. The highest ambition of an Albanian woman is to be the mother of boys, as in this way she feels more sure of retaining her husband's affection and the respect of his family."

When we asked if they had any amusements, or ever played, we were told that when a child is born, or when there is a wedding, the Albanian women have festivities which consist of dancing and singing.

We then inquired of Madame if we could see her husband, the Muftis. She left the room, and he came in. Apparently husband and wife could not be seen together. He was a big genial fellow, dressed in the Albanian national costume of white homespun which was decorated with broad black braid. Over this he had on the famous Skanderberg jacket. His gun protruded from his broad belt,

in readiness for action at any time. He was a bashful fellow, evidently unused to speaking to women outside of his family, and he had hardly greeted us when he was ready to retire. *"Teugjeta, Zonias* (Good day, ladies)," he said, bowing himself out of the door.

A domestic then came in with an *ibcik* containing warm water, and we washed our hands, preparing for the supper which another domestic was bringing in on a low table. Madame joined us again, and we had a refreshing meal of roasted goat, leeks, maize bread, and cheese. Then Turkish coffee was served, and small glasses of *raki* were passed. We refused the *raki* because we were warned that to the unaccustomed it is intoxicating. Simply by spreading covers on the floor, the living room was turned into a bedroom for us. That night we slept like Albanians—with none of our clothes removed. It certainly saves time, for all we had to do the next morning was to wash our faces and comb our hair. Thereafter, we thanked our gracious hostess, and mounted our horses to make an early start back to Tirana.

It promised to be a very hot day, and our gendarme, realizing how uncomfortable it would be when the sun was higher in the sky, drove the horses along at a brisk rate.

There were no veiled women in the bazaar district of the town; as a rule they send their children, for it is considered bad taste to go themselves. We did, however, get a glimpse of a few of the black-robed city women as we passed through the narrow, winding streets. They were apparently amused to see women riding on horseback through towns, and eyed us with considerable curiosity.

The town of Elbassan, in the rear of the mountains of central Albania, has the reputation of being the "Boston of Albania"; in some ways the most conservative town they have, and in other ways the most advanced. Could the women be any different here from what they were in other parts, we wondered, and we meant to find out.

The trip was an all-day ride from Tirana over what was considered a dangerous mountain-trail. The start was made at 6:30 A.M. so that we might reach Elbassan before dark.

Tomori, the highest summit in that great range of Albanian mountains, wore a crown of glory that morning as the sun rose and shone on the snow-capped top. Caravans of little, long-eared donkeys, heavily laden, passed us. Flocks of sheep and goats were grazing on the mountain slope, and we heard a melody played by a shepherd boy on a reed. We saw women on whose backs were strapped loads so large and weighty that their heads were bent to a level with their waists. Mountain after mountain was passed, our path running sometimes along narrow ledges, sometimes into dried-up

gorges, and at other times into fertile valleys dotted with great groves of olive trees.

At dusk we had crossed the Skumbi River, and not long afterwards we arrived at Elbassan. The wife of the Pasha had heard of our arrival, and sent us an invitation to visit her.

Here we found both the Moslem and Christian women wearing the face covering in the streets. A newcomer passing up and down the narrow streets for the first time among so many women in long black robes would think that a convent of nuns had been set free. It is quite useless to try to conjecture whether the women are old or young, pretty or ugly. The long black cloak which envelopes rich and poor alike and the piece of white cheesecloth bound around head and face leave only the eyes exposed. Even the native Albanians cannot recognize any of the women.

We visited a certain Mrs. Akief Pasha first because she represented the most influential family in Elbassan, if not in all Albania. The Pasha's home was surrounded by a very high wall, pierced with loopholes for guns.

We wanted to hear about the secrets of the harem, and we thought perhaps Mrs. Pasha could help us. In this we were disappointed, for there was but one man in that large town who was known to have more than one wife. He was a Bey of some prominence, and after marrying Mrs. Bey No. 1 and Mrs. Bey No. 2, he was still without heirs. He then took Mrs. Bey No. 3 into the family, with the result that Mrs. Bey No. 2, who came from a very rich family, moved back to her parents. But Mrs. Bey No. 1 and Mrs. Bey No. 3 were living together happily, constituting the only harem in Elbassan.

We were informed by Mrs. Akief Pasha that the mother of one of the well-known Beys in town had died that morning, and that perhaps we would want to go to the funeral. We asked her to accompany us, but we were informed she could not, because she was in mourning for a daughter and this necessitated her remaining indoors for two years.

The funeral services had started at eleven o'clock, and when we reached the women's quarters the wailing had already begun. Gypsies had been hired to lead in singing the death-wail. They slowly swayed their bodies back and forth, chanting in a minor key. The black-robed women with their veils thrown back who were seated on the floor now and then joined in the lugubrious lamentations. Suddenly this melancholy, monotonous chant stopped, the women chattered and talked, and then, of a sudden, some woman started the death-wail, and the sobbing began again.

After an hour of this the oldest son of the deceased woman in company with three of his best friends entered the room. Imme-

diately the veils dropped. The men lifted the coffin up and carried the body into the men's quarters on the other side of the house, where the wailing was repeated. After the chanting and sobbing had ended, the coffin was carried to the cemetery with only the men following. The body, which had to be in the ground before sundown according to the Mohammedan custom, was laid in the grave, a stone slab placed over it, and then earth thrown on top.

Up to this time we had not visited the homes of the very poor, though we had seen much abject poverty about us. We decided to follow a little fellow whom we saw leaving one of the public ovens where he had been to get his bread baked. He carried the flat tin pan balanced on his tiny white fez. The lad called himself Ali and was delighted to pose for his picture. He then led us to a door in a high wall, behind which was his home.

We had to knock for admittance. The old, weather-beaten door was opened about two inches, and a pair of enquiring eyes peeped out. Our interpreter explained the purpose of our visit, and when the name "American" was spoken the door opened wide for our entrance.

The home into which we were admitted was simply a dark chamber with an earthen floor. We noticed a sickly-looking fire of brushwood burning on the hearth, the smoke escaping through some openings left in the blackened rafters. Two niches in the wall held all the cooking utensils, and an old-fashioned chest in the corner contained the family linen. There was one small window, but this was blocked to assure complete privacy.

Four children, their mother, and their grandmother lived in this miserable room. The father had been killed a short time before in a feud. The oldest child could not go to school because he had to spend the day gathering firewood; the second oldest suffered from malarial fever and was "no good"; the third, Ali, carried the cornmeal to the oven each day to be baked. The baby had been born after the father's death, and the mother was thankful that it was a boy. She had prayed it might be a boy, for they had two blood-feuds in their family, and boys were needed for revenge.

The mother was a stupid woman, but little Ali took our fancy. He chatted pleasantly to us in his own language as though we understood every word he spoke. We noticed that he looked abnormally fat for a child whose diet consisted only of corn bread and cheese made from goat's milk, and we discovered that he was wearing about five layers of ragged clothes. Promising him a wonderful new suit, *"a la Americaine"* as the Albanians put it, we began to peel off the incrustations of wearing apparel. His mother objected to this, saying that her son occasionally had fevers, and that there

were not enough coverings at night when they were compelled to sleep on the earthen floor.

This woman and the miserable little hole over which she presided were characteristic of hundreds of other places which we visited later. Like so many of her sisters she had married at thirteen or fourteen years of age and had been confined, imprisoned, within the limits of her intolerable little household and condemned to ignorance and poverty.

THE LAND OF THE MODEL HUSBAND

Strange Life of the Civilized Marshall Islanders in the Mid-Pacific —Coconut Growing and the Copra Industry—A Country Where Woman Proposes, Imposes and Disposes, Yet Man is Happy

By Thomas J. McMahon, F. R. G. S.

[*The Marshall Islands, a hundred and sixty square miles in extent, with a population of upwards of 15,000, were annexed by Germany in 1885 and governed from German New Guinea. In 1914 Japan took possession at the instance of the Allies. Mr. McMahon spends much time in the Mid and South Pacific Islands. His expression of the feeling of their strategic and commercial importance is well worth serious thought.*—Editor.]

On a map the Marshall Islands look for all the world like a splash of tiny dots. But a vast surprise awaits the traveler who investigates them; for though the actual atolls are not of any size in themselves, the whole group spreads over a vast amount of sea, and is both commercially and strategically of very great importance.

To the north of the equator, and about equally divided into two lots, the Sunrise and the Sunset groups, lie these strange little islands of the mid-Pacific—hundreds of tiny atolls strung together in a chain circular or horseshoe in shape, making up a series of exquisite blue island-bound lagoons. Although the islands are named on the map, the names really apply to the lagoons. Sometimes these lagoons measure from seventy to one hundred miles in circumference. Really they are great in-sea lakes, for only a narrow strip of low-set sandy bank separates the smooth waters of the calm lagoon from the fierce dash and thunderous noise of the great sea without. Often a ship may lie breathless on the placid waters within a lagoon while the spray of the wild ocean without, perhaps some twelve paces away, falls on the decks.

Indeed it is a place of paradoxes. In the Marshalls the woman is the man; that is, she is recognized as the superior being, and is treated as such. Quite contrary to the customs of other Pacific islands, here it is that the woman has the easy time. She commands all the respect and gets all the attention, and it is her name that passes on to the family. It is the woman that asks the man in marriage, but it is he who must do the courting. Inheritance

is on the side only of the woman; man is in short a mere servant and necessity for the pleasure and comfort of the woman. In the home life he cooks the food, washes and feeds the baby, dresses the children, not only makes his own clothes—in the latest European fashion—but often cuts out and on the family sewing machine sews his wife's dainty garments. He works and earns the food supplies, attends to the garden, and carries the bundles. A man may have a cheap shirt to his back, but his wife and daughters must have silk dresses and expensive laces—quite common luxuries in the Marshalls, even with lace at five dollars a yard; cheaper lace traders cannot sell! The woman does nothing and is expected to do nothing. She sits about lazily, chatting and gossiping, but the man must always be up and doing, eternally on the lookout for the welfare of his wife and daughters.

And yet in the whole Marshall group there is not one unhappy married man and domestic quarrels are quite unknown. The husband remains the lover during the whole of his married career. He is quite remarkable for his gallantry, and every want and wish of his spouse it attended to with a courtesy and eagerness which is positively delightful. He cares little for his own appearance, but is most anxious that his wife should be immaculate, and he will spend hours combing and arranging her hair. With the greatest courtesy he will adjust her dress, fix a bow or display a ribbon to best advantage; if she has to pass over a watercourse he will tie up her skirts and carry her shoulder high, a very Raleigh in his chivalry! At home she must have the best mats to sit on, and at mealtimes she is always most obsequiously served.

All these attentions have naturally made the women somewhat selfish and all too often they are indifferent mothers, neglecting their children quite shamelessly. But will the husband take his wife to task? No, indeed! There must be some reason, he argues, for such indifference and neglect and the fault—why, perhaps, it lies with even him! So he kisses and fondles his erring wife—but she does not respond, she graciously submits, for it is only the man's duty to be affectionate. The traditions of the race insist that from boyhood to grandfatherhood there shall be unceasing respect for woman. Thus has the woman come to be regarded as a higher being with a superior intelligence, the one and only medium possible of bringing affluence to a family. In many ways the woman plays upon her man's good nature, but mostly she maintains her ascendancy by a series of feminine tricks to keep him pleased and respectful, and one of these, perhaps the worst, is an exaggerated modesty.

The Marshall Islands women are perfect models of prudery. Not

one would ever think of exposing her ankles to the vulgar gaze. The very lifting of a skirt by half an inch in the presence of a strange man would at once brand the bold female as one without character. At once she would become an outcast and society would refuse to receive her. Short skirts will never become fashionable in the Marshall Islands, for modesty is queen of modes, and modesty demands long, flowing gowns. And yet, though in many other little ways the women delude their men-folk, altogether they are a happy if a vain and pampered lot of creatures.

Quite truly, the Marshall Islands might be termed the only realm where royalty thrives and is secure in these days of disappearing kingdoms. Every lagoon has its king and queen, its chieftains and chief women, and each a numerous following of sub-chieftains and sub-chief women, known as the ruling caste. This caste is powerful because the people are willingly very humble and subservient, proclaiming themselves not subjects, but slaves; slaves they are out of gratitude, for the food and clothing they receive come from the hands of their masters and mistresses who own the atolls, and the cocoanuts thereon. Some of the dusky potentates live in grand style, having European bungalows, well furnished and up-to-date; some maintain whole retinues of servants, including private secretaries and valets for the kings and wealthy chiefs, and secretaries and maids for the queens and wealthy chief-women. The slave-women attendants of a queen will never attempt to approach the royal presence save on hands and knees, waiting the royal command at the royal feet.

The dress fashions of civilization obtain, but no king or queen will offer to dress without the services of a staff of valets and maids. In fact, the monarchs are supposed not to know where their clothes are kept and what the royal wardrobes contains. A queen has at least three maids to dress her hair, and standing over their royal mistress they will spend hours oiling and perfuming, combing and brushing. Every Mashall woman has luxuriant raven black hair, and is very proud of its length and thickness and the number of Japanese styles in which she can arrange it. Royalty travels often in the Marshalls, but never without a large retinue of attendants, and huge heaps of baggage consisting of crates of food, piles of mats and an endless variety of boxes and portmanteaus. Dress is the vanity and weakness of this ruling caste, and at least twice a day all must have complete changes of clothing, from hats to shoes. The tailors and dressmakers, the washerwomen—or men—and the ironers of the royal household all accompany their sovereigns on these travels, and are kept eternally busy at their tasks. The bearers of the bread fruit are also busy slaves. This popular

food is preserved in long rolls, which keep indefinitely. It takes one slave to carry a roll, when royalty travels.

The influence of the dusky potentates nowadays is more sentimental than powerful, yet their subjects are very loyal and submissive and permit of a sort of tribal government which is firm but kind. The loyal subjects allow their kings to control the copra industry, the kingdoms' great means of revenue. In return, the kings are responsible for the feeding and clothing of their subjects. Poverty is unknown, the monarchs taking care to hold their people's loyalty by making them happy and contented. The money from the copra that is sold each year (mostly to Americans) is divided into three parts; first a certain amount goes to the Japanese administration as taxes; second, a large amount to the kings or chiefs, many of whom have an income of at least $20,000 a year; what is left over is divided equally among the people. The last at times amounts to a considerable sum even after dividing so generously. Not a cocoanut is picked or sold in the lagoons without direct sanction of the kings.

In the olden days the Marshall Islands were aggressive and warlike, but the influence of the missions has ended practically all tribal strife, and every lagoon is now on friendly terms with all others. The people are much intermarried, and in these days the queens and the chief-women do not hesitate to visit far-away lagoons to offer marriage to eligible bachelor kings or chiefs. The tribes are constantly visiting one another, and there is nothing the Marshall Islanders pride themselves on more than their hospitality, especially to distant relatives.

Queen Luato of Arhno Lagoon, a very handsome and imperious lady and quite young, created a sensation some three years ago by declaring war on her neighbor King Tobo, the cause of the dispute being the encroachment of the latter upon some of the young queen's cocoanut plantations. Generals on each side were duly appointed, forts and trenches erected and dug, and before the Japanese authorities heard of the trouble and arrived at Arhno in their cruisnig gunboat the armies had come to shots, resulting in some loss of life. When the cruiser arrived the war was instantly stopped, the angry sovereigns hurried aboard with their husbands and wives and promptly sent off to Japan, where their grievances were inquired into, and an attempt was made to restore friendship between Luato and Tobo. But the proud young queen haughtily refused all advances from Tobo. The latter was and is to this day willing to make up with Luato, but true to Marshall tradition the woman to this day remains aggressively unfriendly to her royal neighbor. She is quite determined to get back her lands, which the Japanese decree should be Tobo's, and as part of her

tactics she horrified her subjects early last year by breaking away from all caste traditions of her royal line and marrying a commoner, one of her own subjects. This, she informed her people, was fit and necessary as her husband, being mission-educated, was just the man she needed to carry on diplomatic negotiations with the Japanese authorities. Her scheme so far has worked well. The prince consort is recognized as well versed and competent in the land laws of the lagoon, and is, moreover, convinced of the genuineness of his wife's claims over those of King Tobo. By his good work he has become very popular with the people, his ability in dealing with the queen's affairs leading to much prosperity, and a greater output of copra. The latest development is the recent reopening of the disputed land inquiry by the Japanese authorities, and there is not the slightest doubt that Queen Luato will get her lands back, and—so it is whispered—she will also be made sovereign-in-chief of the whole lagoon, on account of the dissolute ways of King Tobo, present high-chief of the islands.

King Tobo is a very approachable sovereign with a tremendous pride in his long and unbroken line of family succession. He is so exceedingly kingly that he needs must have three mothers! One, he will tell you, could not possibly be sufficient for so mighty a king! Unlike all the other Marshall Island kings, Tobo has several wives. His "wife-proper," as he calls the queen, is a very dignified and silent person, living in a much tapestried palace and lonely state. It is here that all state visitors and guests are received, the presentation to the three mothers of the king by the king himself being always an important part of the ceremony. The unpopularity of King Tobo with his people is due to his grasping habits; constantly he demands more money for his share in the sale of the lagoon copra. He is also somewhat discredited in his family—being the father of several boys only, he has not a daughter to carry on the royal line. Boys, you see, do not count in the Marshalls, while girls do and very much, no matter how many there are in the family. Another ground of complaint with his subjects is that King Tobo is far too often away from his kingdom. He has a fine yacht, and is ever visiting one lagoon or another; moreover, his name has been connected with one or two scandals to the serious annoyance of his people who, mostly mission civilized, are exceedingly strict in their religious convictions, and especially strict on the drink question. There is strong probability of the erring monarch being deposed, a very common and easy thing these days; even possible in the majesty-loving Marshalls.

Another prominent royalty in the Marshalls is Queen Rae-Nehap of Namedrick Lagoon, a most beautiful young queen who was so

very high caste that it puzzled the heads of her cabinet to find her a husband. Her Majesty, who has been educated by the American missions, is a very capable and resourceful woman, and when the wise men of the lagoon put it before her! "Who is the man in all the Marshalls that the queen can possibly marry?" the young sovereign—so the story goes—informed them in a most gracious manner that she would go disguised as a mere woman among other women, wearing none of the royal jewels, casting off her innumerable brooches and bangles, to travel over the Marshall groups until she found the man she could love and marry. "But," she added, "he shall be, I promise you, my equal!"

Faithful to her word the determined young woman set out, and for three years was lost from her mourning people who had greatly loved their beautiful and romantic queen.

At last word came to them that not only was their beloved monarch returning, but that she was married and would present to them a little princess also named Nehap. Great was the rejoicing when the royal wanderer returned, though there was some disappointment among the people in finding the prince consort a rather elderly man. In a speech from the throne the queen explained that she had given to her people the royal promise that she would never marry anyone but her equal, and as the only chief of equal rank disengaged at the time was a widower she had selected him. He had been, she said, a kind and agreeable husband, and would no doubt be of great service to her in the government of the lagoon. And the people were satisfied and welcomed the choice of their queen. America may look for a visit from some of the chiefs of the Marshalls when the Peace Treaty is ratified. They have long threatened to become acquainted with our shores.

The Marshall Islanders are all quite civilized, and have many charming and interesting characteristics. Unfortunately under their late masters, the Germans, they were grossly and cruelly oppressed and their number dwindled to about ten thousand. Consequently they bitterly hate the Germans; yet now they are much exasperated at being placed under the Japanese, upon whom the high-caste class look down almost with contempt.

At present the only big industry of the island is copra making. It is carefully sun-dried, and is reckoned the best and most oily copra in the Pacific. Since the coming of the Japanese the islanders have been encouraged to make Panama hats and more of their beautiful mats for export, made from the coconut and pandanus palms. It is said in the Marshalls, and so the native kings and chiefs understand, that the Japanese intend to start several industries under Japanese management—for instance, rope making from the coconut

fiber. Coconut rope undoubtedly will be found the toughest and strongest of ropes, not easily injured by water.

It cannot be denied that the Japanese administration of the Marshalls has been remarkably successful and progressive, ever since 1914 when they occupied the islands for the Allies. Most humane, too, has been the care of the natives, and one of the finest sights of the islands is the Japanese Hospital, in Jaluit, the capital of the group, where hundreds of natives—men, women and children—are being cared for or awaiting treatment, the doctors and nurses all highly qualified and Japanese.

Another good result of Japanese energy, for such it can only be termed, is the new industrial vigor and hope that have been encouraged in the natives. One sign of this is the marked improvement in the planting and increasing of crops of the coconuts. The Japanese authorities have issued wise regulations, demanding that all waste lands be planted up, and though the natives were at first reluctant to obey, making the excuse that sufficient labor could not be found, they were urged on by the administration in a firm but kindly way and the results already have more than astonished the islanders. At present they are enthusiastically inclined to carry on the work, realizing that in nine years' time the copra crop of the Marshall group will be just about double what it is now, and that means but one thing—national prosperity and more comfort, pleasure and wealth for kings, chiefs and people.

There is no doubt that soon the Marshalls will be very prominent in Pacific affairs, for in reality they are the gateway of the mid-Pacific, lying almost exactly equidistant from America, Australia and Japan. The progress of Japanese trade alone in the Marshalls in the last four years is startling in amount, showing such undaunted keenness and determination that in another few years it will be a rival too powerful to move from its mighty place. The Japanese are not illiberal in spirit, and are not in any way hindering other trade, but it can hardly be expected that once in control they should consider other traders' ambitions or wants.

There is a great commercial future in the Marshall Islands and it is no idle statement that suggests within five years the birth of a "New Japan" in the Central Pacific. The energy of the Japanese is amazing and untiring, and the hope is expressed throughout the South Pacific that America will begin to take a more active interest in these islands that lie so near her own prosperity—to maintain a truer balance of trade affairs and prove an effective check to any undue advance of the Japanese.

The League of Nations provides that these islands shall be under mandatory rule. Japan will doubtless be the mandatory.

SNAKE FAKIRS AND SERPENT WORSHIP

The Snake and Mongoose Fight—India's Dread, the Deadly Cobra —Snake Temples and Snake Eaters

By C. Whitney Carpenter, Jr.

As we sat in the garden in front of the hotel in Lucknow, protected from the penetrating rays of the sun by the serpentlike branches of a large banyan tree, two fierce-looking Indians laden with baskets and bundles approached and asked in broken English if we wanted to see a mongoose fight some deadly snakes they had just brought in from the jungle. The bargain was consummated for a few rupees, and a mongoose with a rope tied to one leg was produced from one of the baskets. Driving a stout wooden peg into the ground one of the men slipped the other end of the rope over it so that the mongoose should attend strictly to business and not play truant. The little animal, not larger than an average gray squirrel, was very alert and seemed to know that he was expected to prove his mettle when the Hindu reached down into his basket and brought forth a four-foot snake and threw him on the ground. With wonderful celerity the snake struck at the mongoose, but the little beast avoided the attack and springing for the snake's back fastened its teeth in the black scales. But quicker than the eye could follow the snake had thrown a coil about the body of the mongoose and slowly crushed the little animal in spite of the Indian's efforts to disentangle it from the deadly embrace.

This was not at all according to Hoyle, as the mongoose usually pins the snake by the back below the head, expecting to gnaw through and sever the spine—which the *fakir* endeavors to prevent to save both his performers. This fakir, muttering something that sounded like a curse, brought out another mongoose, which quicker than a shot attacked the snake and fastened its teeth in the serpent's head. The snake-charmer tried to break the deadly enemies apart, but I prevented it as I wanted to get some photographs—which I took at very close range—and also it was good to know that there would be one less snake in the world.

It would not appeal to most women to make a pet of the mongoose, which is not unlike a large rat; but in India, and especially

in Ceylon, I have known of a young mongoose being made the household pet and developing into an affectionate and apparently loyal companion. A pet of this kind, the natural enemy of snakes in a snake-ridden land, must prove a valuable acquisition. For my part I should be more willing to lead a mongoose on a leash than a silly little lapdog. In fact, if one had a pet mongoose when traveling in India it would relieve one of the necessity of looking into one's shoes and bed in search of unbidden guests, such as cobras and scorpions, when staying in native rest-houses.

The Indians of the jungles claim that from continual fights with cobras and other snakes the mongoose has become so inoculated with poison from time to time that it is practically immune, even to the poison of the cobra. Others tell you of a wonderful plant of which the mongoose eats, knowing that its healing qualities will preserve it against the effects of snake-bite.

According to statistics the Indian tiger and other wild beasts of the jungle do not kill half as many natives as the cobra. It is well known that the cobra bite is fatal, and fear of this fatality extends to other snakes so that many of the natives bitten by harmless reptiles literally die of fear. Fear, however, is tempered with pride in many cases, for the pious Hindu snake worshiper will seldom run away from a snake, preferring to pray instead; and if he dies his relatives will build a memorial shrine, which is considered a great honor. Hence, death from snake-bite, while not sought by any except fanatics, is considered an honorable end to one's life.

Such a situation makes it a delicate matter for the government to handle the snake question and to do away with a condition that causes the death of more than twenty thousand natives a year. I am quite inclined to the theory that snake-bite covers a multitude of sins, and that many a crime that never sees the light of publicity goes down in history to the credit of the cobra. Statistics show that the deadliness of the cobra is rather on the increase—the statistics being based upon the number of reported native deaths, however, rather than upon a census of cobras.

The usual remedy for snake-bite among the natives is charms or exorcism. In cases of non-poisonous serpents these methods are often successful—hence the credence of the natives. Certain Brahmans who tend and feed snakes in their houses are supposed to have special curative powers—but they have yet to show the world that they can cure the bite of a cobra whose poisonous fangs have not been removed.

The snake charmer or fakir, with his mongoose, is a most interesting object to the American and European, who have little sympathy with the cult of the snake worshipers; and a most welcome visitor is this same fakir who makes it his business to go

about from bungalow to bungalow offering to free the house from snakes for a certain sum, guaranteeing that his mongoose will discover and dispatch any snake on the premises—as we employ the ferret to catch rats and mice. The fakir himself is almost as objectionable as the snakes. He is usually the scum of the earth, filthy and alive with vermin, and thievery seems to be his only religion. Contrary to general impression, I found there were very few real snake charmers in India. We saw but four, and we were in India five months, traveling north, south, east and west, and always on the lookout for them.

Snake fakirs are trained for the "profession" from early boyhood, going as apprentices with expert snake charmers. Their snakes are caught in the dense jungle. Occasionally these men have cobras to perform for them, but the majority are non-poisonous black snakes from four to six feet long. The cobra is difficult to catch and make harmless, and so is highly prized. That snakes are really charmed themselves has often been discussed by scientists and laymen, pro and con; for myself I believe in the efficacy of the flute. Early in 1917 I made what was considered a dangerous trip into the jungle with one of these uncouth fakirs. Sitting quietly on a log in the depth of the jungle the "charmer" made weird music on his flute; slowly the cobra approached, raising his head and spreading his hood, apparently charmed by the strange sounds. Watching his chance when the reptile seemed to be lost in the strains of the music the man quickly thrust out his hand and seizing him by the back of the neck, out of reach of the fangs, cast him into his covered basket.

I found that all snakes used by fakirs and charmers for tricks are rendered absolutely harmless before exhibiting, as their fangs are removed as soon as possible after capture. One knows that there is no danger to these men in handling their pets, yet the horror of the snake remains even after its fangs are extracted.

The fakir who carries a mongoose seldom uses a cobra, as the snake might be killed and it is more or less difficult to replace these hooded reptiles. The cobra is mostly for show purposes, to make one's hair rise on end with wonder and horror at the magician's tricks with so deadly a subject. The fakir will tell you that his snakes are dangerous and warn you against approaching too close. In fact, he will simulate great fear and distress if you show your fearlessness. As for himself—why, his power over the snakes is a sacred power given by the snake gods, which of course only the pious possess. Pious—ye gods! They are not only without religion or faith in God or man, but they are inveterate thieves, and, as I have said before, dirty and vermin-covered beyond description.

But I am doing one fellow injustice. He was a superb specimen

I met in Lucknow, looking as if he had had a bath in something cleaner than the sacred Ganges, and wearing a voluminous white turban and flowing red robes. He had but one snake, which it cost me two rupees to see. When the money was safely in his hand he opened his sack and produced a black serpent which measured about four feet. He played to him on his flute for a while, then took him up by the back of the neck and deliberately put the snake's head in his mouth. The creature fastened his fangs in the Indian's tongue and held on until the charmer made him release his hold by choking him. He showed us blood on his tongue which the snake had drawn, and wiped it off with a handful of straw. He then crumpled the straw in his hand and blew on it repeatedly, producing at first a tiny puff of smoke and then a burst of flame. The poison in the snake's fangs, he explained, was of such a deadly character that it had produced the flame—coupled, of course, with the powers of his own sacred persons. I stood within a foot of the man and could not detect his trick; little wonder that the ignorant and superstitious Hindu regards the producers of such marvels as holy.

A favorite trick of the fakir and one which I witnessed in several parts of India is to let the cobra bite him. He will immediately have convulsions and fall in a faint (feint is better) while his partner will chant queer songs over him and administer a fluid from a little red pouch which he carries around his neck. The chanting goes on until his friend opens his eyes and revives. This in the eyes of the ignorant is nothing less than miraculous.

Another trick frequently used is to put the snake's head in the charmer's mouth, holding it there several seconds while the blood pours out of his mouth—the blood, of course, being a dye of some kind.

Two fellows in Benares had an enormous python, a ground snake with a head on both ends, four cobras and ten long black snakes measuring over six feet, besides five black scorpions. The Maharajah had kindly sent them to the guest palace for our entertainment. The show started when one of the Indians fed the python a dead mouse, which disappeared in one gulp. Then flutes were played and the cobras, seeming to have an unfailing ear for music, stood up at attention with their hoods spread out. After going through several other tricks the two men twined all the snakes about their necks and the reptiles moved their heads all over the charmer's faces—a proceeding guaranteed to send shivers up and down the spine of the most seasoned globe trotter.

Once in my boyhood I came across a great snake wound around the branch of a tree, his head raised and his beady eyes fixed upon a little sparrow perched not two feet distant. The bird was, as the Indians would say, charmed; but a better expression would be

terrified into inertia. He doubtless had visions of a hasty exit from this world into the open mouth of the snake where he would be smothered to death. I thought of this when in India, where one of the snake fakirs traveled about with a cage full of sparrows in addition to his serpents and for ten rupees gave an exhibition which consisted of putting one of the sparrows in a cage by itself, with the top removed, and turning loose one of the snakes. The sparrow, too frightened at the venomous appearance of the reptile to move, was easy prey.

I witnessed a variation of this performance in southern India before the guest palace of the Maharajah of Mysore, where we were visiting. After the regular performance the snake charmer offered to show us something really worth while if we would pay an extra twenty rupees. We agreed to this—and the Indian prudently collected the fee in advance. He then drew out ten snakes from a large bag. They were about four feet long, and ugly looking, but we were assured by an interpreter that they were the commonest snake in India and non-poisonous. The performer then opened a box, took out a small frog, and detaching one of the serpents placed him on the ground opposite the frog. The snake's beady eyes were immediately fixed upon the frog, who was "charmed" into immovability by the creature, which glided nearer and nearer to the apparently paralyzed frog, finally with a quick dart of its head swallowed the little animal whole. You could plainly see the lump made by the frog and its palpitations as it passed into the scaly body. Waiting until we had observed this thoroughly, the fakir seized a knife and without more ado cut the snake in two close to where the lump showed the frog to be. The frog hopped out, apparently delighted with its freedom after such a terrible experience, to which the fakir called our attention as a very remarkable trick and worth even more than the twenty rupees paid for it. But what little sympathy we had was with the snake! Apparently snakes are more common than frogs, but as the government pays six *annas* (twelve cents) for every dead cobra—the most poisonous snake in India—delivered at the government office, we felt that the Indian had been well repaid for his time and the death of his snake. At one time the authorities paid the equivalent of a dollar each for these skins—until it was discovered that certain Hindu profiteers were breeding cobras to sell to the government.

An exhibition of the kind described above is usually for the benefit of the foreigner, for in many parts of India the snake is sacred and a "sacrifice" of this sort would be considered highly improper if not directly bringing down upon the head of the transgressor, or the community, the wrath of the snake gods. In other sections certain species of snakes are worshiped, such worship being practiced

to a large degree in Kashmir and Malavar. In the latter I was told that even the high-class Hindu lets the southwest corner of his garden grow into a wilderness as a snake shrine, believing that by thus propitiating the deities he will be protected from the serpent's anger and freed from the danger of snake-bite. He also believes that the snake gods will, if thus catered to, protect his riches. A granite stone, carved in the semblance of the cobra head, is established with sacrifices and ceremonies if calamities beset the family because there has previously been no snake stone there. Once the stone is established the snakes are supposed to be so pleased at the attention that they—or the gods they represent—will grant anything on request, from a cure for the itch to the joyful presentation of a boy child to the barren woman. The favorite food offerings made to propitiate the snakes are milk and plantain.

The origin of snake worship—as of many another cult—is undoubtedly in fear. The great mass of the people make no distinction between the harmless and poisonous snakes because of their own ignorance—the non-poisonous varieties being considered merely a sign of special benevolence on the part of the snake gods. As native houses have no doors, snakes are apt to intrude at any moment. Some households, I was told, harbored families of snakes for years, feeding them and treating them as honored members of the family, afraid to turn them out for fear of the snake god's anger. Living in constant fear of their bites, the natives, who wear no shoes, frequently tread on their slimy pets, and if bitten they are killed by fright rather than by poison, unless the pet happens to be a cobra. I talked with many British officials in the interior who have had exciting moments when a cobra—or even a less "sacred" serpent—has elected to occupy the Briton's bed or—if thirsty—his bath, regardless of the fact that no shrift is shown by foreigners to the emissaries of the serpent gods. Despite the fact that the snakes are worshiped, the Indian goes about armed with a great staff to protect himself from the cobra, and at night always carries a light to prevent stepping on one of the monsters. It is a laughable sight to see a man guiding a snake out of his path, with profuse apologies to the reptile for disturbing his peace. If a foreigner undertakes to kill one of these precious reptiles, the natives will plead on their knees that it may be spared. The most pious of the Hindus will not only refuse to kill a snake for fear of harming the soul—perhaps of an ancestor—residing in the snake, but will refuse to kill even a gnat or other insect, wearing gauze patches over their mouths and nostrils for fear of swallowing or inhaling an insect and so causing its death.

Snakes receive frequent mention in Indian folk-lore, and the story tellers, as well as Indian literature, are famous for the ter-

rifying tales which the poor ignorant Indian swallows as gospel truth. Many temples are dedicated to the snake gods, and pilgrimages are made to them to propitiate the gods and secure privileges for the faithful. I found that many of these temples still exist throughout India, where enormous numbers of serpents have been made comfortable inside the buildings, under special protection of the Brahman priests. One of the most famous is in eastern Mysore, a very good spot to leave unvisited, I decided.

In absolute contrast to the snake worshipers are some of the jungle tribes who eat snakes, smoking them out of their holes for the purpose; the python especially is considered a rare delicacy. But the most weird of all of those whose lives are guided by the serpent is, I think, the native who is afflicted with what is known as "serpent love." It is a peculiar affliction, apparently somewhat akin to the cravings of the opium eater or the drunkard, and little is known about it save that its victims crave serpent bites at intervals, claiming that in this way they receive a certain stimulation that enables them to go about their duties with renewed vigor. Certainly the distress of the poor wretches as the time approaches resembles that of a drunkard who cannot get his drink. I noticed, however, that the serpent lover is quite particular that his "love bites" shall not be administered by the cobra or other poisonous snakes—though one would imagine him to be immune from poison.

THE LITTLE PEOPLE OF SAN BLAS

The Exclusive Indians of the Islands of the Panama East Coast—Inter-Tribal Marriage Only Permitted—Baby Faces Painted by Child Mothers

By Alice Sims MacQueen

"Nuade?" meaning "How do you do?" says the San Blas Indian in welcoming you to his domain.

Along the Eastern Coast of Panama toward Colombia is a group of islands known as "The Keys," although they have individual names as well, such as "Corti," "Manding," "Aligandi" and "El Povinir." These islands, with the exception of the latter which is occupied by the Panamanian Governor of the territory, are populated by the San Blas Indians. History tells us that at one time their land holdings were much larger, but their possessions have gradually diminished until the chiefs of the various tribes are beginning to realize that unless a reservation of land is set aside for their people, the energetic prospector will soon drive them from the home of their forefathers. With this idea in mind they are becoming more friendly with the white men with whom they come in contact, enlisting their suggestions and help. Arrangements are under way with the Panamanian Government for a reservation of one hundred square miles of land for the exclusive use of the San Blas Indians. Not so many years ago it was almost impossible for an outsider to set foot on San Blas soil, and under no circumstances was a white man permitted to remain over night. Gilbert, the Isthmian poet, tells of this in the following lines:

"In their veins no mixed blood courseth,
In their land no stranger dwelleth,
For this simple child of nature
Guards his country with his life.
Guards his race from all admixture,
Guards his ancient superstitions,
His religion and his customs,
Zealously and jealously.
For a solemn oath doth bind him—

Sworn above his father's body—
To kill his wife and son and daughter
Should an enemy approach
To obtain his fair possessions,
Or to other lands subdue him
Ere he marches to the battle
That can end but with his life."

Some say there are twenty thousand of these Indians, others claim a lesser number; but from the number of babies and young children crowding the small island I personally visited, there seems no danger of immediate extinction! Catching a glimpse of one of these islands in the distance, it seems a mere speck on the face of the vast Atlantic; closer observation shows it to be crowded to the water's edge with thatched-roofed houses, flanked by stately cocoanut trees.

The architecture of the San Blas homes is not complicated, being a single large room, which accommodates numberless families, apparently. Mountain vines bind together the narrow sticks that form the sides of these houses; thatched roofs and hard-packed clay floors complete the picture. Usually two door-ways admit the dim light that penetrates into the interior where one sees hammocks strung about, as well as benches of hard tropical wood and other articles necessary to primitive housekeeping. The cooking is done in a separate cook-house, which like the dwelling is shared by several families. Sometimes as many as fifteen or twenty families live in one house. Outside the scene is more varied. Clothes-lines full of many-colored garments, flapping briskly in the hot sun, show that women of the tribe are skillful with the needle. Again the skin of some beautiful wild animal is being cured. Tame birds flutter about, hopping from your hand to your shoulder; and last, but far from least, little boys, scarcely out of their mother's arms, are fearlessly paddling their own canoes—or in this instance *cayucas* —over the sparkling waters of the blue Caribbean. Momentarily you expect disaster, but these tiny fellows swim from infancy—the ocean is their playground and holds no terrors.

A word about the *cayuca* may be interesting. It is a boat hewn from the trunk of a single tree, many being larger than the average rowboat. These boats are used for fishing, travel and transportation from the islands to the mainland where the men farm and hunt. Here they raise yams, plantains, bananas and wonderful big cocoanuts, which they sell to the trader or bring to Colon, their cocoanuts, known as San Blas cocoanuts, which they sell to the trader or bring to Colon, their nearest city.

It is not unusual to find a linguist among the men, as they frequently ship as sailors and travel around the world. On enter-

ing a shop in Colon a short time ago, I was amused to hear one of these barefoot, quaintly-dressed little men, request that a German record be played on the phonograph he was inspecting. The ice once broken, his companions exhausted the patience of the proprietor by requesting that he play every record he had in stock.

The average costume of the San Blas man or boy, when the latter wears any clothes, is a black derby many sizes too small, a pair of blue-jeans or other dark trousers and a shirt of any color worn outside the trousers John Chinaman style. General Sam Coleman is the possessor of a military uniform, the gift of the Panamanian Government, in which he is every inch the dignified soldier. General Coleman is the chief of all the San Blas tribes, each separate tribal chief reporting to him in matters of importance.

The San Blas boys and girls are short of stature, seldom reaching much more than five feet even when fully grown. Their skin is almost black, but is saved from an African appearance by a deep red glow beneath the surface, though I must admit that in the case of the girls, art aids nature generously in distributing this red glow. Heads of the stiffest, blackest hair I ever saw are set close to broad, thick shoulders, and inquisitive black eyes set wide apart stare at you with childish trustfulness—this expression is noticeable even in the eyes of the men and women.

One of the islands, at least, is quite boastful of its educational advantages. The San Blas language, I am told, is simple and easy to acquire if one is afforded an opportunity. The few words that I have picked up and quoted here are spelled entirely by their sound, but this is about as accurate a way as any, as the Indians employ a picture system to record events, and those engaged in buying and selling keep their ledgers by a series of drawing showing crudely sketched men, women, cocoanuts, etc.

The advent of visitors seems to be the signal for additional clothing, although the age at which the boys don permanent wearing apparel is not known to me. These youngsters play all sorts of games, even one similar to the marbles of the American youth. But first, last and always there is swimming and boating. A coin tossed into the water will cause all the boys in sight to unceremoniously dive from the edge of their perilously bouncing craft in a mad scramble for the prize. Not until the victor comes to the surface do they give up the search, their brown, glossy bodies wiggling around in the transparent water with the ease of fishes.

The life of the San Blas Indian girl is more restricted than that of her brother. She is not allowed to accompany her father and brother in their travels, but is carefully kept from a glimpse of the outside world. She is taught to sew layers of red, blue, yellow, purple and other brightly-colored calico together; from this she

evolves wonderful designs. Sometimes it is a fish, another time a house with a few crosses sprinkled here and there, and a recent piece of this work showed four distinct birds of the "pelican" type, although it is unusual for them to depict anything so complicated. From this handiwork a kimono-shaped blouse is made. This meets all requirements for clothing for the young girl, although the older girls and women add a straight piece of cloth which is wound around the lower part of their bodies as a skirt. This kimono is called *"puna abagon mola"* or sewed cloth for women.

As I write, a fragrance sweet as some incense of the Far East pervades the room. It comes from an Indian necklace made from the bark of a tree, called by the Indians *tong-tong* wood. They use this bark for making an extract similar to vanilla, as well as for placing among their clothing to keep the musty smell that haunts the seacoast away.

Coins, teeth of wild animals and other trophies are popular as necklaces, and the San Blas girls are not to be outdone by their sisters in other climes when it comes to jewelry and personal adornment. When the owner of these necklaces dies, her jewels are buried with her, including the coins. Not long ago the Indians gave permission to a white man, toward whom they felt friendly, to open a very old grave. They would have no part in the matter however; but when some ancient Spanish coins were found they insisted on an equal division of the loot, forgetting for the time, at least, their fear.

When a girl arrives at marriageable age, which is about twelve years, her hair is cut short and remains that way for the remainder of her life. This indication of her maturity is attended by considerable pomp and ceremony and is the signal for a celebration among her tribe. After several days of ceremonials the little girl is ready for a husband suitable in the eyes of her parents. When a husband is found, she continues to live with her parents until the year is out or a papoose comes to her, when the new family goes to housekeepnig for themselves. Perhaps, after all, these tiny girl mothers are contented in painting the wee faces of their offspring in brilliant red, yellow or green paint; adorning their small bodies with clever handiwork or seeing that they do not get lost in the water. It is hard to tell just what these silent girls do think. Occasionally one more assertive than the rest states that she wishes to travel. One advanced maiden even went so far as to suggest marriage to a visitor, stating that she wanted to go to the United States. She furthermore offered her cocoanut holdings as an inducement. Even the fact that the man of her fancy was married had no effect on her mind for she said her wealth would keep two wives. In the

event of a marriage with an outsider, the Indian girl would be banished from her people.

Queer wooden images are made and these carved effigies are looked upon with respect and thought to possess spiritual power. Among other names they are called *santo,* probably from the Spanish word meaning saint. No definite religion prevails among them, although a certain vague superior being, the author of good and evil, is admitted.

I was sitting on the veranda of my home in Colon one day recently, listening to the lazy hum of the lawn mower, when my attention was attracted by loud talking in the yard, where I beheld five San Blas Indian boys about fifteen years old. They were gazing with mingled expressions of curiosity and amusement at the workings of the machine. Finally one less timid than the rest undertook to cut the grass himself. His delight at this accomplishment was unbounded, whereupon the others each took a turn. Only the untimely appearance of the boss of the Jamaican who was running the lawn mower put an end to an entirely satisfactory afternoon's entertainment for the San Blas boys, who reluctantly said their farewells—"*Dega mala.*"

RELIGIOUS FANATICS OF THE PHILIPPINES

The Ancient and Barbarous Custom of Self-Flagellation—Sights That Make Prize Fighting Seem Tame—A Forty-Year Flagellant Still Continues His Chastisement

By Alva J. Hill

In the Philippines the ancient custom of self-flagellation as a religious ceremony still exists, notwithstanding the fact that politicians and church officials try to hide and suppress the knowledge of its existence.

In the city of Manila and other parts of the Philippine Islands, on Holy Thursday and Good Friday of each year, scores of men can be seen doing penance with a vengeance, beating their own backs until the blood flows out and is spattered on the white clothes and brown faces of hundreds of spectators who gather about through curiosity to witness the gruesome spectacle. In Manila the annual affair is witnessed in several places, but especially back of the La Loma church near the Cemetery del Norte curious crowds of all ages, races and sexes assemble in autos, carriages, street-cars and on foot to watch the supposedly sacred ceremony. At about eight o'clock in the morning the people begin to gather there in a ravine which, during Lent, is extremely hot and dry, that being the middle of the dry season. By nine o'clock the rays of the sun make the spectators squint their eyes or don colored glasses, and cause the perspiration to stream down their backs clear into their shoes. By nine-thirty o'clock the penitents can be seen preparing for their pitiful and painful journey over thorns and stones through the blistering hot valley.

Agapito Macarangdang, an aged Filipino who was seen beating himself at Manila on Good Friday of last year (1919), remarked that he had made a vow forty years ago to do penance each year during Lent, as long as he lived, and that thus far he had kept his vow punctually. The scars on his back tended to corroborate his statement.

In preparing for his self-inflicted torture the old man removed all of his clothing except his underwear. He then tied a rope tight around each limb. One end of the rope was tied around his neck

to prevent its slipping off; and to the other end, which dragged on the ground, he tied a chain as an additional impediment to his progress. On his head the penitent securely fastened a crown of thorns and green branches, and before his face suspended a towel to hide from the public gaze his expressions of pain.

Thus tied and attired the aged penitent began for the fortieth time the fulfillment of his vow, and very slowly and solemly advanced by short steps, beating himself rhythmically and smartly on the back with a cat-o'-nine-tails until his shoulders were severely bruised and inflamed. The cat-o'-nine-tails which he used was a home-made instrument consisting of a rope handle about a yard long at the end of which cords were suspended holding twenty-five small sticks about the size of small lady fingers (either the kissable or the edible kind).

After having thus advanced about a hundred yards, and after having beaten his back much after the fashion that a good cook pounds a tough beefsteak, the pilgrim permitted his back to be struck seven times with a dirty paddle in which were imbedded seven pieces of sharp glass. Those blows were not severe, but were sufficiently forcible to cut gashes which caused the blood to flown down to the man's heels, gashes which probably prevented him from sleeping on his back for several weeks. The penitent continued his slow journey through the hot valley, still swinging his weapon, beating his lacerated back and sprinkling the bystanders with blood somewhat after the fashion that a priest sprinkles a congregation with the hyssop. Thus many of the spectators took the appearance of a good housewife who had put on a white apron and attempted to chop a chicken's head off with a very dull ax.

At regular intervals the old man cast himself on the rough and dirty ground, performing numerous contortions in which his wounds became filled with dust and sand. He got down on his knees, was roughly kicked over and beaten with a leather belt, and was finally stepped upon by a young man who was hired to assist in increasing the pain and discomfiture of the aged religious fanatic. Salt was at intervals rubbed into the wounds to add to the suffering.

After having thus journeyed a distance of about five hundred yards, consuming over an hour in the ordeal, Agapito Macarangdang entered a mud hole in the bottom of the creek, where water was poured over him from an open well. Sitting there on a stone in the mud the man's back was kneaded, pinched and squeezed by his attendant who washed the dirt out of the wounds. The muddy water in the creek soon became crimson from the blood of this and the other penitents. After the old man's back had been thoroughly massaged, the attendant masticated some green leaves from a near-by bush, chewing them into a paste which he spat into the open

lesions on the wounded back. That was the only disinfectant used.

The exhausted man was then joined by his wife, who had been carrying his clothing and observing the torture which he endured without a whimper. Surely, no Spartan athlete ever underwent torture more bravely and serenely than that aged Philippine flagellant, who occassionally appeared about to faint from exhaustion, but never flinched nor uttered a groan or a murmur to reveal his pain. His nerves probably were stimulated and steeled and his tongue silenced by the constant clicking of cameras and the steady gaze of the curious crowd.

Among the spectators of the ghastly sight were several veterans of the trenches and three professional Australian prize-fighters, all of whom were accustomed to the sight of human blood; but they, like a six-year-old girl who also stood nearby, turned away, sickened.

Self-flagellation as a religious penance is not by any means a Philippine institution, as it has been practiced for centuries in one form or another by many different sects, creeds and people. From the thirteenth to the sixteenth century self-flagellation was most popular in Europe. Numerous flagellation fraternities were then formed and thousands of persons, men, women and children, paraded the streets of Germany, Austria, Italy and Spain, stripped to the waist, publicly beating themselves in a manner similar to that described above. King Henry III of France and his courtiers joined in such a procession in Paris at one time, but were compelled to withdraw by the jeering crowd.

Church officials in the past have been divided as to the wisdom of public flagellation, some openly encouraging and assisting in its practice and others opposing and trying to terminate the custom. At the present time practically all civilized people denounce self-flagellation as barbaric fanaticsim and as being without religious sanction, the tendency being to develop and preserve the human body as God's temple.

HOW CONSTANTINOPLE SPENDS ITS SABBATH

Three Days Sunday in Stamboul—Moslem, Jew and Christian Each Observe Their Sabbath but Assist in Celebrations of Other Creeds—Devotion, Splendor and Festivity Mark the Days

By Lucy M. J. Garnett

The observance in Constantinople of a separate Day of Rest by the professors of three distinct creeds, whose commercial, industrial and official activities are intimately related, naturally occasions on these three days a partial interruption of business for all; and Moslems, Jews and Christians, while keeping more or less strictly their own special holy day, take part to some extent in the general festivities of the other two.

The observance of the Moslem Day of Rest (Friday) is unattended by any special Sabbatarian rites beyond the public mid-day service in the mosque. The provision markets are in full swing and itinerant vendors of refreshments are everywhere seeking custom. Here a *kafedji* has installed his stock-in-trade under the shadow of a sculptured fountain and is busy preparing and distributing cups of fragrant coffee to his customers; close by a *simitdji* has halted with his circular wooden tray piled with ring-cakes; and over the way, seated on rush-bottomed chairs, a row of burly Turks, Kurds and other Moslems of the laboring class passively smoke either their short wooden pipes or puff at bottle-shaped *narghilehs* while awaiting their turn at the barber's hands.

As the hour of noon approaches the *muezzin's* cry of *Allah Akhbar* —"God is Great!"—which preludes the Moslem call to prayer, floats melodiously down to the Faithful who are already crossing the wide esplanade to the stately mosque of Suleiman the Magnificent. Crossing the *harem*—as the enclosing courtyard of a mosque is termed—they perform the prescribed ablutions at its bird-haunted fountains and, discarding their shoes in the marble-paved and pillared vestibule, pass into the sanctuary.

Side by side, irrespective of rank, in rows facing the *kibleh*—the niche in the southeastern wall indicating the direction of Mecca—sit the variously garbed worshipers, some still wearing the ample robe and turban of their forefathers, others in tightly buttoned military uniform or official frock coat and scanty fez. Burly sons

of toil are there, too, clad in coarse, baggy breeches and short jackets; and dervishes of every grade and order, from the decorous *mevlevi*, or so-called "dancing dervish" in his sugar-loaf hat and khaki-colored mantle, to the shaggy-haired and ragged *kalendaree*—the wandering mendicant friar of Islam. No female form is visible, as the few women who may be present are concealed behind the carved and gilded screen of the gallery, which is approached by a separate entrance.

The public worship of Mohammedans is peculiar for the absence of all elaborate ceremonial or sacramental rite in which priest and people take different parts. For in Islam there is practically no sacerdotal caste, and anyone gifted with a good voice and the requisite knowledge may lead the prayers of the congregation. This is, however, usually performed by the *imam*, who, seated on a raised platform, announces that he will "offer up to-day to God alone, with sincere heart and face turned to Mecca, prayers of (so many) *rikats*," or prostrations. Moslem prayers contain little in the way of supplication, but consist rather of a series of stately formulas asserting the unity of the Deity, ascribing to Him all honor and praise, and invoking blessings on the name of Mohammed. During the course of this recitation the worshipers alternately kneel, stand erect and prostrate themselves with foreheads touching the floor. A sermon follows, preached in a royal mosque, by a *mollah* or judge. During the latter part of his reign the deposed Sultan Abdul Hamid performed his public devotions almost exclusively in the mosque which he had caused to be constructed within the precincts of Yildiz Kiosk, his favorite residence. His successors have, however, reverted to the customs observed by earlier sultans, and the *salemlik*, as this ceremony is termed, now takes place as of yore at one of the large "imperial" mosques of Stamboul whither the Commander of the Faithful proceeds in picturesque state, escorted by cavalry and attended by a great cortège of dignitaries, civil and military, the way being lined on either hand with troops of the Imperial Guard.

"Padishahim tchok yasha!"—"Long live our Sultan!"—is the loyal cry of the dense crowd which never fails to assemble on these occasions, a crowd composed very largely of the shrouded figures of Turkish women—this section of the population being always very much in evidence whenever there is a chance of seeing *Padishahim*—"our Padishah." On the Sultan's return to his palace a kind of levee is held, when representatives of the various foreign embassies and legations, distinguished foreigners, the Sultan's ministers and other high officials assemble to offer their homage.

In the afternoon the favorite promenades within the city are filled for the most part with picturesque groups of strollers and veiled women in twos and threes, to whose skirts cling quaintly-

clad, bright-eyed children, many of these groups being on their way to the extensive cypress-shaded cemeteries which flank the ruined walls on the landward side of Stamboul. The various pleasure resorts on both banks of the Bosporus also gradually assume an animated aspect, especially the "Sweet Waters of Europe"—as the upper reaches of the ancient river Barbyses are locally termed, this being the easiest of access both from Stamboul and Pera. Here in the neighborhood of the cafés the greensward is largely occupied by caterers for the public amusement—*Kara Guez* and *Hadji Eyvat,* the Punch and Judy shows and marionettes of the East, together with performing dogs, monkeys and dancing bears, led by hardy Pomaks or swarthy Gypsies. And at such favorite resorts may also be found acrobats, buffoons and players on a variety of instruments, European and Oriental, from barrel-organs to zithers, interspersed with vendors of fruits, sweets, cool drinks and small-wares innumerable.

Returning, as the shades of evening fall, in one of the light native craft, poetically termed by the Turks *kirlingist*—water swallows—we are landed by our *kaikdji* on the northern shore of the Golden Horn at Hasskeuy, the suburb which has for centuries past constituted one of the chief centers of the Jewish community at Constantinople. As we pursue our way through the narrow, tortuous and often squalid and malodorous thoroughfares of Hasskeuy signs are not wanting that the Sabbath is approaching. At the street corners and in the open spaces the male section of the population, in holiday garb, stands in groups muttering the prescribed formulas before repairing to the synagogue for the vesper service which ushers in their Day of Rest. The women, who are naturally exempted from the rigid performance of many details of the Jewish ritual, do not usually attend this service. At the house doors and courtyard gates are gathered numerous small boys and girls with newly-washed faces and brightly-colored garments, while the mothers—their husbands and olive branches out of the way and their house-cleaning and cooking for the morrow duly accomplished—are donning their own picturesque costumes and national headgear. The latter is now composed of an elaborate arrangement of the dark-colored muslin kerchiefs which have replaced the grotesque *chalebi* or turban worn by the "mothers in Israel" of the Turkish capital previous to its formal interdiction half a century or more ago by the Grand Vizier Reshid Pasha.

On returning from the synagogue the men of the family find the table laid for the evening meal, and upon it, in addition to other viands, the customary salt, wine and couple of loaves. After performing the ritual ablution the head of the house takes in his hand the cup of wine and pronounces over it the doxology: "Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, King of the Universe, who hast created the

fruit of the vine!" Still holding the wine cup he makes a tour of the house, sprinkling the floor of every room with its contents as he ejaculates: "Elias the Prophet! Come quickly to us with the Messiah, the son of David!" Returning, he pronounces the second doxology: "Blessed art Thou, O God, who hast hallowed the Sabbath Day in Israel!" After this he tastes the wine, and hands the cup to the rest. Holding a loaf in his hands he makes with it a sign over the other loaves, saying: "Blessed art Thou, O Lord, who hast provided bread for the earth!" The bread is then distributed to the family, who now sit down to their evening meal.

On Saturday "Sabbath raiment" is again donned, and holiday-making resumed after the religious services in the synagogue. Regular attendance at public worship of unmarried girls of any creed is not required in the East, but Jewish matrons invariably go to the synagogue on Sabbaths and festivals. In accordance with Eastern custom they do not mix with the men, but sit apart in a gallery screened from view. They take but a passive part in the proceedings save during the *Hagbaha*, or elevation and exhibition of the *Thora* rolls, when, while the men stand up, the women behind their screen extend their arms towards the sacred parchments and throw kisses to them, this action being accompanied by expressions of fervent devotion.

The religious duties of the morning terminated, the remainder of the day is passed in feasting, lounging, promenading and gossiping, concluding with *jumbush*—music and singing—in the evening. The promenades of the Chosen People do not, however, exceed the prescribed "Sabbath Day's journey"—namely, twelve thousand handbreadths, or about two thousand yards. So many and so minute are the directions given by the rabbinical writers for the scrupulous observance of the proper distance that a whole tractate in the *Mishna* is devoted to this subject alone. The boom of the sunset gun from Top Hanè proclaims the conclusion of the Day of Rest, and worldly occupations are again resumed by the sons and daughters of Israel.

Christianity in Constantinople is represented chiefly by the Greek Orthodox, the Armenian and the Roman Catholic communities, whose churches are to be found on both the Asiatic and European shores of the Bosporus. The Greek Patriarchate is situated in the Phanar, the quarter on the Stamboul side of the Golden Horn allotted to this nationality after the Turkish conquest. Crossing the threshold of the Metropolitan Church at the hour of morning service, we find ourselves in the midst of a congregation representing every grade of Greek life—from the cultured Hellene in correct European dress down to the unlettered Islander unashamed of the homely garb of his forefathers, and the ragged shoeblack equally unashamed of his bare and dusty feet. No images are to be seen; but on the walls

hang numerous icons—oil paintings representing Christ, the Virgin and the Saints of the Eastern Church, embellished with aureoles and hands of gold and silver, placed there as votive offerings by the devout. Space forbids a description here of the elaborate rite of the Greek Church. Its stately liturgy, richly-robed priests, chanting deacons and acolytes and swinging censers give a combined impression of Oriental gorgeousness, recalling the earlier centuries when, under the Byzantine emperors, high mass was celebrated with every adjunct of pomp and state under the mosaic-studded domes of St. Sofiá—"The Holy Wisdom." In this most sacred fane of the Eastern Church the rites of an alien and hostile faith have, however, for over four and a half centuries, been substituted for those of Christianity. But the whirligig of Time brings its revenges; and it now appears by no means impossible that the prophecy embodied in an old Greek folk-ballad commemorating the taking of Constantinople by the Turks may ere long be fulfilled :

"Constantinople fallen is, like Salonica fallen!
And St. Sofiá they've taken too, the Minster great they've taken,
Which has three hundred gongs of wood, bells sixty-two of metal;
And every bell has its own priest, and every priest his deacon!
And as the Icons forth they bore, with tears and lamentations,
A message came from heaven to them, by mouths of holy angels:
'Cease now your psalms, and from their place remove the Holy Objects;
And send word to the Frankish lands that they should come and take them
The Golden Cross too, let them take, likewise the Holy Gospels,
The Holy Table bear with them, that it should not be sullied!'
At this the Virgin Mother wept, and tearful were the Icons.
'O hush thee, Virgin dear, and you, sad Icons, cease your weeping;
After long years ye shall return, and here shall have your dwelling!'"

The curiously-lettered signs over many of the shops in the commercial quarters of Stamboul, Galata and Pera announce that their owners belong to the unfortunate Armenian community. In the Gregorian churches situated in various parts of the Sultan's capital thousands of the sons and daughters of *Haiasdan* may this morning be found worshiping according to the elaborate and time-honored rite instituted by St. Gregory sixteen centuries ago. In the Grand Rue of Pera, however, the traveler might almost imagine himself in some city of western Europe, for this thoroughfare is thronged

by fashionably dressed European Christians of various nationalities, interspersed with Romish priests in cassock and shovel hat, Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul and other Orders of Mercy in their flapping white headgear, and school children in formal procession, going to and returning from their respective churches.

In the afternoon the various cafés in the Grand Rue, and more especially the garden cafès of the Petits Champs and Taxim, are thronged with holiday-makers, and brass bands discourse the latest popular airs from Paris and London, while vehicles of all kinds, from the plebeian tramcar to the smart private brougham or victoria, convey the mixed crowd of Moslem, Jewish and Christian holiday-makers to and from the various pleasure resorts of this Eastern capital. But the long afternoon at length wanes; purple shadows creep up from valley to hilltop. The setting sun, flashing from the windows of Scutari across the Bosporus, tinges with a ruddy glow the white minarets thrown into strong relief against their background of cypress grove. The sunset gun again booms from Top Hanè; a hundred voices from a hundred minarets proclaim "There is no God but God!"

The triple Sunday of Constantinople is at an end.

PATROLLING THE AFRICAN GAME COUNTRY

By William Ashley Anderson

We held a *shauri* in the A. P. O.'s living room—an attractive den littered with lion and leopard skins, a number of horns and heads, among which was that of a three-horned rhino, and a scattering of spears, shields, books and arrows and knob-kerries—and examined into the state of the nation. The Commissioner had been ordered back to Aruscha, and the A. P. O. was going to be extremely busy with civil affairs. Nevertheless, a detachment of the Germanees had escaped capture and were occupying a point about a hundred and seventy-five miles distant beyond the long desolate Lake Eyassi. These were capable of swiftly recruiting a fair force. So I decided to go after them.

I sent a patrol northward around the lake, while I went southward to intercept and drive back what remained of the enemy.

A film of unreality seems to hang over this trek. Robbie and I had between us only one full day's rations, and no change of clothing, while the *askaris*, owing to the lack of supplies of Mbulu, were not very much better off.

We traveled swiftly with an absolute minimum of luggage, relying on the forests and the rarely encountered natives for supplies. Following the very edge of the caves of Africa, each day brought experiences comparable with nothing in the lives of the outer world. After passing a night of bitter cold on the heights where the Jaida River rises, and being pursued the following day for many hours by the warriors of Tungo-besch, who took us for Germanees, we entered a very strange wilderness.

In this new wilderness every pace seems to mark off a hundred years until you find yourself striding through a neolithic world of tumbled rocks and gnarled scrub, of ungainly monsters and naked men with prognathous-like jaws, clicking like monkeys among themselves and sending blunt-headed arrows after unwieldy large-beaked birds.

The aborigines of this district are the Watindige—a tiny tribe that is rapidly vanishing, an expiring race. Since the beginning of time no other tribe has assimilated them, none seems to have won

their confidence. Naked, with a childlike blending of shyness and passionate boldness, trembling in the shadows and mists of the forest, drifting through the glades, every quiver in the grass to them the voice of a demon, every soughing in the trees above the breath of gods, their narrow intellects give to their lives a very small compass.

God is Ishuako, the sun, and an old woman; while Seta, the moon, is male. Tsako, the stars, are the children of the moon, though cold and distant, and not familiar with the shy little children of earth. Though the passing spirit goes to Ishuako, the prospect leaves the little hunter cool. He throws meat east and west, and gazes with awe at the sight of Ishuako come to earth and resting on Mabuguru, the dim sacred mountain which hung on our left flank during a day's march. But why is radiant Ishuako an old woman? And why, since the sun is God, does the little hunter go to his end doubled up in a deep pit with his arrows and gourd beside him? Again, though a child of nature, he very curiously maintains the strictest and most unnatural customs in regard to morals. An unfaithful wife is beaten to death, or such was the custom until recently; and this in spite of the fact that her purchase price was only five or ten arrows with a few beads thrown in, and the added fact that neighboring tribes are almost as amoral as animals.

A philosophic study of these people is calculated to fill one with misgiving and a profound melancholy; and yet for them it cannot be bad to feel that the gods are conveniently near, demons can be side-stepped, and heaven itself is almost within leaping distance above. To them the heavens seem only part of the house they live in. Copernicus might never have lived; and the whole race will pass away without one fleeting speculation on the unplumbed depths of space. Yet, after all, what is better on earth than to live cleanly, to fight a fair fight, and to die bravely in the open?

Each night the leaping camp fires, lighting up groups of *askaris* and porters stewing messes in their *sufurias* and grilling bits of game, seemed to be swaying and struggling to hold a point beleaguered by the dark. When the throbbing challenge of the lion had ceased with the capture of its prey, the brief solemn stillness would then be broken by the jungle chorus—the screams and whistles of night birds, the throaty piping of the hyrax, the mournful, distressing wail of the hyena, the interminable shrill uproar of the cicadas, panicky crashings in the bush; and then, if you peered out in the encircling darkness, the velvet canopy appeared punctured by a hundred gleaming eyes. . . . All this was life and joy to me; but I sometimes felt sorry for Robbie, sitting by his shelter tent, staring out into the thunderous dark with an unhappy and puzzled expression in his eyes.

The terror of the jungle lies in its black mystery and loneliness.

A sentry on duty at an isolated point in the night believes that he is abandoned—the dark engulfs him. Whichever way he turns, it seems that a knife, a spear, slashing talons or grinding jaws are about to be plunged into his back, or rend him like dark bolts of lightning.

At whatever hour the red moon rolled out of the gloomy east, I invariably awoke without further warning and drew myself reluctantly from the blankets—for this was the signal that the time to march had come.

Standing for a moment shivering and chattering with the intense cold of the highlands, and looking at the prone still figures about me, it comes upon me with a rush that these are more than children to me, for their health, their destinies, their lives are mine to guard, to direct to sacrifice. The *askaris* marking the line of the perimeter, sleep heads outward with arms flung across their rifles; the porters bundle themselves like sacks of meal beside their piled-up loads, the weary sentry of the quarter guard standing above them sunk into his great coat, with another sentry beyond silhouetted for an instant in the dim red glow. I do not know what dreams I may disperse, but in another instant my whistle breaks the silence, and the dim shadows, with grunts and sighs, reluctantly come to life.

In less than three minutes, Corporal Sudi bin Ismail reports for the advance.

"Temam, effendi!"

And Robbie is ready with the rear guard.

We move off in single file, stumbling down a rocky declivity, through a tangled scrub forest, and plunging forward into a mysterious darkness.

No one speaks. It's the hour of silence, and no other sound comes from the column than the dry shuffle of sandals, the snapping of twigs, and the whisper of sere grass brushing against bare legs. Always on these marches, no matter how solemnly the stillness works upon our spirits, or disenchains us till we soar with the rising moon, there is constantly a subconscious apprehension of impending danger. And this is no fanciful fear.

During our operations on this *safuri* two straggling porters were devoured by lions; five times our lines were rushed by rhino, and once menaced by a herd of buffalo. One messenger, bearing important dispatches, was attacked by a leopard. We found puff adders under our bedding and in the packs; and of a night an hyena, pulling at my blankets, awakened me. Besides, there were the ever-dangerous and annoying anopheles mosquitoes, tsetse flies and wood-ticks and jiggers, from which the least we could expect were unhealing veldt sores. In detail these things are ignored, but the subconscious knowledge of them keeps the nerves taut.

No one dares to straggle at night. At the most unexpected mo-

ment a snorting whistle, apparently within four feet of the middle of each man's back, brings the column to a breathless halt. A sibilant murmur passes down the line:

"Faru! Faru! Master!"

We stand tensely, blinded by the dark, wondering where the blow will fall—and the next moment the shadows on our flanks seem to heave, and the great bulk of a rhino is flung among us.

At the first charge the line dissolves before the beast. If he blunders away everyone breathes more easily and the march is resumed. If he charges again again the line dissolves—and again!—and again! Ordinarily no one dares fire, for even a rhino may be ally to the enemy. But, if the occasion warrants, little spurts of flame stab the dark, and the snap of the rifles awakens strange echoes.

The antics of this blind, blundering, furious fool are merely incidents, and often amusing. It's no grave matter to watch naked porters flying like squirrels into thorn trees, and afterwards very slowly and very delicately plucking themselves off again. The real terror of the night is cold, intelligent, merciless.

Trudging along through the dark crowding bush, making no more sound than a night wind through northern pines, marching becomes automatic, and the unoccupied mind begins to steal away homeward—to Agryll, to Taplow in sparkling June, to the Boston Post Road when the frost-touched leaves are falling; or, perhaps, to jungle clearings or nights in Zanzibar. Suddenly a shot snaps in a bush, a bullet swishes like a whip above the head. Several more sing from the flank. Then comes the sickening, damnable stutter:

"Dud-dud-dud-dud-dud-dud-dud!—"

There is a rush. Everyone flings himself into position to await a murderous charge, or to push forward blindly past the ungauged menace; while for a suffocating instant a tumult of thoughts and emotions sweep over the leader—the weight of his responsibility, the necessity for immediate and decisive action, the horror of failure, the first seeming impossibility of success; and then the fleeting thought, in this savage jungle with none but black men about, in the tomb of African night, is this the rendezvous? . . .

This wilderness stretched away to the districts bordering the southern tip of Victoria Nyanza. It was rich game country, but trackless and virtually without water at this season, though at other times great floods suddenly sweep over broad expanses of it. We were obliged to dig for hours in dry sandy courses to obtain drink; while for food I shot kongoni, wildebeeste, eland an antelope, without stopping the column or prolonging a single halt.

Once at dawn on the plain of the Sibiti I shot one of the huge black-maned lions for which the place is famous; while two others rose from the dust nearby and ran away like frightened dogs. All

sorts of game lived in the bush and along the fringes of the plain, and wild fowl in places were as numerous as chickens in a run.

One day at the end of a waterless march, we halted and made a very dry bivouac in a hopelessly sandy course. We dug for hours without finding the slightest evidence of moisture; our tongues were large and our mouths had little saliva in them. Sitting dejectedly outside the camp, I watched a troop of baboons with rising interest. Though droll, they are dangerous if you arouse their ill will.

So I did not laugh to offend the lumbering elders; for I find they also are bound by laws as are their brothers the human beings—have their conventions and live up to them. The old men are rough and surly, cynical with their women folk, and annoyed at the chattering of the children; the women are patient but sly, dragging the whimpering *totoes* about, or clouting the more lusty or mischievous youngsters; while the youths are forever planning intrigues under the baleful gleam of the old men's reddening eyes, and suffering their furious onslaughts if discovered. However, I followed the troop, and they brought me to a grove of palms bearing large fibrous nuts filled with a substance like rich vanilla custard, for which we were almost as grateful as though each were a gourd of water.

Eventually we entered the Muanza district, where the huts became high and conical and are capped with ostrich eggs. Stockades encircle them, and the meal is stored in vast rock caverns.

The sultani of Kitaganda came out with a large retinue to meet me, and I held a *shauri* under a baobab tree. So far the scouts and irregulars had brought in a number of prisoners and had driven off foraging parties. An intelligence officer, scouting from Mkalama, had reported to me that the dwindling German force had upon our approach abandoned their camp and fled northward. This hasty retreat entailed three days' march without water, and at the end would bring them straight into the hands of my northern patrol.

There was nothing then for me to do but to retrace my steps as rapidly as possible, trusting that the Mbulu force could in the meantime cope with the Germanees.

My men were very tired, and my foot was now in a dangerous condition. The poison had apparently gone into my leg so that the pain had spread from knee to groin, while the foot itself, due to crude giraffe-hide sandals I had cut, with rough parchment-like thongs, was blistered, raw and filthy. Two of the *askaris* had also bad feet; a great water-blister from heel to toe covered the foot of one, while the other, afflicted in the same manner, had cut the swelling skin with a sheath knife, so that the bottom of the foot was completely raw. Neither of these *askaris* said a word to me about their feet, and would not drop behind. At the same time I could not let down on the pace.

The return march to a great extent was over ground already covered. Distances, dangers, water-holes were known in advance, and the knowledge that the *safari* was moving homeward served to enliven the column. I enjoyed, with less anxiety, the silent mystery of the bush, and the glorious majesty of Ishuako, the sun. Once at the Naval arsenal in Washington a boy companion and myself were almost overwhelmed by the accidental overturn of a caldron of molten magnesium bronze. It spilled about us like sparkling burgundy. Very much like that, the sun, tilting over the edge of the Escarpment, poured its red and gold into the valleys, sending its rays splashing and scintillating through the lifting mists. The choir of the jungle gave it greeting, and even the *askaris* sang—at dawn.

After leaving The Commissioner and the A. P. O. at Mbulu I covered with my men over two hundred and sixty miles, mainly over unmapped wilderness trails, in fourteen days, reaching Mbulu on the evening of the last day. I was just in time to receive a dispatch from the northern patrol reporting that, with the stout A. P. O. in charge, accompanied by *ruga-rugas* and native police, it had bumped the German force after coming around Lake Eyassi "according to schdeule" and there in the bush surprised and attacked it, accounting for all in prisoners and casualties.

On the following morning, turning our backs on Mbulu, we set out on the return trek to Sanja, over a hundred and eighty miles away. Dawn found us on the edge of the Escarpment once more.

As the sun rose hotly over the Steppe, the white spreading plains, salt lake, and forests of thorn, rolled thousands of feet below us like a drab and worn-out carpet—measureless, waterless, dusty and dull. But far away, almost against the sun, a pale eminence appeared—the rounded dome of lion-haunted Lol Kissale.

Two paths lay before us. The one to the east was considerably shorter, but it required dragging my sore and tired men across a seventy-mile stretch without water; while the roundabout route past Lol Kissale was mainly through dense unexplored thorn forest, though I judged it offered a possibility of water.

The *askaris* fell in slowly and stiffly. I said to them:

"Listen, *askaris*. There is no water on the straight road. But near Lol Kissale perhaps there is water—perhaps none. I'm not yet sure. Nevertheless I'm taking the long road. Those who are sick may remain behind at Madukani. I promise the remainder two days' rest in Aruscha when the march is done."

The nearest *askari* said, "Yes. We are ready, master." And my orderly, clicking his heels, grinned and murmured, *"Ahsanti sana.* Thank you very much *effendi!* We will go with you."

So we turned our faces away from the Land of Mists, and commenced the three thousand foot plunge down to the flat drab plain.

Noon halt was at a wallow where brackish water oozed from the edge of a salt-encrusted lake: but nightfall found us well in the forest.

No enchanted wood of Grimm's had half the charm of this stretch of unexplored bush, marked only by game trails. Its silence seemed a sort of suspended animation which might be aroused any moment into weird and devastating action. What terrific forms lurked within the forest recesses we could not tell, yet on every hand there multiplied evidence of terrible, restless lives. Huge wallows; pud marks like small wells; fair-sized trees torn up by the roots; pathways as broad as country lanes; skulls and horns emphasizing the shadows—a riot of wanton life and unmourned death, bound by no laws but the lust to conquer and the fierce determination to live. . . . And yet we saw little. The forest seemed to hold its breath as we passed through.

Once the forest about us suddenly came to life. For fully twenty minutes the shadows danced with the light of gray and yellow bodies flashing by; the trees seemed to shake with the soft rumble of galloping hoofs, and strange whistlings and barkings startled our ears. As suddenly the sounds ceased; and we shuffled on with the uncomfortable impression that a thousand eyes glared at us from behind the trees.

But there was drink.

Each day we found a water-hole; one, a lily pond, fragrant, clear and enlivened by the presence of graceful birds and beautiful antelope; another, a round hole in the shadows, covered with green scum through which two wicked little hell-divers swam restlessly. ("But then be careful, for if you drink of one you will shrink and become ugly as a toad; but if you only taste the other. . . .") We drank impartially. Akida bin Juma and Dongolaya could not possibly have added to the homeliness of their features, and I certainly saw no improvement. Besides, the *kilongozi,* a bee-hunter whom I had picked up for a guide, had tasted all the waters, and he assured me he had got nothing worse than varicose veins.

Still, I suspect that *kilongozi!*

He was himself a forest imp, and had spent forty-odd years stealing honey from the little folk and running away from the big folk of the forest. That forest terrified him, strangely enough; and later, on his return journey, he made a detour of seven days in order to escape its dangers. Black, wiry and naked, he was a gibbering child of the wild. A bit of blanket flung over his shoulder; a dirty red cap with a bedraggled feather in it; worn-out sandals; two long shiny spears; a scanty string of blue beads, with a tiny tobacco pouch—these constituted his entire furniture and fortune. Yet he

was merry as a child, wise as an old man, bold and timorous as any forest creature.

When his little old face puckered up in a grin, disclosing his solitary yellow tooth, the whole line smiled; when he broke into the shrill chatter of the Wambugwe tongue the *askaris* laughed; but when, at each halt, he squatted before me to light his improvised bark pipe, drew huge draughts of smoke into his leathery lungs, then burst into squeals and shrieks and splutters of joy, the forest was shaken by a strange explosion of mirth from a hundred and forty savages.

On the third night after leaving the foot of the Escarpment we reached the edge of the forest and came out upon the trail from Ufiome which skirts the Massai Steppe and leads past Lol Kissale. The *askaris,* setting foot on this road, were jubilant; they laughed and chattered and made up rude songs about it. This seemed to annoy the *kilongozi* intensely. He became shy and silent and excessively nervous, muttering to himself and casting appealing glances backward.

I couldn't understand this at all until suddenly towards evening he gave a low squeal, seized me by the arm, and dragged me to one side of the trail, his beady eyes fixed intently on something across the veldt—a wisp of smoke.

"Master, the Massai!"

In a flash I understood. For me the ribbon of dust winding away meant friends at the end. I could envision vast bellowing ships, screaming locomotives and electric lights that blink the stars out of countenance; but for the *kilongozi* all was dark. For him every forward step meant an invasion into the land of the Massai—war on the Hamite hordes.

Ali was first to spy Kilima Njaro, austere, cool, lovely beyond expression, floating high above the hot rolling yellow veldt like a white gleaming cloud projected above the drab pall of a smoky city.

The pace quickened.

The sight revived the utterly weary men like a cold draught. We marched all day straight towards the towering cone; but at night it seemed to have receded. We marched through the night—not having touched water since dawn—resting only till the moon came up to light the trail. We saw the sun rise red and hot on our right hand, but the great mountain, veiled in smoke from a distant burning plain and mists from the uplands, had faded utterly from view—fifty miles away.

This day, for the first time, I permitted the weaker ones to lag, and pushed on with those able to keep the pace.

When at last we arrived, after an unbroken forty miles of veldt, at Engare Mtoni, the first stream that pours from the cool shoul-

ders of the mountain, the *askaris* very carefully and deliberately bathed their wrists, their ankles, their faces and heads. Afterwards they sipped a mouthful of water each, and gargled their throats.

Then we bivouacked. The men bathed, washed their worn khaki, and scraped their chins with bits of old razors.

At three o'clock the same day we marched to the lovely little German-Dutch village of Aruscha, eight miles away.

The Skipper was standing in front of the cross-roads store, a smile on his sun-reddened face, a gleam of understanding in his eyes. Our greeting was common-place. Kombo, coming to me with the question: *"Safari Mekwisha, effendi?"* and my reply: "Yes. The march is ended. You can rest here until you receive orders," was merely routine. But the Skipper upset all my complacency with a terrible jolt.

"I'm afraid you must move off to-morrow morning," he remarked tranquilly. "The men look pretty fresh. I'd like you to go to-night, if possible!"

How I damned the razors, the soap and the fresh water!

"I have promised the men two days' rest," I said.

"Oh! Well, these are orders from Nairobi. A troop train is waiting for us at Sanja River railhead. We have to entrain early in the morning on Wednesday. That gives you only three days. The main column has already cleared out, and I've only been waiting to see you."

"Is this absolutely urgent?"

"Yes. There's a transport waiting at Mambassa to take us down the coast."

"Well," I said desperately, "please don't give me any orders as to the time when I'm to march, and I'll promise to be at Sanja River at nine o'clock on Wednesday morning."

"Righto!" said the Skipper, and mounted his horse.

I rested the *askaris* that night, the next day, and until three o'clock the following morning!

I limped these last forty miles in a pair of bed-room slippers, purchased from a Greek. . . .

And, of course, we waited at Sanja River two days for a train! We had encountered the tip of one of civilization's antennae, and knew that thenceforth we would move with much bustle and little expedition.

AN ADVENTURE INTO THE NEVER NEVER COUNTRY

Strange Savage Aborigines of the Northern Territory of Australia—Explorations Up the Roper River Where Only a Few Hardy White Settlers Have Ever Ventured and Sixty-foot Floods Are Common

By Thomas J. MacMahon, F.R.G.S.

The Never Never country, or as it is also called, The Land of Loneliness, is in the Northern Territory of Australia. Recently I had the good fortune to visit this strange and wild section of Britain's great island. Waiting at Thursday Island for a steamer south, and daily growing more and more impatient at the delay and enforced idleness, I was scanning the horizon for the long-awaited mail carrier one day when a trim auxiliary schooner came into view making for the port. She slipped gracefully past the islands to the north that form the Torres Straits group and was soon gliding to her berth at the wharf. My delight was unbounded when I found that the schooner was the *Goodwill,* commanded by my old friend, Captain Fred Walker. In less than half an hour all my gear was aboard, for I had decided to accompany Captain Walker on one of the most dangerous voyages known to navigators, that is, to cross the Gulf of Carpentaria, lying between Queensland and the Northern Territory, and sail up the Roper River.

The owners of the "Goodwill" had contracted to take supplies to the Anglican mission and the handful of settlers there, for this desolate country had been cut off from the world for twelve months, owing to the difficulty of finding a captain who was willing to attempt the dangerous trip so vaguely indicated on shipping charts. The only available charts were those made by that daring Australian navigator, Mather Flinders, one hundred and fifteen years ago, which, be it to his credit, are accurate in every detail to-day. However, we feared that floods had altered the entire channel, which was tortuous and full of rocks. Captain Walker was just the man for the job. He realized the obstacles before he undertook the voyage and was prepared for the many troubles and difficulties we encountered, which would have daunted any but the most intrepid and resourceful of seamen.

The *Goodwill* was a sturdy little craft of about forty tons,

equipped with an auxiliary motor, and her crew was made up of Torres Straits boys, well known for their sailorlike qualities. The spirit of adventure possessed both the captain and myself as well as the crew, besides which we were not insensible to the unselfish object of the trip.

All went smoothly at first as we sailed down that hamlike portion of the Queensland coast known as the Cape of York Peninsula. When abreast of the Batavia River we changed our course to west, planning to make Groote Eylandt or, if possible, the many mouths and deltas of the Roper River. Soon after we headed out into the great gulf we began to encounter adverse weather. We were sailing along one evening under a half-moon fitfully covered with scudding clouds, when our keen-eyed steersman called out to the captain: "Marster, big fella wind, he come!" We had no time to reef down our sails to meet "big fella wind" when a sudden gust followed by a steady gale of terrific force lashed the sea into an angry, foaming mass and ripped our sails to shreds.

We were tossed about like the proverbial cork, entirely at the mercy of the storm. The clouded sky had become jet black, pierced now and then with quivering flashes of lightning which made the darkness all the more terrible and the sea the more abysmal. Alternately poised on the snarling crest of a mountainous wave and plunged with a sickening thud into a vast, engulfing pit, our little ship bore on for three days and three nights. Meanwhile all we had to eat were biscuits and to quench our thirst we were obliged to lick the rain from our arms and the rigging. All this time we stood or squatted, lashed to the masts.

In the height of the storm one of the boys was washed overboard. With wonderful presence of mind he untied his *lava-lava* (loin cloth), slipped it deftly around the boom, which dipped low into the water with the roll of the vessel, and thus with remarkable agility swung himself back on board.

Captain Walker, the helmsman and the engineer never left their posts once during those trying hours, for they were determined not to lose a bit of their precious deck cargo if they could prevent it.

Morning of the fourth day found us in a calm, uncertain of our position and surrounded by hidden rocks and shoals. As we approached the land we made out a small bay for which we headed, and here we anchored with the prospect of a clean cool drink of water and a good meal. Unfortunately we found that the water tanks between decks had been stove in by an insecurely lashed dray wheel. We were therefore obliged to go ashore, and soon the dinghy was oversides ready for the trip.

Hardly had we gotten the small boat in the water when my cocker spaniel, who has been my companion for some time, leaped into the

stern. At that moment the enormous, ugly head of an alligator appeared over the side of the dinghy. I realized the danger to my dog, knowing how bold the alligator becomes when he scents his favorite morsel—dogmeat—and just in time I grabbed the little animal's collar and jerked him away from the waiting jaws. A sailor fired at the reptile and made a hit, and with a convulsive lunge the alligator disappeared. We kept the dog down in the cabin after this and embarked for shore without him.

Just as we were shoving off for the second time, one of the boys on deck shouted, "Look out, Marster, he wild fella blackman, alonga beach, alonga tree he hide!" A more careful scrutiny revealed glistening black bodies hiding along the shore. Our knowledge of wild natives indicated to us that being in hiding they meant mischief, and though we were frightfully thirsty we hastily put back to the ship. Captain Walker took out his chart and announced that this was Groote Eylandt, the behavior of the natives having settled that point in his mind. He had been cautioned against these natives as they are said to be the most aggressive and savage to be found anywhere. Groote Eylandt is a fairly large island that has never been explored. We spent another awful night without water, but fatigue brought us the respite of sleep.

At daybreak we found the savages still on guard along the shore. We shouted to them, made friendly signs and held up sticks of tobacco, red *lava-lavas* and white *singlets,* but they ignored our overtures. We were getting more and more desperate with thirst, our lips were parched, our tongues swollen, but we dared not fire on the savages, not only because of humane compunctions but because shooting natives is severely condemned by the British and trouble would be sure to follow. Suddenly one of our boys broke forth into a loud native song. The savages on shore seemed interested and gradually came out of hiding. "Music hath charms" seemed no myth. There were excited jabberings and signs from the beach, but we did not trust the natives in spite of their friendly demonstrations. However, they had given us a hint of their susceptibility to music, so we got out the ship's graphophone and put on Harry Lauder in "Stop Your Tickling, Jock." As soon as the strains reached the ears of our friends on shore the whole company seemed to become electrified. They hopped up and down shrieking and finally rushed away into the bush as if pursued by a thousand devils. And so we were indebted to Harry Lauder for one of the most pleasant drinks we ever had. Moreover, we were not bothered by the natives again during our short stay at that shore.

Early the following day we weighed anchor and proceeded cautiously up the coast looking for the entrance to the Roper River. Our chart showed a narrow channel here, but the sea was very

rough and great waves dashed over the reefs, making it seem impossible for us to enter the river. But we were very lucky and struck the channel with marvelous precision. Our skipper then found that his chart was strangely wrong, which was later explained by the tremendous flood that had completely altered the river bed some months before. Every few yards soundings were taken, but we grounded three or four times in each mile and our progress was painstakingly slow. When only about twenty miles from our first stopping point we ran hard and fast on an unseen rock shelf. All our efforts to move the ship were of no avail; she remained wedged firmly on the shelving rock. One of the boys dived overboard to investigate her position and coming up made a report that urged the immediate removal of the deck cargo. We lost no time setting about loading the small dinghy to ferry our cargo to the river bank nearly two hundred yards away, a long and tedious process.

Meanwhile I was delegated to watch for any signs of the ship's movement and also to go ahead on a hastily constructed raft to take soundings and mark the channel with long poles. This work afforded me an opportunity to observe the country more closely. It was not till then that I fully realized the barren loneliness of the coast. For miles on each side, as far as the eye could see, there was nothing except a vast stretch of brown earth unrelieved by so much as a tuft of grass or any living creature. At last out of the desert came the most emaciated human beings I have ever seen, gesticulating and talking to us in a queer dialect. They were miserable, starved, shriveled and decaying; the women presenting the worst spectacle, with skin that resembled sheep hides dried in the sun. Even their limbs were misshapen in their thinness, but the children were quite lively and suspiciously light in color.

Devoid of all life except these most wretched people, the Land of Loneliness lay before us under the fierce, glaring sun, a vast stretch of brown dust through which flowed the heavy colorless waters of the river. With what relief after six hours of toil the cry rang out, "She's off!" and our ship's engines began throbbing again!

By daylight we were in sight of the group of galvanized iron buildings that are the homes of the Roper River Anglican Missionaries. It must be the most isolated mission in the world. Here the members of a brave little group are giving their lives to uplift some of the most wretched of God's people. They also gather and train the forlorn little half-caste children of native women and despicable white men, Chinese or Japanese wanderers, fugitives from justice straying in the wilderness.

Our arrival was greeted with wild excitement. Black children swarmed down the banks and formed a striking contrast against the white clothes of the staff who awaited our landing with hardly

less enthusiasm than the excited dark folk. Our supplies were arriving just in time, for the dreaded beri-beri had broken out in the colony, due to lack of proper nourishment. After a meal of good European food we were regaled with an account of months of unparalleled hardship occasioned by the devastating flood that had swept over the country not long before. The homestead had been covered for days with sixty feet of seething, turbid, dirty water. With a resourcefulness bred of a lifetime spent in controlling savages, combating hardships and using everything at hand regardless of its inadequacy, the Rector managed to rescue his flock, towing the natives and their belongings on rafts to the hills. In the midst of this turmoil his wife gave birth to a son who appeared now to be developing into a sturdy little chap. The flood and its bitter hardships had passed, the home had been partially rebuilt and a little garden had been started in the rich soil left by the receding waters in which grew a few pumpkins and melons, but for a long time the colony had lived principally on flour made from a plant that sprung up in the lagoons near by soon after the flood. This meager diet, augmented by the mud which the natives eat, did not tend to preserve health and strength and it is doubtful how long they could have lasted had we not been fortunate enough to reach them when we did.

Two days we spent here unloading supplies; then we started for our final destination, a hundred miles from the river mouth, under a pilot procured at the mission. As we progressed, the river banks seemed gradually to grow more verdant with increasingly luxuriant vegetation; and finally the river narrowed down until the tall gum trees on either bank met some eighty feet over our heads. On the topmost branches of one of these towering trees an anchor chain was suspended, left by a vessel which had encountered one of the bad floods some years before, indicating how high the waters rise during the floods.

We were getting into a settled district again and the natives were becoming more and more uncertain and treacherous. The settlers were mainly cattle station owners, a few wandering gold prospectors, and fugitives from justice. Although not thickly settled by any means, it is one of the richest districts and promises large returns after its resources are developed more fully.

Exactly at the hundred mile peg we tied up the *Goodwill* and began unloading her varied cargo of food, oil, dray wheels and other articles necessary for carrying on the mining industry of the plucky settlers, living hundreds of miles from any base of supplies, communication or the conveniences of civilization.

It was in this isolated spot that we met one of the most charming and courageous women I have ever seen in my wanderings. She

was the manager of an unfenced station in the very heart of the Never Never country where the savages are the most aggressive and wild of any of the tribes I have run across.

When we visited the police station, about twenty miles away, two fierce-looking native murderers had just been brought in and chained to a gum tree. These murderers were to be sent overland some thousand miles to be tried for their crimes, probably not understanding why their liberty had been taken away. They would not be hanged, but would either perish in prison or on their release become trackers of other natives wanted for crimes.

Our work of unloading supplies completed, we started on our return trip to the mission, where we planned to refit for the return voyage across the gulf. After a comparatively uneventful trip we came to anchor once more and refilled our water tanks, for the river was fresh there, cut a new set of sails and did other necessary repair work all over the ship.

At last we were facing the treacherous Gulf of Carpentaria again, with the advantage this time of no cargo.

We beat up the coast against a heavy current until once more we sighted the barren, sandy shores of Cape York Peninsula and then in another day the high fortified hill of Thursday Island.

The journey was over at last and it was not without sincere regret that I bade farewell to the staunch little schooner and the brave captain. My visit to the Land of Loneliness remains full of interest in my memory; many generations will pass away before the Never Never can claim anything like a big settlement, despite the efforts of the government to develop it. For another half-century at least it will still be, as it was to us, the strange, weird Land of Loneliness.

Little dependence can be placed upon the natives of this strange Never Never country, who represent the lowest race in intelligence and mode of life.

FROM ROSTOV TO THE MURMAN COAST

During the Reign of Terror in Russia—Bolshevik Rule in the South With "Liberty for All"—The Criminal's Paradise.

By Rhoda Powers

Author of "Under the Bolshevik Reign of Terror."

Towards the middle of February Rostov was rarely free from the sound of guns, and we used to watch the flash of the cannon across the river, while Bataisk was being bombarded, knowing that each minute brought the bolsheviks nearer. Hope was quite dead, and people trusted that, since the town must be left to its fate, it would be abandoned before the Red Guard bombarded and destroyed it. While the Junkers were fighting like lions, but retreating step by step, some of the rich people fled to other districts. Many disguised and went to the houses of poor relations or old servants whom they thought they could trust. Money and jewels were buried in the cellars, wine hidden in the gardens.

The maid who prepared our breakfast told us that the bolsheviks were already in possession of the town, but we did not think this was accurate. We knew, from the retreat, that Rostov had been abandoned, but we had a shrewd suspicion that the conquerors would enter in the "blood and thunder" style of a melodrama. For two hours nothing happened, and gradually the streets filled. People timidly peeped from their doors, looked up and down, then ventured out. . . .

Everything was as normal as possible under the circumstances, and so we continued our walk in the direction of the station, hoping to have time to call on some friends, and because we were told that a machine gun had been set up near the University, and we wanted to look at this disturber of our rest, which we had heard so continuously and never seen. A little crowd in the distance did not trouble us, and we went down towards it. Suddenly it dispersed, and people scattered to right and left, as two mounted sailors dashed full-tilt up the hill, waving revolvers and shooting in the air. Men cheered, women screamed and seized their children by the arm, the hair, or any part of their anatomy that was nearest; young girls

dashed into gateways; workmen pushed one another out of the way; a small boy fell and shrieked with pain as some one trod on his hands. There was general panic, and then the machine gun began. No one knew its target. People pushed and jostled one another, slipping on the ice in the gutters as they made for the nearest porches, and cursing those who hindered their progress. We took cover in the house of some Russian friends, whom we found sitting with the shutters drawn as two bullets had crashed through the window. . . .

As the orators had predicted, the city was "washed with blood." The Red Guard, searching systematically from house to house, arrested anyone in whose possession they found a military uniform, and killed any Junker who was hiding. Many of these boys pretended to be servants in their fathers' houses, but were denounced by the real employees and shot before their own doors. Others put on old leather coats and sheepskin hats and, disguised as *tobarishchi,* tried to escape by train, but slim fingers and refined features betrayed them and they were bayoneted before they reached the station. Some hid with peasants whom they thought they could trust, but were given up when the Red Guard passed the cottages. Others fled to the cemetery and hid for days among the graves, but were driven out by hunger.

Many a young man, weary with hiding and driven from pillar to post, gave himself up and stood against the wall with head erect and shoulders thrown back, as the *tovarishchi* prepared to shoot. "They are fine," said one of the soldiers, "I hate to kill them"—but "They cannot fight," said another. "They sent an armored train down the other day. Twenty of them were in it. Twenty against all of us. That's not fighting. They were all killed, but when we came up three nurses, who were there, stood with revolvers in each hand and blazed away without stopping. We bombed them. Of course we did not want to, but—oh, well, that's not fighting." Poor little Red Cross sisters, standing alone with the dead Junkers lying round them and firing revolvers until they were bombed. Again, "c'est magnifique mais ce n'est pas la guerre." . . .

The bolshevik regime had, for a short time, a bad effect upon education. Money could not be used for luxuries, and so nearly all private tuition, which is popular in Russia as a preparation for school examinations, came to an end. Prayers and religious instruction were omitted from the school curriculum for, at the time, there was a feeling against religion. God had been "above the people," and was therefore in the same category as the aristocrats and must be abolished. Soldiers and ruffians who were in the habit of entering houses to pillage had hitherto respected the jeweled icons, but now they tore them from the walls and packed them together with other valuables which they had stolen. "Mother of God, Mother of

God, help us!" cried one of my friends when a search party entered her house. "Be silent," said a soldier, seizing the cross which hung round her neck. "How can there be a mother of God when there's no God? Now we have Liberty"; and he lurched over to the icon and laughed. . . .

One morning when most of the bolsheviks had retired, leaving their representatives at headquarters, we were awakened at three o'clock by the sounds of firing and the explosions of bombs. We sat up and blinked for a few minutes, then turned over and went to sleep. Familiarity breeds contempt. At breakfast someone announced dispassionately that the anarchists were in power. The remark elicited no comment.

In spite of their crimes these anarchists were rather amusing. They were like children playing at brigands with real fire-arms. They dashed through the streets in motor-lorries, waving their arms and shooting in the air. They wore black crepe tied round their right sleeves, just above the elbow, and black ribbons in their caps. As they motored at top speed they threw out proclamations and white leaflets, which fluttered into the gardens, caught in the branches of trees, and were eagerly snatched by the *tovarishchi* walking in the town. These leaflets began with the words "Order Above All," and went on to say that the *"bourgzhui"* was responsible for the disorder, as they had wealth locked in coffers in their cellars, and that if these coffers were open to all there would be no disorder. They said that liberty was at stake. People stood in the streets with expressionless faces and watched their mad career through the town.

They broke into houses in the approved cinema style, bound all the inmates but one with cords, and forced the free person at the point of the bayonet to give up anything of value in the house. Any show of resistance was answered by violence, and people were sometimes beaten black and blue with the butt end of rifles. They were clever at finding the hiding places of valuables, and even peeled off pieces of wallpaper which were torn to see whether rings were concealed between the plaster and covering. They had a contempt for feminine modesty and thrust their hands into the bosoms of women's clothes in case a little bag of money should be hidden there. . . .

All this time I had been making inquiries at the Consulate regarding the approach of the Germans, and when I heard that their army was not far off I was determined to leave Rostov. The Consul thought that it might be possible to collect a party and to arrange for a special train, in spite of the fact that the railway was so disorganized. He thought that other foreign subjects from different towns in South Russia might pass through Rostov, and he promised to

let me know. . . . One other Englishwoman decided to leave Russia. She was a charming, blue-eyed creature with an almost extravagant sense of humor, a quality which is indispensable for a refugee. We called her Mamasha (little mother), because she had a comfortable way of looking after people without worrying them. . . .

We had some difficulty in discovering the train as the station was so crowded and it was impossible to leave the luggage unguarded. Soldiers of the Red Guard stood outside the gates and laughed as they pointed out the foreign *bourguikas* running away. Little Mamasha, with a bold face but a faint heart, valiantly shouldered her packages and staggered through the crowd to the accompaniment of jeers. I followed with a small boy and a *dvornik,* who took the place of porters. After wandering along the lines among numberless wagons and engines, we succeeded in finding the refugee train, which had such a fixed and stationary look that we thought we should never get off. It was surrounded by *tovarishchi* smoking bad tobacco, and Armenian beggars sitting with babies in their arms on the dusty platforms. Old wizened women, clutching baskets and puffing at dirty clay pipes, crouched against the wall staring at us.

The refugee carriage had come from Mariuple and contained about thirty people, English, Belgian, and French. Mamasha and I climbed in and took our seats. We remained for twelve hours in the train. Our friends and pupils came to say good-bye. They wished us "good luck," but studiously avoided talking of the journey, for they all thought that we had jumped from the frying pan into the fire. The interminable waiting exhausted us before we had started, and only when we had begun to lose all hope and had discovered that the sausage which was to form our most staple meal of subsistence was almost inedible, our carriage was attached to the Moscow train and the *tovarishchi* began to climb on to the roofs and storm the other compartments. We were protected, as our carriage was labeled "English Mission," and was supposed to be for an official party, but in spite of this we shut all the windows lest the soldiers should try to invade us. The train was both filled and covered. Peasant women and soldiers sat on the roofs, clinging to the ventilators. Workmen got astride the buffers. Boys sat on the steps. They shouted and pushed till the whistle blew and the train slowly steamed out of the station. . . .

Though we expected to be at least three weeks on the way, we were very much disappointed when the train, after rolling on for about half an hour, suddenly came to a standstill and remained stationary for four hours. We prepared a meal, but the sausage was unpleasant and the coffee tasted of the tin in which it had been boiled. Everything was covered with smuts and from the far corner

of the upper berth two flat red insects crawled stealthily over the cushions. The linen covering on the seats was stained, and the air smelt bad. Mamasha looked at me. "What's the matter?" she asked, and her blue eyes twinkled. "I feel so vilely dirty," I said irritably. "A wash?" suggested Mamasha tentatively. I went to the lavatory, where I made the depressing discovery that there was no water on the train, and returned, announcing the fact gloomily. The French-women who shared the coupé with us were horrified.

After a while the train moved on again, and we continued our journey until just outside Novacherkask. Here we pulled up with a jerk, and the familiar sound of rifle shots greeted our ears. The *tovarishchi* on the roof began to shout, some peasant women screamed, the firing redoubled, and we heard what was suspiciously like a machine gun. Blowing out the candles, we pressed against the windows, listening. For some minutes we thought the train had been held up by brigands, but we gradually distinguished through the gloom the forms of soldiers, Red Guards in flight before the Cossacks. . . .

The next morning we found ourselves in Novacherkask. "What has happened?" we asked the soldiers, and were told that the bolsheviks had fled in all directions. Desultory firing still continued, and the station was full of stir and bustle. Cossacks, mounted and on foot, were patrolling the town. Some were guarding the entrance to the station with fixed bayonets; others were marshaling their prisoners. The restaurant was crowded with armed men—eating, talking, laughing, and singing. Spent cartridges were on the ground, bullet-holes were in the walls, and some of the windows were broken. There was a spurious air of gaiety, but all the time one felt the undercurrent of anxiety forcing and forcing itself upwards. . . .

We wished to continue our journey, but as the lines had been cut both between Novacherkask and Rostov and between Novacherkask and Voronej we could neither go forward nor back. More fighting was expected round the station, and further delay was necessary, as the Cossacks were now in power, and official permission to leave the town had to be obtained from them. The ladies of the party were offered hospitality by some Cossack families while the men remained in the train, guarding the carriages.

Fighting continued for three days in the village behind Novacherask; and Guluboff, who had in the March campaign persuaded the Cossacks to surrender to the bolsheviks, was dead, killed by his own men. Cossack officers, imprisoned and under sentence of death, were liberated; but the rejoicing was subdued, for rumor was busy, and it was generally thought that reinforcements were arriving for the bolsheviks from Rostov. One night the firing seemed nearer, and three bombs exploded in the town. The next day all was very

quiet. A sort of hopeless resignation was stamped on every face, and it was whispered that the Cossacks had no ammunition. From the big houses forlorn figures, no longer in uniform but disguised as peasants, crept out, with knapsacks of food on their backs and with eyes looking wearily across the steppes. Cossack officers and Cadets, after three days' triumph, were going into hiding.

At 7:30 the next morning we were startled by a banging at the door and the all too familiar summons, "Open to the Red Guard." We let in a party of ten soldiers, who advanced, each with a gun in one hand and a revolver in the other. On such occasions they were always so cumbered with arms that one almost mechanically looked for swords at their hips and daggers in their boots. We intimated that we were foreign subjects, and they apologized and withdrew without even asking any leading questions. Delighted to have brought some measure of safety to the household which had shown us so much hospitality, we sat down to breakfast. Hardly had we begun when there was another onslaught on the door. This time our visitors were drunk. They began by eating our breakfast and pocketing our apples. They refused to look at our passports. They pushed and jostled us, demanded money, and shook their revolvers in our faces. . . .

During this scene we received a telephone message that our train would leave the station within an hour. It caused us infinite pain to abandon this unfortunate family, but we could follow no other course. *"Tovarish,"* I said to one of the soldiers, "I must go out and get a cab." He had his head almost on my shoulders, and was trying to make love to me. "You can do what you like, little pigeon," he replied affectionately, and I ran to the door. When once outside, however, it was not so easy for me to do as I liked. There were soldiers on the pavement and they surrounded me. "What do you mean by coming out of the house? We shall kill you. Show your papers." They advanced upon me with their bayonets. "Now look here, little doves," I said as boldly as I could, "you can't go killing British subjects like that. It's not done." They looked quite unconvinced. "I am rather important," I said loftily. "There will be a row with the British Government if I do not arrive home safely." They seemed impressed. "Let the *barishnia* go," said one, and so I escaped to find my cab. . . .

The station was filled with members of the Red Guard, and there were traces of blood in the sand. Three bolshevik nurses wandered arm in arm along the platform flirting with the sentries. They were dirty and they did not wear uniform, but had red cross handkerchiefs tied round their sleeves. They were girls of the peasant class, and their appearance was unhygienic in the extreme. I was glad to get away from them into the train. Here the men who had

remained on guard told us that the scene had been appalling. The Red Guards and their camp followers, dancing among the dead bodies of the Cossacks, had sung and drunk the whole night, and in the morning they had shot the Ataman.

Our train was as we had left it except that one window had been broken. We got into our carriage, hoping to leave the stricken city within a few minutes, but we were bitterly disappointed. For an hour we waited, listening to the shooting, which was not far off, as a battle was in progress in a village just behind the Novacherask. Later we were shunted near a little wooden shed, and an armored train drew up beside us. There was a slight pause. Then a machine gun sounded close at hand, a six-inch cannon boomed, and the bolsheviks began to shell the town. The noise was terrific, and had we wished to speak we could not have heard one another. But we were silent. Each of us knew that if the Cossack replied we should be blown to bits. The Cossacks, however, had no ammunition, and they fired only once, putting the armored train out of action. For seven hours the bolsheviks shelled Novacherask; for seven hours we heard the roar of the big cannon and the maddening titter of the machine gun laughing at us from the background; for seven hours we watched the village burn. Darkness fell, and we could not light our candles. The glass from the shed window smashed round us. Suddenly there was a shriek near at hand, followed by a sound like the howling of a mob. One of the French girls in our carriage cried, "They are coming," and fainted. We had to grope for her in the darkness, chafe her hands and give her brandy—and in the midst of all this turmoil the guns ceased firing, and the train slowly jerked its way out of the station. Shortly afterwards the shelling began again, and for a long while we could see the fires in the villages.

We traveled for several hours without stopping, still hoping we should reach Veronej before the Germans; but at this time the Russian railway system was so disorganized we were continually halting at wayside stations, sometimes for six hours at a stretch.

We passed through uninteresting steppe country, where hardly a field was ploughed and where no grain was being sown, with perpetual delays so wearisome in their frequency that we were obliged to organize team races along the lines. Indeed, the train traveled so slowly and stopped so often that a peasant, who at one point had fallen off the roof, was loudly cheered two stations further along when he sauntered up and took his place. Wild dashes for *kipitok* (boiled water) also did much to relieve the monotony. In Russia, at every station there is a wooden hut where boiling water can be drawn, for the Russian cannot do without his tea and travels everywhere with a kettle. As there was no water on the train, we filled every available vessel, and it was amusing to see men and women

in all stages of dress and undress (sometimes we had to turn out at five o'clock in the morning) rushing with kettles, teapots, bottles, tin mugs—in fact, any sort of utensil that did not leak too badly—to get a place in the *kipitok* queue. Afterwards acrobatic feats were performed in the way of bathing in saucepans, and the morning greeting always took the form of "Hallo! have you washed?" Later, when we were sleeping on planks, it was "Hallo! how are your bones?" but that, as Mr. Kipling says, is another story.

Beyond Liski we continued to travel for twenty minutes at a stretch and to be stationary for about three hours, waiting for other trains which always arrived very much after they were expected and which were crowded both inside and out. At one stopping-place some of our party were greeted by a friend whom they all but failed to recognize. It was Prince T——, whose estates had been confiscated and who was journeying south disguised as a *tovarish*. He made an excellent hooligan with his old sheepskin coat, unshaved face, and dirty hands, and he seemed quite cheerful though he was traveling under difficult conditions in a cattle wagon, herded with peasant men and women, packed like herrings in a box.

Up to the present we had been able to get a certain amount of bread and any quantity of milk at the wayside stations. A little butter could sometimes be found, and occasionally peasant girls brought baskets of hard-boiled eggs. Milk was fairly cheap, but bread was usually about seven roubles a small loaf, and the further north we journeyed the scarcer it became, until, at Goludveena, starving children ran along the platform, holding up their hands to the passengers and begging for crusts.

On the twelfth evening we reached Moscow, where we remained for three days and reveled in hot baths. Most of us slept on the train, as accommodation in the town was both difficult to find and expensive, exclusive of meals, which cost a small fortune. When we concluded all arrangements with the Consul and had obtained permission from the bolsheviks to leave the country, our carriage was attached to several others hired by the French and filled with officers and soldiers and a few civilian refugees who had come from different parts of Russia. From them we received the utmost consideration and were treated all the way with great courtesy. They fed us with sardines and biscuits and occasional tins of "singe," the poilus' term for bully-beef, which were very welcome after our everlasting though not over-fresh sausage.

As the only dangers would now be due to natural causes or to the state of the Moscow to Murman railway, which is built over a frozen marsh and which sinks in the spring when the snow melts, and as there was no longer any fear of our being cut off by the Germans, we became wildly hilarious. We gave nightly concerts.

We nicknamed the compartments according to the characteristics of the inmates. There was the "Consulate," where all the officials were lodged; the "Nursery," where children and flappers indulged in an orgy of sugarless tea-drinking; the "Harem," where French and English women were so closely packed that the corridor was often used as an annex, and where the washing, hanging on slack boards, flapped in the faces of unwary visitors; the "kitchen," where the perpetual odor of onions, acquired by bribery and corruption, permeated even the suitcases stacked at the end of the passage. . . .

We stopped for a whole day at Vologda, where peasants sold us hand-made lace, and at Petrozavodsk, and then journeyed fairly steadily up to Kandalaksha, where we met a number of our own Tommies and Marines. They greeted us with cheers, and some of them came and had tea and sang to us.

Two days later we had to disembark at midnight, as a bridge was broken and our train could not pass. Heavily laden with suitcases, we staggered up hill and down dale, tobogganing on cabin trunks when we came to a slope. . . .

The train on the other side of the bridge was composed of fourth-class carriages in an unspeakable condition of dirt and airlessness, without water or sanitary arrangements of any description. It was tenanted by bugs, which we called the "Red Guard" on account of their color and their frequent attacks in massed formation. . . .

The seats in our carriage were wooden and so crowded that some of us were obliged to remain standing up all night. Before starting we had to collect wood for the stoves and make some attempt to sweep out the carriage. The latter we abandoned after a few minutes, as by cleaning we destroyed the dug-outs of the insects and roused them to a counter-offensive of a particularly irritating nature. We were, by this time, dreadfully tired, but owing to the condition of the wagon and the lack of space we could not sleep, and so sat huddled together, wide-eyed and a little cross, looking out of the window at the gray sky, lonely snow-covered hills, and distant water. The Land of the Midnight Sun has a romantic title, but a desolate appearance. We passed through Kola and traveled steadily till we reached Murmansk the following midnight. We had, of course, expected a little town something like Archangel and were utterly taken aback at what we saw. Miles of desolate land stretched before us. Hills with bare trees surrounded the port. At intervals wooden huts were scattered, and higher up we saw what appeared to be long cattle-sheds, but which we afterwards learned to call the "baraks," houses divided into cubicles where refugees, waiting for the boat, were living. Several trains, which appeared to be tenanted all the year round, were standing on the lines, and the ground was covered with snow. There were no shops of any kind, and far

up on the hill we saw a tiny graveyard filled with unpainted wooden crosses.

After passports and particulars had been collected we were housed in the train for four days; then some moved to the "Wagon-Lit," others to the "Consulate," and to the remainder Barak No. 25 was allotted. The latter almost defies description. It was a low wooden building, with double windows tightly sealed and made so as not to open. There was a door on either side, and two stoves in the middle, where no light penetrated. The shed, which was arranged to hold a hundred and sixty people, was built like a church with three aisles, divided on each side into small horse-boxes roofed in such a way that, at a pinch, people could sleep above as well as inside them. Each horse-box was provided with a shelf and two planks to be used as beds. They were not wholly divided one from another, so that privacy could only be insured by hanging up rugs or coats. On our arrival we discovered the place empty, but so appallingly dirty that we could, at first, only clean it with a spade. It had been occupied before us by Russian workmen who had left old sheepskins and tins, etc., everywhere. The odor was nauseating, and when we found the windows would not open, we threw a saucepan through the one opposite our box and so dislodged a pane and kept a permanent supply of fresh air. Insects here were even more abundant than in the train. . . .

For four days we lived quietly, scrubbing, scouring, cooking, chopping our own wood and drawing our own water and then quite unexpectedly we were invaded by a trainload of two hundred and seven French and Belgian working-class people. We had them above us behind us, and on either side of us. They spent their time in doing the family washing, filling the aisles with flapping wet linen, scolding screaming children, trying to shut our window, over which we mounted guard and hammering, hammering all day and nearly all night. They rarely seemed to clean out their cubicles and certainly they never took the children for walks. Of course illness broke out. The window we had smashed was the only means of ventilating the building which lodged two hundred and fifteen people. The air grew daily more vitiated and an officer who wanted to come and see us drew back when he reached the door, saying: "Good Lord, it's worse than a gas attack." Smallpox started, and we were vaccinated one after another with a pen by a doctor who sat on a table, who smoked, and who scorned the use of disinfectants. We had no quinine, and when Spanish influenza declared itself we lay, racked with pain and parched with fever upon our wooden planks. Some children developed chickenpox, and an epidemic of measles followed. One little girl had mumps. Two old people died of pleuropneumonia and a child of typhoid, and opposite our window men

worked nailing together the sides of wooden coffins. Mamasha suffered acutely from malaria, and every day at five o'clock was prostrated with a temperature of a hundred. But she was always smiling, and even when her head was aching with fever she scrubbed floors with disinfectant and helped with the heavy washing, which we had to do ourselves. . . .

Our nights were even more disturbed than our days. All the grown-up people seemed to have coughs, and the children, unused to perpetual daylight and bitten by insects, could not sleep, and cried until early morning. Sometimes an energetic mater-familias unable to rest, got up and did the family washing, letting the water drip through the boards which formed her floor and another party's ceiling, thereby causing a quarrel, during which obscene language was freely used and other people, awakened by the noise, uttered shrill rebukes until the whole barak was disturbed. Our bodies ached, and when we did manage to snatch a little sleep we were restless, as lack of nourishing food had made us so thin that lying on planks was painful. We were fed as well as it was possible when all provisions were imported, and the French authorities daily gave out rations of bully-beef, ships' biscuits, sardines and tea. Tinned milk was supplied to children and invalids.

We soon became lost to all sense of modesty, and I shall never forget the horrified expression of a little Yorkshire man, who had traveled with us and who looked one day into our box as he was shaving and whispered hoarsely: "For Gawd's sake, gurrls, doan't put yer 'eds out; there's a walrus a-washin' of 'isself in the passage"—and we heard the fat French peasant, our neighbor, breathing heavily as he performed his ablutions where there was more room for him to move.

We did not lack entertainments, but we rarely felt well enough to attend them. Concerts were given in the different baraks, moving pictures shown in two sheds which were arranged as cinemas, and on Sunday the American Y. M. C. A. chaplain held an informal church service at the British Consulate, where a curly-headed boy played hymns on the mandolin, asking the preacher when he could not remember the tune, "Say, sir, d'you mind humming that? Guess I've forgotten how it goes."

Our boat eventually arrived but remained in harbor for a month, while the carpenters were busy putting up extra berths and hammocks. So, carrying our luggage on stretchers, we waved a glad good-bye to Murmansk. We were a cosmopolitan set—French, Belgians, Serbs, Poles, Russians and English, and the ship was German, a Portuguese prize with a British crew, chartered by the French Government for Belgian refugees. We were on board seventeen

days, sometimes moving, sometimes stationary, two thousand of us in a ship provisioned for eight hundred.

At last we arrived, so dirty, weary and infectious, so worn-out with a journey that had covered a period of three months, that we could hardly realize it was summer and we were in England. "We can disembark! hurrah!" cried Mamasha. She seized her suitcase and rushed upstairs. Suddenly she gripped my arm and stared skywards. I followed her gaze, and we sat down on the deck in despair, for there, floating from the mast, a yellow patch among the white clouds, was the quarantine flag.

CANADA'S GREAT EASTERN GAME PRESERVE

Algonquin Provincial Park Offers Many Thrills to the Disciple of Izaac Walton—A Paradise for Canoeists in the Unspoiled Public Wilderness of Ontario

By H. R. Hyndman

Some twenty years ago the Canadian Government set aside as a game preserve an area of wooded wilderness in Ontario about fifty miles square and named it Algonquin National Park. It was located about one hundred and seventy-five miles north of the city of Toronto in that moderately hilly section known as the Highlands of Ontario, and a little east of a line half-way between the city of Ottawa and Georgian Bay. The rough topography and hundreds of lakes breaking up the landscape discouraged settlers, so it had been visited only by a few hunters and trappers of fur-bearing animals. Its primeval wildness and its location in the heart of that famous deer belt that extends from the Ottawa River westward to Georgian Bay made it an ideal place for a game preserve. In the past five years it has been enlarged by taking in additional sections of similar country adjoining until now it comprises an area of about seventy miles wide by fifty miles deep, and the title has been changed to Algonquin Provincial Park (Ontario).

With the exclusion of permanent inhabitants and the patrolling of the district by rangers for more than twenty years to prevent hunting and trapping, wild animals inhabiting the forests and the waters, as well as the fish, have multiplied into such great numbers it can now be described as being literally full of game. The land area is unique in the sense that, with very few exceptions, it is thickly covered with heavy forests, without any outcropping of bare rocks, so common in most sections of eastern Canada. Consequently the thick bush bordering the lakes, the shores rising sometimes two hundred feet or more above the water, produces some of the most picturesque lakeland scenery.

In the last few years four hotels have been built on or adjacent to the railroads that cross the park. Here the tourist can enjoy many of the comforts of home and experience the novelty of studying at close range wild life in its native haunts. The more venture-

some who prefer to establish a camp on inland lakes for fishing or canoe cruising into the interior will be rewarded by sights of game and beaver work that will be ample compensation for all the exertion and rough traveling involved. The forests, made up of all the trees common to this section of Canada, chiefly balsams, spruce, cedar, birch, poplar, white and red pine and many kinds of smaller growth, furnish a variety of feed that seems to attract and develop almost everything that walks on four legs in eastern Canada, from moose to red squirrels; and the waters harbor large numbers of fur-bearing animals, such as beaver, otter and mink. Two of the hotels have outfitting stores where food supplies and fishing tackle can be purchased, and camping and canoe cruising equipment rented. Guides can be secured either through the hotels or the superintendent of the park at Cache Lake. The guides are very largely Canadians, bright, intelligent fellows, and as a rule good bushmen and canoemen and quite satisfactory cooks. The odd Indian guide sometimes available is only quarter breed, or less, Indian.

The fish in the waters of Algonquin Park are largely restricted to salmon or lake trout and speckled trout, with black bass in some sections. In most any of the lakes the smaller sizes of lake trout, two to four pounds, can be caught trolling without any difficulty, while in the larger lakes they are frequently hooked, running fifteen to twenty pounds in weight. Several times each summer for the last few years a number of large lake trout ranging from twelve to sixteen pounds have been caught in lakes close to the hotels, such as Buck Lake, Canoe Lake and Raggard Lake. The influx of tourists to the hotels seems to have very little appreciable effect on the catches of fish. The copper line and short, stiff rod is the most popular rig for trolling for lake trout, as it is stronger and its own weight carries it down deep into the cold water where the big fish stay in the summer months, but when one hooks a big one on a silk line and light rod there is bound to be more real sport. Such artificial baits as the "otter bait" and "pearl wobbler" are usually successful, but undoubtedly the best catcher is the "Archer spinner" with a live minnow.

A number of moderate sized lakes in the park, one to two miles long and one-half as wide, are spring fed with clear, cold water and contain the genuine speckled trout, which are caught trolling or still fishing. Most of these lakes, such as Crown, Eagle and Merchant's Lake and Lake Clear, are not near the hotels and require canoe trips of several days. Fed by creeks and small, cold water lakes there are a number of streams that yield good catches of speckled trout in the summer months. In the rapids, eddies and pools of Crow River, Amable du Fond River, Opeongo River and Lavieille Creek they rise readily to the fly in the hot weather. As

these streams are small in the summer months the fish range in size from a half to three-quarters of a pound, but in the spring they are caught weighing two pounds or more. Most any kind of a fly seems to suit them and a trial of a crawfish, the under fin of a fish, or even a piece of bacon will often hook them just as rapidly. The wild animal inhabitants of the woods and waters are largely deer and beaver, thousands of each making the forest their home. The beaver are so strictly nocturnal in their habits they are seldom seen in daytime, but the deer are found in large numbers on the banks of streams and the shores of lakes. It is a common experience to come upon a dozen or more at close range in a few hours' leisurely exploration of small streams near the hotels, and in greater numbers in the more distant sections of the park. This is particularly true in July, when a few remaining flies continue to drive them out of the bush into the water.

The deer have very acute hearing and scent and are quickly scared away by the least sign of motion, so they cannot be approached closely on the shores of lakes. However, the small, crooked streams that wind between lakes all over the park afford the most favorable opportunities to get close to them with a camera. If deer stalking rules are closely observed when traveling in a canoe on these streams one can frequently get within thirty yards or less of them when rounding a bend in the stream. The general theory of approaching them to windward to avoid their catching the scent is usually not important in these narrow, crooked streams, as deer are curious creatures, especially the does, and when alarmed will wait to see what is coming. If two in a canoe will remain perfectly still, frozen in their seats, the quarry will sometimes go on feeding or drinking, giving the stalkers a chance to quietly propel their boat a little nearer and nearer. If the person in the bow has been holding a camera in position all this time he might get a good snapshot at reasonably close range. Even if a snapshot is not attempted the novelty and fun of testing one's skill as a stalker against the wonderfully acute senses of the animals is quite a thrilling experience. When alarmed but not scared away by any motion the deer present a most attractive picture, standing with head high, staring at the intruder, tense and quivering with excitement and strong suspicions of danger. The first few times the photographer gets close enough to catch the soft, kind, pleading look in their dark brown eyes he is apt to get a form of "buck fever" and fail to snap the shutter soon enough.

An indication of the large number of deer in Algonquin Park is shown by the number seen in the last three weeks in August by the writer on a canoe trip when he traveled there without stopping anywhere longer than over night. In this trip he passed eighty-one

deer, two moose, two foxes, an otter and five beaver in daytime, and so many cranes he was unable to keep account of them. The permanent camper located on or near a small stream would have many more opportunities to see or photograph wild game than the canoe cruiser.

The comparatively small number of moose in the park stay largely in the eastern section about a week's canoe journey from the hotels and railroad. They can only be approached closely by coming upon them suddenly in the small creeks. In this way on one trip a few years ago we saw six in the White Partridge Lake district, all within fifty yards. In two of these cases we were prepared for them photographically, but we became so excited when their mighty bulks lumbered into view so near us that we snapped our cameras before focusing and got no pictures. The two moose seen later were found on White Partridge Creek. We were expecting to see moose and were traveling quietly with the camera all ready for quick action; but the appearance of a large cow approaching us, wading in shallow water as we rounded a bend in the stream, at a range of about fifteen yards, was more productive of thoughts of how soon we could get to the other shore of the creek than of how quickly we could take a snapshot, and no photograph was attempted. Before we had recovered from the excitement, and only a few minutes later, we almost bumped into a big bull not twenty yards away who had heard the cow beating back into the bush and was probably wondering what had scared her, when we hove in sight. The verdict was unanimous that we were getting into too close quarters and we promptly abandoned our exploration of White Partridge Creek. While all animals in the woods of eastern Canada are alarmed at sight of humans and will make desperate efforts to get away quickly, the bushmen argue that there might be exceptions to the rule in the case of a cow moose with a calf or a she bear with a cub that might suspect an attack and put up a fight. At any rate a moose at fifty feet is an uninviting creature and we were glad to give it the benefit of the doubt.

There are a good many bears in the park but they usually hear or scent one approaching and hurry out of sight. We have seen two bears on our canoe trips, both times when packing over a stretch of trail made soft and noiseless with years' accumulation of hemlock needles, and were able to get within sight of them before being discovered. In both cases they lost no time in getting away as soon as they heard or scented us.

Sometimes bears are heard in the middle of the night, especially in a camp near old rotten stumps which the animals like to claw apart in order to eat the ants within. In case of an intrusion of that kind they will come within a hundred yards or so of the camp

and *woof woof*—something like a pig's grunt, which when heard for the first time on a still night excites one's imagination into suspecting an attack. Wolves sometimes howl at night, their long, mournful calls being heard clearly a half mile away, and when answered by another pack or a single wolf from one or several directions it is rather disturbing to one's peace of mind. However there is no danger of an attack. Porcupine are so plentiful they are a real menace at night, eating anything left on the ground outside the tent, even leather straps or canvas duffle bags that may have a little grease on them.

The best evidence of the thousands of beaver in the park is the great amount of beaver work found on practically every lake and stream. The traveler on the commonly used canoe routes frequently passes beaver dams, beaver cuttings and beaver houses or lodges, but these represent only a fraction of their activities as they are busy on most every isolated lake and tiny creek back of the navigable routes. The trees they fell by gnawing through them are white birch and poplar as the bark from the branches is their favorite diet. A trunk twenty-three inches in diameter, about twenty-one inches in the middle of the cut, represents about as large a tree as they attempt to cut down. They invariably drop a tree with the upper branches towards the water. In one grove of white birch they dropped about one hundred and fifty trees, three to six inches in diameter, as close together as they would fall, within a distance of one hundred yards. After a tree falls they gnaw off the branches close to the trunk and cut them up into sticks of a length convenient to drag to the water. When the branch is around two inches in diameter it is cut into two to three foot lengths, but when around a half inch they make the sticks much longer. These sticks they drag over hard well-beaten paths to the water, usually not more than a hundred yards away, and then tow them to their lodges to be stored for winter food or used in building dams. The dam six feet high made of unusually large sticks is remarkable not only for the size of the sticks, some three inches in diameter, but also for its very strong construction. In building a dam they tangle up the forked branches or sticks in such a way that it takes an axe to separate them; they mix with these tangled sticks mud and boulders as larges as a man's fist in a way that insures stability to withstand a strong spring flood. The commonest size of beaver dams found on the navigable streams is from two to three feet high, but on the smaller unnavigable creeks they sometimes attain a height of over six feet.

The beaver houses or lodges are piles of sticks with the entrance under water and chambers above water level. In the late fall they are newly plastered with mud to keep out the cold. If one will

visit a beaver lodge at dusk he is likely to see the scout beaver come to the surface of the water and swim around in wide circles to ascertain if the way is clear to start to work, and when the observer is discovered, which won't be long, the scout will dive out of sight with a heavy thud or splash with his broad flat tail as a warning to the others. This he will repeat every five minutes or so until darkness drives the intruder away.

That section of the Highland of Ontario within the boundaries of Algonquin Park contains the sources of several rivers; consequently the streams are small, often mere creeks, and, on account of the rough topography of the country, frequently broken up by rapids. These streams, flowing north, east, south and west, alternating with lakes, make up a vast network of waterways that extends to all corners of the park. There are several factors that make Algonquin Park an ideal place for canoe cruising. When traveling on the small, narrow streams one is always close to the wild life on the shore and other attractions of the forests; the stretches of river paddling alternate every few miles with a lake, making a pleasant change in the journey; and the frequent portaging around rapids and shallow places in the streams furnishes a greater variety of exercise and recreation, and obviates long stretches of monotonous paddling.

The beginner at the canoe cruising game is likely to regard the packing on one's back of the outfit over the portage trails as a disagreeable feature of the trip, but after more experience he learns to recognize it as one of the most enjoyable and profitable forms of recreation—if not overdone. There are few better means of improving one's physical condition than by making a canoe trip in the North Country, packing a load of from fifty to one hundred pounds with two or three trips over one to two miles of portages every day, and with a number of miles of paddling against a current in the streams and fighting a head wind and swells in a big lake. In these days of unnatural living, sedentary habits and high nervous strain for most of us, this is one of the best of antidotes. On camping and canoe trips in Algonquin Park it is important to wear warm clothing and be well equipped with plenty of blankets or some form of sleeping bag, as the nights are often cold—sometimes with a heavy frost.

Close to the railroad and the hotels there are a number of short loop canoe trips with cut-out, well-beaten portage trails and good camp sites where the traveler can get excellent fishing and see deer, but back in the interior on the longer loops and chains of lakes conditions are much wilder and rougher. Often the portage trails are followed more by the blazes on the trees than by the appearance of any particular path, while camp sites are frequently

a matter of one's own manufacture. On the last trip made by the writer we saw no one but a fire ranger in twenty days' traveling except on the day we stopped at a small railroad station for additional supplies, and after the third day out we saw no human footprints for ten days.

One of the most popular of the longer canoe trips starts from Joe Lake on the railroad, and includes the Otter Slide Lakes, White Trout Lake, four miles long and one mile wide; Merchant's and Green Lakes, three miles by one mile each; Great Opeongo Lake, the largest lake in the park; Opeongo River and Victoria Lake on the park boundary. This trip could easily be made in two weeks, including several one-day stops for fishing. In some of these lakes there is both speckled trout and lake trout fishing, and in the lower Opeongo River waters black bass. While camped for the night on Merchant's Lake we went trolling for speckled trout and in a few minutes landed an eight-pound lake trout, but this catch was small compared with the nineteen-pound and twenty-one-pound lake trout some campers caught one day on the same lake. Great Opeongo Lake is made up of three arms, each about four miles long and two to three miles wide, radiating from a hub, a shape favorable for the development of a heavy swell, with the wind in any direction; most cruisers traveling on this lake are wind-bound for a few hours if not longer. Great Opeongo Lake is not an easy lake in which to fish, on this account, but in deep holes, particularly in the east arm, many large lake trout, up to twenty pounds, are hooked.

The most convenient route to the eastern part of the park extends from the north arm of Great Opeongo Lake through a chain of lakes including Crow Lake, famous for speckled trout, Lake Lavieille and Lake Clear. This eastern section is the most picturesque part of the park, with higher hills on the shores of the lakes and heavier rapids and faster water in the streams. The side trip to Lake Clear and back to Great Opeongo Lake would require about ten days, including several stops to fish. In Lake Lavieille there is a particularly gamey species of "gray" or lake trout, and in Lake Clear, another clear, cold water lake, there is sport indeed in landing the one to two pound speckled trout.

Another route that can be highly recommended, especially when preceding the White Trout, Great Opeongo, Victoria Lakes route, is the one from Rainey Lake on the railroad near the western boundary going north to Eagle Lake—a speckled trout lake—and then east to the Pine River, deer country, and on to White Trout Lake. Among other long trips is a popular one north from White Trout Lake through the Petawawa River waters to Cedar Lake in the northern part of the park, the second largest lake in the park, nine by two miles. Going east from Cedar Lake one can go down

the Petawawa River to Lavieille Creek and Lavieille Lake, returning to White Trout Lake via Great Opeongo Lake, or travel west from Cedar Lake to Tea and Manitou lakes—large lakes, with excellent fishing waters adjoining them. Near the latter locality is the Little Nipissing River which contains some of the best river scenery in the park.

There is a story told of a couple who were exploring one of the small streams in this region when shallow water barred their progress and they started to walk along the bank. The husband was out of sight around a bend when the wife heard a rustling in the bushes which she thought was a deer, and got out her camera. What should walk out but a great bear! She was too scared to make a sound, but the bear only stared at her, then snorted and fled. His action was attributed to the fact that she wore an unusually brilliant sweater which must have offended his taste in colors!

The unusually favorable combination of permanently wild conditions, invigorating summer climate, fishing, extensive canoe cruising waters, wild life and accessibility is destined to make Algonquin Park a popular summer playground with lovers of outdoor life. Here one can live close to Nature and lead the primitive life in every sense of the word.

THE PECULIAR HEATHEN CHINEE

Gala Days for Excursions in Interior China—"Off With Your Heads" a Reality That Needs Only the Order of a Minor Official—Odd and Unhealthful Habits and Ancient Customs Religiously Preserved—Everything Good Is Old in the Yellow Republic

By C. Whitney Carpenter, Jr.

No truer phrase was ever spoken than Bret Harte's famous "For ways that are dark and tricks that are vain, the heathen Chinee is peculiar."

I am going to rehearse some of his peculiarities that I noticed during my trip through the Orient in 1917, which will, perhaps, help to fix in our minds what an enormous problem China holds today not only for herself but for the world.

First and foremost in China's problem is Japan. What Japan's intentions are with her large neighbor only Japan knows—and she hasn't as yet told all she knows. But it is perfectly patent to anyone who has traveled in and studied those two countries that Japan has large intentions, however well camouflaged they may be.

And speaking of camouflage, a little story of Japan back as long ago as 1854 will perhaps be of interest. In those days camouflage was not growing on every tree—or steamship or ambulance or ammunition dump—as it has been these past months. The incident I refer to was when Commodore M. C. Perry sailed with an American fleet to Japanese shores to induce the little brown race to make a commercial treaty with us. That, by the way, was when we first became friends with Japan—her unfriendliness before that being due to her refusal of all negotiations with foreign nations.

When Perry's formidable battleships entered Yokohama harbor on their peaceful quest of commerce the Commodore and his men were mightily astonished to find (so the old story goes) the surrounding hills covered with forts bristling with angry-looking guns. This was not only a surprise to the naval men but a puzzle as well, as Japan was believed to have no weapons more formidable than swords and bows and arrows. It was not until a very clear-sighted officer trained his glass on one of the forts and carefully studied it

inch by inch that he noticed a peculiar waving of the walls; and presently was astonished to find that the whole wall fluttered and moved in the wind. It was then discovered that not only the fortress but the cannon as well were made of canvas!

The Commodore and his companions were much amused at the display of apparent preparedness and artistic skill, and proceeded on their way to anchor in the harbor. The story further relates that when a deputation came aboard the flagship to ask the reason of this intrusion into Japanese waters, the officers welcomed the little Japs and gave them a very good dinner accompanied by French champagne, with the result that they promised to grant any wish the Americans made; and departing—with a few bottles of the bubbling water—they took rosy stories ashore, with the result that Commodore Perry accomplished his mission: the ports were opened, a treaty signed—and everything has been happy ever since, especially for Japan, as this treaty was one of utmost importance to her welfare.

But this article is about the Chinese and we must "return to our muttons"—however, Japan will crop up in China from time to time. In fact, Japan long ago obtained a firm foothold in the yellow republic and the Great War has offered her many opportunities of increasing her influence there, while the European powers have been too occupied with their own affairs to bother about the Chinese question.

The peculiarities of the Chinese began many centuries ago—which is the great reason why China has a large problem—and the same peculiarities obtain today. The Chinese have a saying which very aptly describes their race—"Everything good must be old." All his life the Chinaman endeavors to live up to this saying by delving into the past: what was good enough for his great-great-grand-father is good enough for him. I speak of the great masses of the Chinese people, of course; there are a few live men of the present generation who have wakened from their Rip Van Winkle sleep and are trying to pull their brothers out of the past by their pigtails. They have progressed so far as to make that pigtail so uncomfortable that it has been entirely abolished in the south! In the north the barefooted coolie still draws his ricksha, his pigtail floating gaily behind him. I found the upper class Chinese charming, cultivated people. Most of them speak English fluently and are world travelers. But the people of the upper class are decidedly in the minority.

In fact, it is hard to determine whether China belongs to the living or the dead, the tie to the past is so strong a feature of Chinese life. The ancestral home is always home to the Chinaman and he returns to it on every possible occasion, teaching his children to do the same; and the burial place of his ancestors is a sacred spot to which the whole family makes pious pilgrimages. There

being no general place of burial, save for cities, the landscape is dotted with grave sites. A body is never buried until the family is satisfied that a "lucky day" has arrived. Until that day comes the coffin, made of split, hollowed logs, is kept in a "rest house," or above ground covered with bamboo leaves.

It is difficult for the occidental mind to grasp the oriental desire for a long line of male descendants to walk in his funeral train. The pride a man takes in providing this cortege for his departure from this life is greater than the desire to save himself the burden of supporting children. Indeed the eagerness to produce offspring is evidenced by the fact that not one woman in a thousand remains a spinster in China; and a man is legally entitled to all the children he desires. But it is the male child that is desirable. Girls are still sold as slaves or otherwise "disposed of" in many sections of China. It seems quite impossible to secure reliable statistics as to the number of girl babies that disappear annually.

The pigtail is not the only habit that the American traveler would be glad to have abolished from China. The most general bad habit which renders the maximum of discomfort to the Occidental is the oriental expectoration. The upper-class Chinaman is often a charming person of much learning, but both he and his poorer brothers—and their families—have the common habit of spitting at all times, even during meals; the former in his sawdust box, and the latter on the walls or floors.

Mealtime is the happiest part of the day for friend John and his family, as it is for some other nationalities I might mention. The family assembles about a large pot of boiled rice, each filling his own bowl to overflowing. Little dishes of vegetables and pickles cover the table, and before each mouthful of rice, which is miraculously manipulated with chopsticks, they spear a tidbit which is then covered with rice. Not even while they are eating do they seem to cease either talking or expectorating. If a child does not follow its parents' good (?) example, the mother will reach across the table and slap its face. Cruelty to children and also to animals abounds throughout China, and huge whips are used indiscriminately on ponies and mules; and I saw a mother beat her little five-year-old daughter's legs and knees with a great horsewhip. As I ran to the rescue the child fell exhausted to the ground. I have yet to see a look of compassion on a Chinaman's face; in fact, it would be entirely out of place in the cold, impassive Chinese countenance. Pity belongs to the present and the Chinaman lives only in the past.

In the upper class household rice and vegetables will be served with chicken, spice and hot wine, but the visitor may have to do as I did—eat the entire meal in his fingers, unless he was previously learned to manipulate chopsticks. I found them about as convenient

as a baseball bat would be. After dinner (fortunately) a large towel soaked in hot water was passed the rounds of the table, and each guest in turn had a chance to polish his face and hands. If the uninitiated Occidental depends upon chopsticks to secure his food when visiting in a Chinese home, I advise him to arrange to have a good dinner served at his hotel on his return—five dollars per day covering room and board in the best hotels for Europeans.

The food of the masses is impossible to the Western palate, consisting as it does of such delicacies as silkworms divested of their silk, rats, cats and dogs, mules, pigs, horses, camels, donkeys and cows that have died a natural death.

To keep house reasonably in China one must needs have a good "boy" as head servant. For a ridiculously small sum a month he will feed your family and servants and put a substantial sum into his own pocket. If you market yourself you pay double prices. Economy among the poor is practiced by relying upon itinerant food shops in which food is cooked and sold on the street.

Most upper-class Chinese people, as I said, speak English fluently. But while the brain of the scholar is apparently crammed with learning, it is with the wisdom of past ages; he is noticeably deficient in the art of modern thinking. An instance of this is in the total lack of provision for conservation throughout the interior of China. Hills are barren of forests and the soil is washed from the boulders on the mountainsides by innumerable floods that might have nourished and fostered new forest growths. But such things as progress were not included in the wisdom of Confucius. The world of the Chinese apparently was complete over two thousand years ago when the sage established his school of thought, and provision for the future on earth apparently was not one of the precepts of Confucianism—or any of the other Chinese creeds.

Women of the better class are charming and refined, and often beautiful. They are far more intellectual than their Japanese sisters and take an active part in the life of the community. The Chinaman regards his wife as his equal (she is most often his superior) and has great respect for a good-looking woman of any nationality, while the Japanese apparently looks upon woman as far beneath him and fit only to give birth to his children—which she does with great regularity. Japanese families are notably large, but the Chinese know no limit, many concubines helping to furnish the desired descendants. The upper-class Chinese man is most picturesque in his small skullcap, silk coat and skirt and Chinese shoes. The Chinaman in China does not generally adopt European clothes as the Jap does in Japan.

Another great contrast between China and Japan is in the matter of cleanliness and neatness. An adage of China is "In China nothing

is ever repaired." This is literally true. There are countless old temples, mossgrown and cracked, which instead of being kept in repair have been neglected from time immemorial. If a city pavement is cracked, it becomes more cracked; if a road is worn, it is not mended but keeps on getting worse and worse; even the boat sails are tattered and torn with never a patch. In Japan everything is trim and true and in good repair.

In the typical Chinese towns, untouched by European influence, I found the Chinese living in unspeakable filth and unsanitary conditions. The usual town consists of a disorderly collection of tottering houses, muddy lanes without sidewalks, filled with vicious mongrel dogs, who try to bite everyone but the Chinaman. Such a town is Chinese Mukden in southern Manchuria, for instance, a maze of winding, narrow lanes, ankle deep in mud into which the citizens have apparently deposited all their garbage and rubbish. The constant traffic of mules pulling little carts, rickshas drawn by shouting barefoot coolies, native ponies and their riders and pedestrians wading through the mud with snarling dogs at every other step—an unearthly hubbub and a vivid oriental picture. Four miles away is the neat Japanese Mukden, where the conditions are exactly opposite.

China's five thousand miles of railroad are so mismanaged that one must be prepared for a nightmare of a time. This is especially noticeable after leaving the luxurious Japanese Southern Manchuria line at Mukden. The world traveler who prefers atrocious sleeping accommodations, unspeakable food and trains three or four hours late will have little to complain of. The Chinese government train from Mukden for Tientsin was filthy and alive with insects, unnoticed by the slovenly porter. We attempted to secure a meal in the dining car to escape from the coach; but it was crowded with noisy, expectorating natives. What we ordered was not edible, and boiled eggs—which we ordered as a last resort—were so ancient that their "fragrance" filled the entire car. The Chinese prefer them so; it is in line with their veneration of everything ancient!

Traveling from Peking into the interior six hundred miles or so I was interested to observe the laws—or rather lack of them. What laws there are seem to be utterly ignored, except in the case of murderers and pirates. China is the country of criminals; but, while most of the minor crimes go unpunished, there is no mercy shown the pirate, thief and murderer. In fact, the public was so keen over the execution of a pirate in a small town near Canton as I was passing through that the authorities declared a holiday when a notorious pirate was captured and quickly condemned, so that all classes and all ages might revel in the torture and witness the execution of the prisoner. This man deserved his sentence, for he

himself had killed over twenty in cold blood. Men, women and children poured into the town at an early hour to secure vantage points for the execution. At seven the prisoner, in a cage surrounded by soldiers, was paraded through the city for everyone to see, and then at the head of a great crowd the cage was carried to the town limits where the execution, or to use a more exact term, torturing to death, was to take place. Nine times they shot the pirate, taking care each time to avoid a vital spot so that his sufferings might amuse the crowd. After the ninth shot a bayonet was plunged into his heart. The motley crowd of men, women and children, the entire population of the town, watched and jeered in boisterous delight, women and children as well as men applauding the executioner and jeering the writhing prisoner after each pistol shot. Not one trace of pity or of anguish was detectable on one face in that vast throng. And this was the twentieth century China not a hundred miles from the city of Hongkong.

A similar scene took place in Chinese Mukden when I passed through early in 1917. I stood in a foul little street absorbed in watching men, women, children and dogs struggling for right of way through the deep mud and disgusting refuse. Suddenly above the babel of strange shouts and curses and yells of rage rose the clarion blast of a bugle. As if by magic the quarreling, battling crowd disappeared and a troop of cavalry charged recklessly down the street, regardless of anyone in its path. In the midst of the horsemen in a little open cart rode a man bound hand and foot. From his collar floated a long feather-like paper—the emblem of death. The procession halted as suddenly as it had appeared and a proclamation, reciting the crimes of the culprit, was read; then with another blast of trumpets the soldiers proceeded on their journey, followed by a howling mob anxious to witness the execution. I also followed to observe the mob—to my ultimate sorrow, for the sight was not a pleasant one to remember and took an entirely too personal turn.

At the outskirts of the city the pirate—for such he was—was thrown heavily to the ground, where he lay awaiting his execution, his coffin and the open grave almost at his elbow. The crowd pushed close about him, jeering and cursing and kicking him, much to the amusement of the soldiers, who egged them on. The poor devil caught sight of me in the crowd (I am six foot four!) and called on the big American to save his life. This angered the crowd who threatened to make it most unpleasant for me, and sensing their ugly mood I forced a smile and shook my head, which seemed to appease them somewhat. At that moment a soldier dismounted and pushing his way through the crowd placed his carbine within a few inches of the criminal's head, and calmly blew out his brains, then kicked

the body and with a coarse joke remounted his horse. The crowd was thoroughly angry to be deprived of the torture which they had expected the pirate would have to undergo, and which they had eagerly anticipated and considered their legitimate entertainment.

Many coolies brought before a judge for trial are given scant justice. A petty criminal whose execution I witnessed was a man accused of stealing a chicken. He was taken to court and although his guilt was not proved the judge ordered him hung up by his thumbs and severely beaten. To escape further torture the coolie confessed that he was the thief, upon which he was sentenced, led to the execution ground and beheaded, his head being displayed in the principal square of the town as a warning to others. I afterwards discovered that the man was innocent, having been accused by an envious neighbor who wished for his downfall. The accuser was not molested.

In the interior I several times witnessed another method of execution which beggars description. The criminal was in a strong wooden cage, his head protruding above and his neck firmly held in a circular clamp. Four or five stone slabs were placed under his feet to enable him to stand when first placed in the cage, and thus take the pressure from his neck. The criminal was then stationed in the busiest thoroughfare of the town. Every two hours the executioner appeared and removed one of the stone slabs, each time making it more difficult for the criminal to keep the pressure from his neck. After the last piece was taken away by the official the Chinaman was left suspended by his chin and slowly strangled to death, the pedestrians stopping to watch the proceedings with intense interest; but no compassion was shown for the sufferer, whom they cursed with their strange oaths and about whom they crowded close to watch his struggling.

The cruelties of the Chinese transcend those of any of the Far and Near Eastern countries I have visited. Nothing to approach their morbid desire to inflict suffering and enjoy it did I find in India, Ceylon, the Malay States, Chosen, Japan, Egypt, Morocco or Algeria.

Perhaps with more cleanly habits of body the Chinese mind would become more pure, as well as the reverse. The middle-class Chinaman looks in the winter as if he were sewed into his clothes and never removed them. Unlike the Japanese, the Chinaman has no use for a daily bath. The Chinese gentleman, however, is occidentally clean and he and his family wear beautiful silk clothes. Their homes are clean also, and filled with priceless ornaments and rugs.

On every hand through the country I found a most chaotic condition of affairs which led me further into the conviction that the

average Chinaman is a grafter by nature and a liar by practice—but what can one expect of the lesser people when the late Dowager Empress built herself a summer palace with the funds raised for the purpose of re-establishing the Chinese navy, which palace is now neglected and going to ruin. The magnificent temples of China instead of being cared for by the priests are allowed to fall into disrepair, and the more dilapidated they are the more the priests and people seem to venerate them.

The Chinese official, as a rule, is much underpaid, his yearly stipend scarcely covering his month's expenses. The balance he is expected to "find" for himself. This he proceeds to do by graft, robbing those whom he is supposed to govern and protect. In my journeyings through interior China I discovered every province was "governed" through extortion and vice by officials appointed by the Governor. Eventually the central government at Peking becomes dissatisfied with such work and orders the official to return to the capital. He refuses, upon which troops are dispatched to force his return; but by the time they have reached the distant province the official, forewarned, has escaped to Hongkong with his ill-gotten gains. Here in a British possession he can live a life of luxury and ease safe from the vengeance of his government.

THE LAND OF THE SUOMI

Where the Finns Struggle for Independence—Life in Finland One of Passive Ease—A Country of Over a Thousand Lakes and Waterways

By Nevin O. Winter

I never saw a Finnish train that was in a hurry. The trains do not run; they creep. A mile in four minutes is express speed. From the engine of our train on the Finnish State Railway there came the sweet fragrance of burning pine instead of the ill-swelling fumes of coal exhaust. I noticed that the carriages were different from those in Russia and the uniforms of the trainmen were dissimilar. Notices calling the passenger's attention to the danger of putting his head out of the window and the regulation against spitting were conspicuously posted in half a dozen languages—Finnish, Swedish, Russian, German, French and English. This seemingly insignificant feature almost startled me, for it was the first time I had seen a public notice in good old United States since I crossed the Russian border in a train with all doors locked several months before.

I watched interestedly the neat little toy cottages as they flitted by with a flash of red, and the surface drain ditches that crossed the cultivated fields every few rods. I saw the hay fields with their rows of long posts bristling with branches like hat pegs, on which the freshly-cut hay is hung so that it will dry more quickly. The well-kept cattle grazing in the fields were a recommendation of the dairy products, for which Finland has become famous. Lake and forest and open fields succeeded each other in unending repetition as the train moved on and on in leisurely fashion.

Everything was different. Soldiers were fewer. The icons with their rows of burning candles were missing from the stations. There were many churches, but a slender spire had replaced the gilded domes. A freer atmosphere seemed to surround everything and everybody. The calendar had jumped forward thirteen days to catch up with the one established by Gregory. It was not until I reached Helsingfors several days later, however, that I began to realize fully that I was no longer in Russia. Having been shown

to a cheery and comfortable room in the hotel, I turned to the clerk and said,

"Here is my passport."

"We do not care for your passport," he replied. "You are now in Finland."

This was the first instance in traveling all over European Russia that my passport was not demanded within a few minutes of my arrival. At Viborg, of course, it was necessary for me to hand over this precious document, but Viborg is near Petrograd. Even there, however, it was evidently not taken to the police headquarters because it bore no official stamp, as was the invariable custom. I found that the deeper I penetrated the country the more independent the people became and the bolder they were in expressing themselves about such a forbidden subject as the government.

My sympathies go out to the Finns. In a desolate and trying land, which they call by the poetical name of Suomi, in a severe northern climate, tempered somewhat by the genial gulf stream, there has grown up a hardy and virile race. Buffeted about between Sweden and Russia, and never having enjoyed the blessings of a national existence, the people have preserved and developed their own national characteristics and have evolved a democracy. A war has just been fought and won to make it possible for little nations to live and work out their own ideals. This right belongs to Finland. It is not a little nation, as European nations go. It is larger than the British Isles. It has a greater population than Sweden had when her meteoric and youthful knight-errant king Charles XII overran almost the half of Europe. And Frederick, wrongly called the Great, had fewer than the people of Finland under his banner when he began to rock Europe to her very foundations while indulging in philosophical dreams at his palace of Sans Souci.

Finland has been called the "Land of a Thousand Lakes," but the "Land of Ten Thousand Lakes" would be nearer the truth. Even though Finland is suggestive of fen-land, one must disabuse his mind of the idea of miasmatic swamps and replace with a vision of little gems of lakes bordered with birch and pine and studded with emerald islands.

Were the Finns not among the most patient and passive and stolid people in the world, they would have risen in revolution long ago. Nature, fate and tradition have alike stamped their indelible mark on the Finnish character. The Finn has a slow and contemplative way of thinking, and there is an unwillingness to become angry.

I went to a restaurant one day, gave the waiter my order, which was a very simple one, and mentioned the need of haste.

"Straxt," he replied politely.

His answer was encouraging. Ten minutes passed; twenty min-

utes rolled into eternity; almost half an hour had disappeared, when I again urged my wants.

"Straxt" was all the answer I got. But "straxt" meant another quarter of an hour. It is the most exasperating word that I heard in Finland. No order is given without this word as an answer. It means "immediately," but it certainly is a misnomer. No Finn ever hurries himself for anybody or anything. There is something about the Finnish character that absolutely refuses to be hustled. "Time is always before one," says an old Finnish proverb, and it is backed up by another that "God did not create in a hurry." These characteristics have made him far more patient under most trying circumstances than the Anglo-American could possibly be.

The women of Finland may not hurry, but they nevertheless progress. They have long had suffrage. Men of America, those of you who fear the effect of the suffrage amendment, take heart. Let the heavy pall of gloomy anticipation that is enveloping you be dissolved by a glance at this country bisected by the Arctic Circle. It has been the only country in Europe which totally ignored the word "male" in its suffrage regulations. Each adult person who has reached the age of twenty-four is entitled to vote. As fifty-three per cent. of the inhabitants are women, the country has been run, theoretically at least, for a number of years by the petticoat sex. Regardless of this fact—and this is something that opponents of woman's suffrage may well note—the sun rises and sets with the same regularity and upon the same schedule as it formerly did. Men and women fall in love, or at least they marry and are given in marriage just as in the olden days before such an innovation was attempted. Nevertheless, regardless of their numerical preponderance, and despite the fact that they could oust every mere man from the joy of public office, at no time has more than one-tenth of the Diet been composed of women. All these rights were secured by the Finnish women without the explosion of a single bomb or the smashing of a solitary window. Never did they post either a silent or a vociferous guard before the door of authority. Never did they waylay in season and out of season the legislators wearing bifurcated nether garments until all patience was exhausted.

"There is nothing that the woman do not do," an American told me. "I wanted a little carpenter work done and left the order for it. Imagine my surprise when two women came in the following morning carrying a regular kit of tools. They did the work in a very satisfactory way, too. A female plasterer and helper followed, and the papering of the wing that I added to my house was done by the same sex. The only man who worked on the job was the electrician." I must admit it did seem a little strange to see women standing on a scaffolding and plastering the wall of a public build-

ing, while others were completing the finishing work about a large door.

In traveling over a country one sees many little things which, insignificant in themselves, suggest far greater things in the national life. While waiting at a station for the train that was to bear me back to Helsingfors, I became very much interested in a group of young men and women almost covered with bouquets of the choicest roses. One attractive young woman, who was either more popular than the others or whose friends were wealthier, had the whole front of her coat covered with these flowers and both hands were filled as well. One young man had half a dozen bouquets pinned on his coat. All these young people I learned were students on their way to take the entrance examinations for the University at the capital. They were just such a jolly and lively bunch of youthful spirits as you might expect to see headed for the opening season of a college in the U. S. A.

Finland is probably the best educated nation in the world. I do not mean to say that intensive education has been carried very far, but at least an elementary education is more universal. Practically every man and woman, and every child of sufficient years, knows the three "R's." This fact is one of the greatest recommendations that Finland can have in entering the great family of nations.

Education in Finland is not compulsory. This makes its universality even more commendable. Illiteracy is such a discredit that emulation has become keen. In times past the clergy have made illiteracy a bar to confirmation. The profession of teaching commands respect. In the rural districts the problem of education is a serious one, because of the scattered population and the poverty of the people, but they seem to have solved it very well. The University is no upstart institution, for it was founded at Abo, the original capital, as far back as 1640. When that city was almost wholly destroyed by fire in 1829, the University was removed to Helsingfors. Women were admitted into it almost half a century ago. On commencement day the head of each graduate is adorned with an actual crown of laurels. This happened during my stay.

I am really sorry for anyone who is under the necessity of learning the Finnish language. A mere glance at a Finnish grammar, with its host of grammatical complexities, is enough. Just think, you college or high school student, of being obliged to give the declension of any noun (unless it should be "to love") in sixteen cases, both singular and plural. It would strike terror to the stoutest heart. There is a great paucity of prepositions, and the accent always falls on the first syllable. There are only nineteen letters in the alphabet, but additional sounds are indicated by the use of diacritical marks. Some of the words look most formidable when

printed, for they keep adding syllables to some popular or favorite old root to indicate changes of meaning.

"How do you like the Finns?" I asked of an American business man who had lived in Helsingfors many years.

"They are a splendid people," replied he. "Americans would never stand what the Finns have been compelled to endure since 1898. It has made my blood boil so much at times that I have been almost induced to lead a revolution myself.

"The Finns? They resisted only in the most passive way. When the Finnish army was abolished in that year, and an attempt was made to extend Russian military law over the country, every man, woman and child dressed in mourning on the Sunday after the manifesto. Bells were tolled in the churches and places of amusement were closed. A petition was signed by several hundred thousand persons which was taken to St. Petersburg—as it was then—to be presented to Nicholas II, but they were not even granted an audience by the Little Father. When I came here Finland had her own postage. When this privilege was taken away the people adopted a black mourning stamp which they placed side by side with the Russian. This form of passive resistance continued until a letter thus adorned was refused admittance to the mails."

The military service bill was settled a second time by Finland agreeing to pay instead a fixed sum each year into the imperial treasury. Then came laws to abolish the Finnish coinage. The Russification policy had proceeded so far as to curtail the rights of a free press, to compel the University to come under the Russian law, and to make a knowledge of Russian necessary for entrance into that really great institution. Thus Finland's identity was suppressed.

In every town one sees the street signs in three languages—Swedish, Finnish and Russian. Seven hundred years of Swedish rule implanted an indelible mark upon the people. With the Diet of 1863 there arose the renaissance of Finland, and it was the language question that led to a definite Finnish party. Then came a prolonged struggle between the Fennoman and the Svecoman. The first victory of the Fennoman was a decree ordering that Finnish should be used equally with the Swedish in the law courts, in all branches of the administration, and in the schools, although at that time there were no text books in that language.

It was not until 1886 that the absolute equality of the two languages was obtained by an Imperial Rescript. A third of a century ago Helsingfors was almost exclusively a Swedish-speaking town. Today the Finns far outnumber the Swedes there. When the Four Estates were abolished in 1906 and a single house established, the Swedes, who had previously controlled two of the four houses, were able to claim only an eighth of the seats in the new Diet.

Finnish schools now exceed in number those teaching Swedish. With independence established, it will not be many years before Finnish is the only official tongue in use in the country.

There is an old Finnish saying that when God made the world and reached Finland He had not much wealth left. The gold and the silver, the copper and the other metals were exhausted, so He gave her the beauty of lake and forest and sky. In the forests lie the wealth of these people. It is the products of the forest that fill the moneybags which feed and clothe the three million or so of Finns who are attempting to solve life's problems amidst surroundings that most of us would term extremely hard and unpromising. Finland has the greatest percentage of wooded surface of any European country, and it is one of the principal sources of the wood pulp which is so necessary in our modern civilization.

Forests are seen everywhere in Finland and water is also omnipresent. By the aid of canals it is possible to travel over a great part of the country by water. One can start near Viborg, which has been more Russified than any other Finnish town, and go through the famous Saima Canal, past the roaring Falls of Imatra—a waterfall worth visiting, where untold water power is going to waste—and visit the quaint town of Nyslot, built upon several islands, which is noted for its haunted castle. From here one can push his way almost up to the Arctic Circle, without stepping foot upon land. Thousands of clear lakes gleam out of the dark forests and thousands of green islands are mirrored in the blue waters.

Kuopio, a couple of hundred miles north of Helsingfors, is on the northern verge of civilization. Here the trees begin to dwindle into stunted birch and pine and are gradually succeeded by the desolate plains and hills of Lapland which stretch away to the Polar seas. Almost the only inhabitants in these northerly solitudes are the nomadic Lapps. The great wealth of forest is then revealed, for cultivation gradually ceases because the uncertainty of the season makes agriculture very unprofitable. By rail and water one can go to Uleaborg, then to Torne, and cross over into Sweden whence the midnight sun can be seen in July from a mountain called Aavasakasa. It is a journey that is filled with the most intense interest for the lover of nature in her various moods.

The easiest way to reach Finland is by steamer from Stockholm to Abo, the second city in the country. When Helsingfors is icebound, the ice breakers are still able to keep this route open. Abo was the capital under Swedish rule but lost its dignity when the Russians came, for it was too far removed from the seat of government. One after another its institutions were taken away, until there was nothing left. But Abo has lost little time in crying over spilt milk or in bewailing her ancient glories. She has made the

most of her advantage as the nearest city to Sweden and a twelve-months port. At Helsingfors there is nothing more than a century old; at Abo is a famous castle and a cathedral, both of which number their ages in centuries.

The way of ways to approach Helsingfors is by sea from Stockholm. Then one sees some of the innumerable small and rocky islands by which the shores are shielded. Some of them rise above the surface of the water like rounded shoulders of black granite, with here and there a single fir tree standing as a sentinel. Landward will be seen a stretch of forest, which a near approach proves to be but a labyrinth of thickly-wooded islets. Nearing the city the steamer passes the seven islands on which the famous fortress of Sveaborg is built. As the city of Helsingfors comes into view the great Lutheran church, the Nicolai Kyrkan, seems to dominate the horizon, just as that faith dominates the country. On a near eminence, but not quite so lofty, rises the Russian cathedral with its gilded domes, the Church of the Assumption, which has stood for many years as the emblem of the conqueror in a country where there are few followers of Russian orthodoxy. At first sight the city appears almost another Venice, for inlets indent the shore deeply, dividing it into several distinct parts.

The days linger with me still. It was just as spring had burst into full bloom. The transformaton proceeds there with almost lightning-like rapidity. Spring arrives with a rush like a wild creature released from a leash. A single week of warm weather carpeted the lawns and parks with a covering of green. All nature was awake and smiling. Sky and water were of the deepest blue imaginable. The people of the capital were like children welcoming a long-looked-for vacation. At eleven o'clock it was possible to read out-of-doors and a tinge of red was distinguishable in the western sky. At midnight paraders were still passing the flower-bordered paths of the Esplanade Gatun. Tables in front of the restaurants were surrounded by merry crowds of diners. A happy, good-natured crowd was everywhere, and even the stranger could not resist being permeated with the same feeling of rejoicing. For weeks in succession neither streets nor houses require the aid of artificial light, so that June, July and August seem almost like one perpetual midsummer day.

One should not think for a moment that the Finns pine and sulk during the long winters. When the sea is frozen and navigation is absolutely stopped for months the joy of living has really just begun. Whole battalions are out in the open, skating over the vast expanses of glistening ice. The roads are marked out by small fir trees or branches placed in the ice. Skiing is as much of a pastime as in Sweden and Norway, but there are not so many hills

for coasting and the sport seems tamer. The most thrilling of all sports is ice-yachting. The little boats sail over the sea at a terrific pace, and much of the communication is kept up in this way.

Helsingfors is a cheerful city where good living is enjoyed at a modest cost. Many of the streets are broad and lined with handsome business blocks and public buildings. There is a striking originality as well as eccentricity in the use of the huge blocks of granite in portals and pillars, as well as in the extraordinary decorations. The Finns are essentially an artistic and emotional race, and all their art is developing along national lines. It is so in painting and music, as well as in architecture and literature. You might say that the famous Finnish epic, the *Kalevala,* reminded you of Longfellow's Hiawatha. The similarity is striking, but our poet copied the meter and style of the *Kalevala* which had been collated by Dr. Elias Lönnrot from the memories of hundreds of Rune singers, wandering minstrels who may still be found throughout the country districts of Finland. It contains seven thousand more lines than the Iliad, with which it is often compared.

The market at Helsingfors attracted my attention the first morning. It is held on a large open space on the water-front near the hotel. Here come the farmers and their wives from the surrounding country by boat and wagon, ready to sell to any customer as infinitesimal a quantity of their produce as desired, for an incredibly small sum. You can buy a solitary egg, one carrot or a single potato. A little pat of butter, less than an eighth of a pound, will be dished out to you, and you pay no more than the portion is worth. Under cotton umbrellas sit the regular market women, dressed in bright-colored waists and with black or white handkerchiefs tied over their heads. The fish for sale are displayed in the boats of the fishermen, who bring their own catches. A little before noon the fishermen and market merchants who have come by water set sail for home, the cotton umbrellas come down, the wagons roll away and the entire market disappears as by magic.

Americans should not hold any prejudice against the Finns because of their seeming pro-Germanism during the months following the Russian collapse. It was in July, 1917, that independence was declared from Russia at a great and representative meeting held in Helsingfors. Shortly afterwards a republic was proclaimed, and this seemed the only logical outcome to one familiar with Finland and the Finns. Here, as everywhere, however, there are forces of reaction led by selfish interests. Let us hark back a dozen years in Finnish history. Then the Diet was composed of four bodies, called the Estates. These were the nobles, the clergy, the burghers and the peasants. Each one of these Estates had equal power. The nobles composed only a few hundred families and the clergy are

not numerous. Yet these two elements maintained half the power in the National assembly. Likewise the burghers were far less numerous than the peasants. But the fact that there was a house of peasants in those days, clothed with even a quarter of the power, was a hopeful sign of the better things that have followed.

When the danger of a bolshevik control arose the conservative elements appealed to Germany. The nobles felt their prerogatives slowly but surely slipping away from them, and here was an opportunity to establish them firmly once more. Furthermore, the noble class and the Lutheran clergy have generally been educated in Germany. With the impassive and non-resisting character of the masses of the Finns, it was not difficult to establish their ascendency with the aid of armed forces sent over by Germany. The Finns were not wholly of a non-resisting nature, however, for the streets were stained with the blood of many patriots, and although there was much talk about placing a German prince upon the throne the reactionaries were never quite able to carry out their design.

It is not surprising that a people who have never enjoyed the blessings of independence and absolute freedom should experience a few vagaries during the settling-down process, while the different elements are testing each other's strength. Our forefathers had their troubles after freedom was secured and it was several years before the union of the thirteen colonies was effected. With the spirit of democracy everywhere in the air and the right of self-determination guaranteed, the republican elements are almost certain to come into control and a firm Republic of Finland to arise.

THE PECULIAR HEATHEN CHINEE

[*Continuing the author's account of China's customs and superstitions. This article pictures the Yellow Republic's precarious position between the devil and the deep sea.*—EDITOR.]

By C. WHITNEY CARPENTER, JR.

IN the interior of China I noticed on all sides the evidence of ancestor worship. No matter how poor the home there is an altar where incense is burned, and, as I have already mentioned, a body is not buried until the family is assured that the "lucky day" has arrived. When the day does arrive it is buried not only with food "for the spirit" but clothing in which it may array itself when it wishes to depart for a while from its resting place. The rich man's grave is sometimes provided with a horse and cart to enable the soul to take this holiday without having to exercise, for the upper class Chinese considers walking beneath his dignity. Sometimes the horse and cart, or other large paper figure of an animal, will be burned at the grave. But the lucky day of burial does not arrive until the village astrologer is assured that there is money in the family coffer to pay his fee—which varies from a few dollars to thousands, depending upon the known wealth of the family. However, this does not settle the matter, for should the family receive a legacy the chances are ten to one that the astrologer will discover that the spirits do not approve of the original resting place of the departed, so that he must select another site and another day—for both of which there is a fee! —and plan for a big feast.

I found it difficult to distinguish between the weddings and funerals I witnessed. There seemed to be as much weeping and wailing at one as at the other: at the wedding by the bride who forced herself to extravagant grief over leaving home; at the funeral by the paid wailers, the near relatives of the deceased usually being too busy feasting to spend much time in grief, if capable of real emotion. Often it takes generations of descendants to pay the bills for an up-to-date funeral.

In the country districts I observed a rooster fastened to the coffin which I was told was supposed to convey the spirit to its ancestral home. In the houses one often sees great planks stored away in readi-

ness for the construction of coffins for the mother and father, and occasionally a birthday will be celebrated by the present of a coffin given by a devoted son.

China's great population is accounted for by missionaries in the saying that the only law of God that has ever been obeyed by Chinamen is to be fruitful and multiply. What has become of many of her baby daughters is well known; but her women are more highly respected, in many ways, than are the women of Japan. The Chinaman loves his food and his money and although he himself may abuse his women he will not grant such rights to the European. In Japan it is quite possible and customary for Europeans to rent as temporary wives young girls whose mothers transact the business arrangements through marriage brokers as one would rent a house—in fact the house often goes into the bargain. This condition does not obtain in China. The Chinaman himself is primarily responsible for moral conditions.

China's vast stretches offer great possibilties of development. Her many rivers and splendid canal system, forming arteries for the marketing of her silks and cotton industries, are not surpassed in any country—her Grand Canal extending from Hang-chow Fu to Peking, twelve hundred miles, is the longest artificial water way in the world, a marvelous achievement, but like everything else it is going to ruin for lack of use as well as of repairs. China's cold fields are twenty times the size of Great Britain's; they are still almost unopened, as well as the vast copper and iron mines.

China's commercial power is centered in the Yangtze; but the control of this great artery is vested in other nations. In traveling four hundred miles on the Yangtze I was amazed to see but four or five Chinese flags flying from the trading vessels; all the busy traders were flying English and Japanese flags. Japan's merchant fleet in Chinese waters is increasing every day—and a visit to Yokohama, Kobe or Nagasaki shipyards will reveal a great to-do day and night in the construction of dreadnaughts, destroyers and sea-going submarines to protect her commerce. One is forced more and more to the conclusion that the Great Wall of China, and the city walls—that of Peking, unlike the other city walls, in good condition, being sixty feet thick at the base by fifty high—are symbolical of the Chinese character—ancient, enduring and impervious either to the inroads of time or the advancement of the times. The greatest engineering and building feat the world has ever known is probably represented in the serpentine fifteen hundred miles of the Great Wall. These walls are a symbol of Chinese fear, from the fear of attack on the family which the courtyard walls prevent, to the city walls which insure district protection, and the Great Wall which was built to frustrate invasion by the country's foes. The compound or courtyard

walls are necessary in the country to protect from robber bands, from tigers and from wolves—though the latter the natives believe are kept away by great rings of whitewash on the mud house walls. From the white man's point of view the courtyard walls are desirable for privacy's sake and for cleanliness, as well as for protection from stray wild beasts, of which the tiger is probably the most fearsome. The villagers in the interior have a morbid interest in the killing of a tiger, which to the European is good sport. Tiger blood, carefully hoarded by the natives on old rags and even on their clothing, is considered a preventive of measles and smallpox. The skin is usually presented with great show of piety to the temple god.

The evil spirits of China seem to be her most wide-awake element. Always they are watching to catch the unwary. And with a sly caution the Chinaman has in many ways provided against the coming of these spirit scourges by outwitting them. On the bow of every Chinese boat, for instance, the traveler will notice two large painted eyes. These eyes are to enable the craft to see the evil spirits which are lurking in the waters, and so avoid them. Without these eyes, the Chinaman believes that not only will the evil spirit be enabled to molest his craft, but that navigation will suffer—for if the boat has no eyes how can it see to proceed? Perfect reasoning, according to the Chinese mind. At the launching of a boat great strings of firecrackers are set off and supposed to keep away the evil for all time. Temple roofs are decorated with large curved wood dragons, to keep away evil spirits, and rich men's houses are likewise protected. If these distinguishing marks are as successful in keeping away evil spirits as the red-cross-marked hospitals in France were in warding off German attacks during the war, the Chinaman is apt to lose faith in his signs and class his hoodoos with the well-known and ruthless Hun. Buildings are also limited in height for fear evil spirits in their peregrinations might run into them!

Evil spirits are supposed to travel only in straight lines, which accounts for many of the eccentricities of the Great Wall of China, that wonderful fifteen-hundred mile structure that extends from Shanhaikwan on the Gulf of Lian-Tung to the interior of Suchow in Kansu, built in 214 B.C., which winds snakelike over hills and through valleys—that extraordinary feat of engineering which seems all the more wonderful in the light of the present-day intelligence of the average Chinese, apparently insufficient to engineer the construction of even a chicken coop. To foil the plans of the evil spirits and prevent their progress, the wall was built with many steep turns; temples are built with blank walls opposite the entrance gates to stop the progress of the spirits, and to-day pots and jars are seen on many of the house roofs, put there to catch the unwary devils.

Owing to the Boxer uprising in 1900 and the subsequent attack

on the foreign legations in Peking, we all know something about the capital of China, which for nearly one thousand years was the residence of the emperors, and is today the seat of government. Now that the empire has become a republic and the splendor and pomp of the Imperial Court a thing of the past, Peking has lost much of its former attraction, but it is still by far the most interesting city in Asia. The magnificent Temple of Heaven, unattended by priests or guardian, is overgrown with weeds and rubbish and the roof is being stripped of its famous blue tiles by that pest—the souvenir-hunting tourist. One also misses an occasional glimpse of the emperor in his imperial yellow robes; the state officials attended by magnificent outriders driving madly through the streets on secret errands of intrigue, and the brilliant pageants so dear to the heart of the Chinese.

Because the Chinaman cannot trust his fellows he looks upon the foreigners with great suspicion, complicating the life of the missionary. However, he looks with less suspicion upon the American than upon the European, probably because America returned half the Boxer indemnity while the other nations demanded theirs to the last farthing.

But whether he be ruled by emperor or president, John Chinaman is always a source of interest and amusement to the traveler. Walk through the Chion Men Gate and mingle with the throngs of coolies, whose half-exposed muscular bodies, long queues (still worn in the north) and fanciful dress make a picture never to be forgotten; they swarm through the gate by the thousands, and as you stand watching these yellow fanatics you remember those anxious days of 1900, when myriads of Chinamen, inflamed by their Boxer leaders, were clamoring for the lives of the "foreign devils" in the besieged legations. You feel that similar disorders might break out again without a second's warning. Unrest has been in the air for some time, especially noticeable in the streets of Peking. And added to this danger is the unstable government whose authority is obeyed by few and respected by none. In this strange country where human life is of less account than an animal's, and where graft, disorder and vice abound, a strong man, such as the late Li Hung Chang, with the power of a dictator, is needed to restore law and order. In my opinion China will never be properly governed with its capital so far away from the southern provinces. The seat of government should be in the Nanking or on the Yangtze River, which would enable the president to keep in touch with every part of the republic.

I have met many Americans living on the Pacific coast, who think that the Japanese a most dangerous enemy who has designs on the Philippines, Hawaii and California. I have been in Japan twice and have no hesitation in saying that I consider these fears unfounded and that Japan desires none of our country—her thoughts of expan-

sion for the present, at any rate, lying in quite the opposite direction, China. She considers America her friend and has the greatest respect and admiration for us in spite of our western labor unions and the yellow press who have done everything possible to stir up hatred and animosity, while the unscrupulous Hun outdid himself in fostering this ill feeling, hoping to bring about an American-Japanese war and thereby prevent our assisting the Allies in Europe with men and material. Japan, clever enough to see through these intrigues, has apparently kept faith with the United States and has tried to show that she wants nothing from us but our friendship.

To-day, who holds the subtle power in directing the internal affairs in that vast country of China with its three or four hundred millions of benighted people?—Japan. Who knows China from A to izzard, due to her marvelous system of spies, scarcely second to the spy system of the erstwhile German? Japan. And while the warring countries are recuperating from the ravages of the conflict, Nippon will have a free hand to better herself in the celestial republic and make her position impregnable. For years every political move of her unwieldy neighbor has been guided and generally planned by Tokio, whose aim is to so weaken China by unrest, revolution and moral decay that eventually some foreign power must step in, seize the reins of government and bring order out of chaos. For this task the Japanese consider themselves best equipped. They say, "Why not? Is not England's annexation of Egypt a parallel case?" And they hope that history will repeat itself in China with Japan in the leading rôle. And would this be unfortunate for a country which, although it embraces a vast territory only inferior in extent to the possessions of Great Britain, is a house divided against itself, where the authority of the government is acknowledged only within a few hundred miles of Peking? No. Under Japanese rule China would be forced to awaken from dreams of bygone days and to become an active part of the progressive, modern world—that is, what is left of China after Japan's present policy has been in operation a little longer. It is a fact well known to those acquainted with conditions in China, that Japan while enforcing her own laws against the use of opium in her own possessions, has made of Korea—or Chosen as it is now called—a garden spot for the cultivation of opium with which to corrupt the Chinese official. In 1906 the Empress Dowager accomplished a great thing for China: she prohibited by edict the growing of opium in the empire and gave a guarantee to the civilized world that it would be stamped out in ten years. This guarantee, strange as it may seem, has been kept. There has been little opium grown in China since that date. It has been smuggled in, however, for its growing is encouraged in Portuguese China and French Indo-China because of the enormous revenues in taxes which the Euro-

pean officials reap from the sales. It is Japan's plan, when intrigue fails with Chinese officials and women cannot corrupt them, to revert to opium which Japan can supply to appease the dormant desire which is ready to be reawakened in the material Chinese nature. Opium for this purpose has been and is being cultivated in Korea, as I have said before, and is shipped into Japan as government military stores. What will Japan raise in the farming districts of Shantung province? Rice, it is to be hoped; perhaps she will raise malt grains for American breweries here.

While Japan has accomplished this unprecedented rapidity of progress since 1854, what has happened to China? There, prestige together with territory has been lost, and the whole country has been backsliding and living in a state of unrest and disorder, dreaming of the glorious past instead of joining the rest of the world on its march to civilization. In 1895 she was utterly crushed in her war with Japan and as a result lost Formosa and $234,000,000 paid as an indemnity. In 1900 the Boxer Revolution against foreigners cost her an indemnity of $293,850,000 and the loss of thousands of her people who were executed as leaders in the uprising at the demand of the Great Powers. Her vast coal fields, the largest in the world, her enormous deposits of iron ore, gold, silver, copper, lead, tin and zinc lie in the earth practically untouched. She has but five thousand miles of railroads, mostly financed by foreign capital. Foreign currency (the Mexican dollar) is used in China and even these coins are treated as bullion and taken by weight.

It seems as if China will never be able to form a government strong enough to put down disorders and stamp out unrest, and rebellion rampant within her borders. She has lived long enough torn apart by misrule and abuse and the day is not far off when her independence will be lost and she will be placed under the yoke of some foreign power. Is Japan best qualified for the difficult task of regenerating the irresponsible Chinese? The one has seized the opportunities offered by Western civilization, and by her personal endeavors has made a place for herself among the great nations of the world; while the other has closed her eyes to everything but the glories of the past of which she has dreamed for hundreds of years without awakening from her stupor. In no phase of life is China much more advanced than she was a thousand years ago. She is still the same weak, superstitious nation, utterly unfitted to govern herself. What China needs is to forget the greatness of her dead and the atmosphere of the past and center her thoughts on to-day and to-morrow. Forgetting her ancestors and imbibing western culture as a few of the clever young Chinese have already done will enable China to arouse from her lethargic sleep.

Is not a definite international consortium necessary to the protec-

tion and development of China? Japan seems still to be given to camouflage, and it is difficult to tell how much of her interest in China is, as she claims, for China's and the world's sake. It is, however, easy to make a comparatively safe guess once one penetrates the camouflage.

China is plainly between the devil and the deep sea. Although there is an up-to-date stirring in her industrial development, and international trading is projected with all parts of the world; although in several provinces there are plans to build railroads, to develop mines, to improve shipping facilities, to make China a close second to the United States as a cotton-growing center—these are all as yet "a scrap of paper." And the vast multitudes sleep peacefully on, happy in the dirt, crime, graft and superstition of ignorance and ancestor worship. Some people beside the Chinese are worried about Japan's intentions in China. But whoever awakens the Yellow Republic—whether she finally shakes herself into the twentieth century, or bows to Japan, or to a consortium—the awakener has a stupendous job on hand!

THE SPECTACULAR PRINCE OF "THE GARDEN OF INDIA"

The Progressive Maharajah of Baroda Gives a Recent Guest an Experience of Varied Thrills

By C. Whitney Carpenter, Jr.

The most spectacular prince in the world, His Highness the Maharajah Gaekwar of Baroda, is, besides being a very charming and genial host, a really progressive ruler of more than two million subjects. It was my privilege some two years ago to spend several weeks in Baroda, British India, at the invitation of this prince of the Maharatta people of Bombay. Perhaps the cordial reception and extraordinary entertainment following the invitation were partially due to the fact that there was a somewhat remarkable lady in the visiting party of two, who was on her bridal tour. The Gaekwar of Baroda has a heart which warms to romance as well as to ambition for his people, and it is doubtless true that letters of introduction from high British officials were not entirely responsible for the courtesy and entertainment afforded to two traveling Americans.

We had been carefully shadowed every minute since we had set foot in India, and from Bombay to Delhi our names were in every detective's pocket. Hindus and Mohammedans as well as English agents were on the lookout for Germans, and there had been, we were told, only four tourists in three months. India has the best home secret service in the world, and the visitor is shadowed from the time he gets up till he goes to bed again. The Maharajah has no connection with the police, all of the police in India being under British rule.

The character of the late Maharajah was diametrically opposite that of the present ruler, one of his unpleasant habits being to abduct young girls and cut off their fingers to offer as a sacrifice to his favorite deity. Forty years ago his tyrannies became so marked and unbearable that after he had attempted to murder the British political agent living at Baroda by putting ground glass in his food while entertaining him at dinner—some say it was ground diamonds—he was dethroned and exiled.

According to the story rife in England the Maharani Jumnabi of

Baroda, the widow of this fiend, received the Viceroy's permission to adopt a son who on attaining his majority would become Maharajah. The story reads like a fairy tale. After arduous search throughout the length and breadth of the domain three boys were found, living in great poverty among the peasants, who were blood connections of the Gaekwar family. These boys were summoned by the Maharani to the palace, and not daring to disobey they made their appearance in fear and trembling. Two of the children, quite abashed in such an august presence, were speechless and mannerless with fear. Not so with the third boy. He put on a bold front and when asked why he had come, frankly answered, "I have come to be Maharajah!" This display of frankness and cleverness so pleased the Maharani that the shepherd boy was then and there adopted, and so became the Maharajah Gaekwar of Baroda, the ruler of the most powerful state in all India, and a prince of untold inherited wealth.

With this auspicious beginning for a life of ambition, the boy developed into a remarkable ruler who, although many mistakes have marked his progress, has merited and held the love and devotion of his subjects.

Having heard much of this prince and his democratic ways we were eager for the first glimpse of him, but most surprised and a trifle flustered when, as the train pulled into Baroda station, our Mohammedan "bearer"—by far the best for Indian travel—beside himself with excitement, ran pellmell into our compartment and whispered, "Quick! Quick, Saheb, the Maharajah is awaiting you on the platform!" We glanced out and were amazed to see a procession which our bearer assured us was in our especial honor.

As we left the train His Highness in red turban and white gown, with many decorations, surrounded by his staff in Indian dress came toward us and welcomed us in true American fashion, speaking markedly beautiful English. We soon discovered that his whole court speaks English, and that the Maharajah himself is a most charming conversationalist and intensely interested in civics, having traveled widely, and during several trips to America having absorbed most progressive ideas from our educational institutions. Much of the time he wears European clothes. We were ushered into an open carriage drawn by four milk-white horses—such as Cinderella must have driven on that memorable occasion when the fairy godmother appeared!—and surrounded by a troop of soldiers were escorted through the narrow streets of Baroda to the Laxmi Vilas Palace, a huge and imposing edifice in the center of a magnificent park of over seven hundred acres. Tropical jungle growth it was, but showing signs of careful attention from the gardeners. Every tree seemed to stretch forth a welcome, for the forests were alive with wild monkeys, great beasts with long tails, who chattered and scampered and held out

strange, sinewy arms, while swinging gleefully from an overhanging limb, supported only by the marvelous curl in the handlike tail. This palace, the Maharajah told us, was to be our residence, and he trusted we should be both comfortable and happy there, and that he was delighted to be our host. He informed us that he and his people were fond of the Americans and great admirers of their progress. One criticism only he had to make: "We think your people do not give themselves time to think," and doubtless the Maharajah is right.

After resting from our tedious twelve-hour journey in an expensively appointed apartment, we found that our palace was one of two enormous and magnificent edifices which the Gaekwar maintains within four miles of the town both under the care of a regular superintendent to whom all details are entrusted. The Laxmi Vilas Palace, probably the most luxurious in the world, was built at a cost of seventy lacs of rupees—two million, one hundred thousand dollars. There are about 800 rooms of which perhaps 300 are bedrooms, and in this one palace the Maharajah has an entourage of fifteen hundred servants, besides numerous secretaries and military attachés. On every hand there are beautiful paintings from the brushes of world masters, priceless Persian rugs and weird mosaic decorations executed by Italian artists.

Especially beautiful is the Durbar Hall where the Maharajah holds court. The walls and floor are composed entirely of beautiful mosaics, creations of foreign artists, and strange paintings of mythological subjects by European and Indian students. Hand carved teak-wood galleries surround the hall, and in these during the durbars the ladies of the household are grouped behind exquisite lattice-work so they may view the ceremonies without being seen—for of course the Hindu women may not be gazed at by the public, their faces always being closely veiled.

When the Maharajah reached his majority he built the second palace, which is not so elaborate as the Laxmi Vilas. With truly unselfish hospitality he retires to the plainer and entertains his special guests in the more elaborate one—although to do this he leaves his apartments where the beds and dressing tables are of the purest gold studded with precious stones, and the doors are of massive silver. It is the Maharajah's custom to take his after-luncheon siesta on an embossed silver bed. Everyone rises, in India, with the larks to take advantage of the cool morning air.

The sensation of being a part of all this fairy-story life is hardly describable, but from hour to hour and day to day the wonders increased, so that we lived as in an Arabian Nights tale.

Of course all this treasure was carefully guarded by soldiers, who were, however, most unobtrusive in performing their duty, though very visible in their scarlet uniforms and blue turbans.

The Maharajah is proud of his State elephants, which are decorated with gold ornaments, their trunks being fantastically painted, while the howdah each carries is of gold studded with jewels. His bullocks, too, are considered the finest in India, and the white team that draws the curtained carriage when the women go for an airing have their horns encased in gold studded with jewels. His Highness was good enough to set aside for our use a huge motor car, one elephant and a team of horses with two men on the box and two sitting behind to brush away the flies with large horse-hair switches. Escorted by a secretary we were shown among other treasures the three Baroda State cannon, each weighing two hundred pounds and made of solid gold. The cannon, lined with steel for salutes, rested on embossed silver gun-carriages, each drawn by six magnificent milk-white bullocks with horns encased in gold and jewels.

Somewhat stupefied by this display I was about to pass without a question what appeared to be a rather tawdry gilt victoria, when an aid-de-camp detained us and explained that this was the Maharajah's State carriage and that it was made entirely of gold and drawn by twelve white horses whose harness was trimmed with gold, richly studded with rare jewels!

Our next expedition led into the State vaults where such treasure greeted the eye as to make one wonder how all this wealth could be hoarded and such splendor maintained when millions of half-starved natives who live more like animals than human beings exist in India on a wage of one or two pennies a day and eat only a few handfuls of boiled rice. A railroad switchman that I questioned as to his earnings told of a wage of seven cents a week. Surely the World War must eventually adjust affairs in India as well as elsewhere. But the Gaekwar of Baroda, despite the love of display inherent in his race, is a kind and unselfish ruler and his subjects worship and adore him for the many things he has accomplished and the great vista of the future he has opened to them—witness the more than three hundred public libraries, and the model government farm he maintains near the city of Baroda. It is rumored that many of the treasures will find their way into the melting pot, as the Gaekwar now well knows how to use his wealth for the benefit of his people.

In the treasure vaults is kept the jeweled carpet which is placed before the Maharajah's throne when holding his monthly durbars. It is woven throughout of pearls and emeralds and diamonds, sixty thousand small pearls forming the background. The carpet was planned by the Maharajah's predecessor to put on the tomb at Mecca, although he was a Hindu and not a Mohammedan. Dying before its completion, the old Maharajah had no benefit from the treasure. It was completed during the present Maharajah's reign—but not for Mecca.

"I am a Hindu—I'll finish it for myself," he said.

The chief diamond necklace—I say "chief" as there were over fifty such necklaces in the vault—is alone valued at forty lacs of rupees or one million two hundred thousand dollars, the largest stone costing one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. There are over fifty strings of beautiful pearls, many of great size, and priceless. On State occasions both the Maharajah and Maharani are decked with several layers of necklaces in addition to wonderful bracelets, rings, brooches, collars and aigrettes of jewels, and priceless earrings.

An apparent axiom of Baroda is, the more display, the more pomp, popularity and power. His Highness—as well as his subjects—loves decorations and parades, and grasps every occasion to let the public view the magnificence of the Government. During our stay at the Laxmi Vilas Palace, Lord Willingdon, Governor of Bombay and deservedly the most popular man in India, arrived on his annual tour of inspection and the reception accorded him was in full keeping with the Indian sense of pomp and honor.

The Maharajah, accompanied by the two princes who were educated at Harvard and Oxford, and other dignitaries in full oriental splendor, received the Governor at the railway station, which was gaily decorated with flowers, flags and festoons. A guard of honor with two bands playing national anthems was formed on the platform and the road to the Palace was lined on both sides by Indian soldiers standing at attention.

Gorgeously caparisoned elephants, with painted trunks and bejeweled howdahs, were stationed at intervals, while gold and silver carriages drawn by stately white and jeweled bullocks, followed by the famous gold cannon, formed part of the procession. We rode in one of the silver vehicles.

The distinguished visitor received a rousing ovation from the friendly populace and was driven to the palace in the gold carriage of State, while the yellow cannon thundered out official salute. In wild excitement the orientals crowded about the carriage and filled it with flowers, thus expressing their devotion to England's sovereignty.

That night a banquet marked by great splendor was given in honor of His Excellency, and the ceremony and pomp and magnificence displayed have probably never been equaled even in Europe's greatest capitals, unless it be in Vienna during the early reign of Franz Joseph. The Maharajah and the Princes, resplendent in the most costly of silks and priceless pearls, diamonds and rubies, entered the Durbar Hall with Lord Willingdon, who wore many jeweled orders. They were announced by a fanfare of twelve silver trumpets.

After formal presentations, the Court Chamberlain led the way

to the banqueting hall where a band was playing "God Save the King." This hall presented an impressive and never-to-be-forgotten scene as the Maharajah and his guest approached. From behind each carved chair ranged about the long and brilliantly lighted table, servants in bright scarlet livery and blue turbans, but with feet bare, salaamed to the inlaid floor.

The progressive Gaekwar of Baroda, defying Hindu custom, entertains as he pleases and believes to be right. Women are invited to banquets in the palace, and the Maharani, the most beautiful and progressive woman in India, presides with her husband. The Maharani wears only Indian dress, no matter where she goes. The dinner to the Governor followed the English style—a very rich European meal, with the best of wines and champagne. Some Indian dishes were served, and many cloying Indian sweets.

After the last course had been served and the usual toast to the King-Emperor, the guests, numbering about twenty, were entertained in a great open-air court where perfumed waters flowed over illuminated crystals fountains and countless dancing girls went through their weird contortions with hands, head and feet, while rending the air with shrill, high-pitched songs.

The Gaekwar of Baroda is the most unorthodox ruler in India, and is leading his people toward emancipation from the old caste regime which extended even to the educated class. In the matter of food alone, caste demands that no man shall eat food prepared by a cook of a different caste, or sit at table with others than those whose caste marks are the same as his. As regards foreigners, indeed, orthodox Hindus who inadvertently in public (or privately) speaks to an American, for instance, must return to their homes, bathe and change all clothes before they may partake of food.

In Baroda, however, the fear of caste contamination is being gradually eliminated, due to the example set by the Gaekwar, whose democratic tendencies are shown in many ways, and especially in the matter of eating with whomsoever he chooses to invite to his generous table. Out of the nine Maharajahs I visited in India, all but two ate by themselves to preserve their caste. The Maharajah of Baroda believes fully in the emancipation of women and has the courage of his convictions. His subjects say, "The Maharajah can do no wrong" —therefore the people are fast following his example.

The night following the reception to the Governor, His Highness the Maharajah invited me for a tiger hunt. Baroda is famous for its tiger, leopard and black bear, and I accepted without an instant's hesitation. The Maharajah himself is no hunter, but he generously plans the excitement for his guests—and such an expedition must cost an enormous sum.

We were off early and started in state for the jungle, first parading through the narrow streets of the town with our elephants, camels and over a hundred "beaters." Every building was ablaze with flags and the population were out *en masse* to wish the Gaekwar a successful journey and a safe return.

That night we camped in the jungle while the beaters proceeded to their allotted positions. The Indian jungle at best is not a pleasant place after dark, but in the oppressive heat, with the blood-curdling roars of man-eating tigers close to one's tent, and the almost human baby cry of the hyena drumming in one's ears, sleep was long coming. When one spends the night in the jungle for the first time all the horrible snake stories one has heard return unbidden to mind, and it is very easy to imagine a crawling reptile close at hand. Finally I fell asleep from sheer exhaustion to be awakened suddenly by the rattling of a falling tin pan. Springing up on the instant I turned on my electric lamp and saw, two feet away, a deadly cobra, hood expanded, ready to strike. Shock and fear paralyzed me for a moment when I saw that the snake was blocking the only way of escape from the tent. He was a wicked-looking customer, and I had been told that a cobra's bite was sure death within fifteen minutes—a poor finish indeed for a spectacular wedding trip!

Suddenly regaining my nerve I seized my rifle and swinging it about my shoulders brought it down on the serpent's head, nor was I satisfied with killing him once! Blow after blow with the rifle made safety doubly secure—but sleep was gone for the night, so I kindled a fire and smoked until dawn, meditating upon the fact that 50,000 people or more are killed in India every year by snake bite.

At daybreak we started out on elephants eager for the day's sport. As a guest I was given the point of vantage and felt quite secure on the back of an enormous elephant. The beaters could be heard approaching from the distance and we knew some wild beast would be driven in our direction within a few minutes. With nerves on edge I waited for what I hoped would be a magnificent tiger. The Maharajah's guest is always given two shots first with a large automatic rifle. Suddenly a leopard walked leisurely into the clearing, and failing to discover us in our hiding-place, sat on his haunches licking his feet. My elephant moved and broke a branch. In a second the leopard, with a savage snarl, charged us and attacked the elephant before I could fire a shot. The well-trained animal kept his ground in spite of the terrible wounds inflicted by the leopard, and I fired, merely hitting the leopard in the shoulder. Instantly he was upon the elephant again and again with roars of pain and rage, and I only succeeded in putting a shot through his brain after my mount was so terribly mauled that he had to be destroyed.

The following day we went again in search of a tiger, but fate was against us, and a small panther and black bear were the only rewards for our efforts. The tiger hunt was a disappointment, but nevertheless I was glad to go back to the capitol where no thought of cobras need trouble one's sleeping hours!

The Maharajah is a busy man with all his plans for the improvement of the lives of his subjects. Having made a thorough investigation of school systems, his admiration of American ways has led him to establish one which provides most thorough educational and industrial institutions both for boys and girls from primary to college grades. The little Indian widows whom the civilized world has learned to pity are allowed in the schools of Baroda, and not only accepted but aided by scholarship and equipped as teachers. And in Baroda was established the first Indian system of compulsory and free education.

American systems, American customs, American merchandise seem to be desired in Baroda. Each year several of her brightest young men are selected and financed by the Government to come to the United States, especially to study practical economics. This assures them of high positions on their return. The Gaekwar has for many years placed Americans in positions of great responsibility, notably at the head of the Government Departments of Commerce and Industry. The educational adviser is also an American, as well as the head of the library system and the Government accounting system. This doubtless accounts in some degree for the great number of American tools and other merchandise in use in the State. The Baroda School of Arts is the oldest of its kind in India.

Until 1875 Baroda was one of the most backward states. While the contrast of the "old and the new" is at times most startling and it is difficult to balance the barbaric splendor of the Maharajah's State and personal life with his democratic Americanism, it is true that he is a most remarkable ruler and now has more pride in progress than in possessions.

There is no conscription in India, but volunteers are flocking to the colors and the rich are most generously opening their coffers. In fact, India's loyalty is very marked—the people know the fairness and justice of England's rule, in contrast to the Kaiser's reputation from West Africa, and hence are more than willing to combat him. Some of the Indian Maharajahs have given half their fortunes to Britain for the war; even the few who were most anti-English are now wildly pro-British. Baroda gives about ten thousand dollars a month for British airplanes, while other potentates are maintaining entire regiments at the front and some are there in person.

After the usual formalities during which His Highness presented

us with many presents, including a jeweled sword from his personal collection, we departed with a feeling that we had been living in fairyland. I shall always look back with pleasure to my visit to H. H. Sayajiras III, the Maharajah Gaekwar of Baroda, the most beloved of all Indian princes, whose spectacular life might well form a chapter in the Arabian Nights.

PARIS UNDER THE LONG-RANGE GUN

Nothing Disturbs the Serenity of the French Capital. The Unconquerable Spirit of France Shines Through Parisian Hardships and Rebounds from Each Shock With Unfailing Confidence in the Future

By Robert M. McBride

Returning to Paris late in April from a special observation trip to the front lines I found the workmen busier than ever with the humble sandbag which has found its true sphere in protecting the monuments of the ages from the vandalism of the Hun. You see it appearing everywhere in the most conspicuous places, banked on intercrossed girders, forming protective walls about Paris' treasure trove. A shield of sandbags encloses the beautiful sculptures of l'Arc de Triomphe; a phalanx surrounds the base of Napoleon's column in the Place Vendôme, so many times abused, replaced and at last restored; bulwarks of sandbags protect the statues surrounding the Opéra. The great doors of Nôtre Dame are so completely buttressed to protect the fragile sculptures that have survived so many storms that the only entrance to the Cathedral is by way of a tiny doorway running through one of the barricades. Assyrian pyramids of sand disguise the famous river gods, bacchantes and other statues in the Tuilleries. The past glories of Paris are thus protected from the winged wrath of the barbarians and preserved for the still more glorious future.

I had been in Paris a few weeks previous, on that eventful Good Friday when Big Bertha took her toll in St. Gervais. In the Ministry of Munitions in London I saw an exact diagram of the big gun's slender projectile, with rifled jacket and sharply pointed nose. The blue prints showed it in its precise size which revealed to the technical mind the secret of its traveling power. I had expected to see a shell of mammoth dimensions, but this one was not. It weighed no more than a heavy man.

"How high does the shell travel to reach its destination?" I had asked the Colonel as he pointed out its unusual features.

"One hundred and twenty thousand feet," was the rejoinder, "a matter of about twenty-three miles."

But Paris is not terrified by the shells which come hurtling from Big Bertha's prodigious mouth. True, there was an exodus of perhaps three-quarters of a million people, chiefly families of the better class who could afford to leave their homes when the gun began her work. This was perhaps a lucky move, for it made the problem of feeding Paris more simple, a problem that has been reduced to the minimum of waste and labor with the maximum of comfort.

During the course of a business call in an office building a Parisian friend remarked casually, "Big Bertha's at it again, I see," very much as he might have said, "It looks like rain." "They're coming every half hour this afternoon."

As I walked about the city that Friday afternoon I occasionally heard the sound as of a pop-gun. That was the only aural reminder of war that day in Paris, but it was seemingly so unimportant that it caused me no anxiety, nor did I notice any nervousness on the part of the pedestrians or others who were quietly pursuing their everyday labors. From azure skies the sun shone on the boulevards crowded with men and women. Unconcernedly and even gaily they were sipping their *café-au-lait* at the little table along the streets, basking in the warmth of the sweet spring air. And in this same Paris on this Good Friday at this same moment the Huns in their brutality were wantonly murdering scores of women and children quietly worshiping in the church of St. Gervais. No one in that throng on the boulevards gave thought to the popping of the long-range shells which came, that day, methodically, every half hour, yet less frequently than on other occasions.

On my arrival the next morning in a city two hundred and fifty miles distant from Paris I heard the dire news that the German long-range gun had found its mark while I was strolling about looking for evidences of war along the boulevards and among the cafés, and wondering at the calm of the people.

So does Paris fear Big Bertha! Life goes on in the French capital in practically even tenor, and the little joys and sorrows, comedies and tragedies of everyday life are still enacted despite the danger at the gates and in the air.

You may fancy you see fewer people in the streets; you will see the laborers busy with the sandbags here and there going on with their work of protection of cathedral doorways, statuary and public monuments; you will see, if you walk up through the fine residential section running off the Champs-Elysées, many houses closely shuttered and betraying the absence of their owners; but the city shows no other effects of this latest and most spectacular perversion of German science and *kultur*.

Big Bertha is less to be feared than bombs in the airplane raids at night. Here and there in Paris the buildings for a block will occa-

sionally show evidences of an air raid. There will be a great hole where the burst came, and scattered spatterings of shrapnel holes for some distance in all directions, the same pattern as a lump of mud makes when hurled against a flat surface. The concussion of the shells is apt to work damage to window glass, and Paris merchants have devised a method of protecting themselves and the public from the danger of splintering glass by pasting strips of paper across the glass windows and doors. This gives the glass greater resistance to shock, and also prevents a deluge of splinters should it break. Many of the window strips are remarkable for their artistic and geometric design, for the Frenchmen, following their natural bent, vie with one another in making attractive a necessity that would otherwise be a disfigurement.

What is Paris doing for protection besides her anti-craft guns and her wonderful system of searchlights in the skies? Walk through the Gardens of the Tuilleries or the Champs Elysées or any of the little parks, and you will see great golden balloons dazzling in the sunlight, which remind you of those you had as a child, only much overgrown. They appear to have no intricate tackle, no suspended basket for the observer, nothing in sight that would seem to fit them for utility. These gaily-colored gas bags are a valuable part of the air defense of the city. When the *alerte* sounds from the distant hills signaling that the German raiders are on their way, these captive balloons are immediately released. They are what the French call *saucissons*—sausage balloons—and each forms a post, as it were, in a gigantic wire fence which is quickly erected about the city. Suspended from the balloons are huge wire nets and streamers which in circling the city form a complete barrage through which the enemy dares not risk driving his planes. The French have applied the old principle of the spider and the fly in guarding Paris, thus preventing the enemy from flying low and picking out the particular objects he wishes to destroy. While these *saucissons* are doing their part, the anti-aircraft guns, alias the "Archies," are getting in their fine work.

One beautiful clear evening when the stars were shining brilliantly and the moon was in its quarter, the kind of night that nature beckons to the airmen of the enemy, I sat down to write some letters in my room in the hotel. As I wrote I fancied that I heard a commotion outside, but my window was closed and such sound as I heard made little impression on my mind. Finishing my letters leisurely I descended to the lobby of the hotel to get some stamps from the *concierge*.

"There's a raid going on," he said answering my request for the stamps, "they're at it now." I noticed then that there were a number of people strolling about the lobby and I stepped to the door to get the sensation. The effect was like an incessant thunderstorm. The

sky was rent by vivid flashes of light, followed by the rumbling of the guns, and an occasional crash louder than the rest told the story of the bombs of the enemy. In between the crashes the deep thrumming of the airplane engines was plainly heard.

A young American lieutenant came in from his wanderings about the streets.

"They have been staging an extra show tonight," he said. "The Boches dropped a bomb squarely in the middle of the avenue and punctured a gas main. It was some spectacle. The flame shot up a hundred feet in the air and gave us quite a thrill before they got it under control."

"Aren't you taking a chance in walking around the streets while the French guns are busy distributing shrapnel over the sky?" I inquired.

"There's little danger of that here," he said, "because the French gunners throw their shells out from the city protecting it from their own fire."

The people of Paris are not so contemptuous of the raiders or of their own shrapnel as was this American lieutenant.

At the warning shriek of the siren and the shrill of the horns the civil population hurries to the public *abris*. These places of refuge are marked with big placards, so that no confusion will result. The Metro, the Nord-Sud and the other underground railroads are the most commodious resorts on these occasions. Trains are stopped on the instant, wherever they are, and people push into the stations, which become crowded almost to suffocation. At the raiding signal in the buildings and hotels all wind their way downstairs to the *abris* in the corridors, or wherever a convenient gathering place has been arranged, sometimes below ground. In these gatherings, howone does not find a great element of fear; the raid is discussed and oftentimes jokes fly freely till the *berloque* is heard in the distance, and as the firemen in their red motors whirl nearer, blowing their bugles which signal all is safe once more, streams of chattering, laughing and sometimes singing people pour from the *abris* into the dark streets, and once more pressing the buttons in their little electric flashlights, step as quickly as the diminutive patches of light permit, to their destinations. House lights behind the darkened windows flash through cracks again, and the few shaded street lamps allowed shed a ghostly blue over the night life of Paris.

Paris still remains Paris, and unless she is shattered to atoms she will ever retain her individuality. Perhaps the most noticeable change in her street life is the conspicuous absence of idlers. There are fewer civilians and more soldiery, less gaiety and more signs of mourning; but the boulevards on bright days have their old movement and life, the restaurants are well patronized, the shops are all open, and the department stores, filled with every variety of mer-

chandise, bustle with custom. Even exclusive shops along the Rue de la Paix and adjoining streets are all doing business as usual, and display in their show windows twenty-five-hundred-franc articles of jewelry and two-hundred-franc summer hats—women's, of course!

Paris still leads the world in making beautiful gowns and smart looking hats, but gone are the pastry shops which gladdened alike the heart of the visitor and native. No more are the windows piled high with flaky pastries of every conceivable sort. Nothing is seen now but utilitarian bread and rolls, and you look in vain for the delicately flavored chocolates that were heaped up daintily in trays and displayed in artistic boxes and baskets. Taking their place are a few very lonesome and exceedingly plain chocolate dainties pitifully limited in quantity and exceedingly high in price, and one hesitates to buy them, so forlorn do they look. And the far-famed French ices have completely disappeared. The unwary are snared into buying their successors which are made of water or skimmed milk—with the emphasis on the skimmed—and are lamentably poor imitations of the original.

The normality of Paris is more pronounced now than during the first year of war. Then, with the rush of men to the colors, proprietors and employees alike were called and many establishments were obliged to shutter their windows and lock their doors against the day of their return. The proprietor of one of the better restaurants, one patronized widely by Americans before the war, told me of his own going:

"I answered the call at once. Most of my waiters were of military age and there was nothing to do but close up shop."

"Wasn't it difficult to throw away so profitable a business?" I asked him. "How did you expect to get your trade back after the war?" The room was crowded with prosperous-looking civilians and military men of half a dozen armies dining on everything from lobster mayonnaise to apricot *mousse*.

"Everything came so quickly at the beginning," he said, "I had no time to think. And as for planning ahead for my restaurant—one never knows if he will ever return. But standing in the water of the trenches on those icy days in the water of 1914-15 gave me trench feet and I was no longer good for the army. And so I was able to open my restaurant again. Many of my waiters had the same experience as I had and are now physically unfit for fighting. I fill out mostly with Swiss and so manage to get along, although of course my service is not up to its old standard." This man's experience is typical of that of scores of others in Paris.

France has earnestly tried to keep down the price of food and has succeeded in doing so in the cheaper restaurants in order that the working people might not suffer for the necessities of life. While it

costs double as much to eat at the fashionable restaurants as it did before the war, it is still possible to get a square meal at the cheaper establishments for a reasonable sum.

If one has the proper spirit of brotherhood that is born of the war, he may taboo the hotel fare with benefit to his pocketbook, and go for breakfast into one of the many "coffee bars" which are found in almost every street. There he will rub elbows with a jolly and picturesque crowd composed of cabbies, expressmen and vegetable women, and a steaming-hot, delicious cup of coffee, with milk and a couple of fresh rolls —made of war flour, of course—may be had for eight cents. Behind the long counter is the wife or daughter of the proprietor, skillfully handling the good-humored crowd, cracking jokes with one, or wiping her eyes with a corner of her great white apron in sympathy for another.

The some service in a hotel, minus the spirit of brotherly love, and without butter—without milk, too, if you arrive for *dejeuner* after after nine o'clock—cost four or five times as much.

There is an official distinction between restaurants in Paris now. The best establishments are classed as *de luxe* and a war tax of ten per cent is imposed on the cost of a meal. Milk and butter may be served in the better hotels and restaurants only at prescribed hours, and cheese is tabooed. But you may buy butter and cream and cheese at a dairy. Sugar is not procurable but saccharine is served in a bottle with perforated top, with the information that a few drops are equal to a lump of sugar.

Bread cards were introduced in April of this year and the *de luxe* restaurants are allowed to serve not more than 100 grams—less than four ounces—to one person at one meal. Fortunately bread has been fairly abundant in France; nothing would prove a greater hardship than a shortage of what is to them distinctly the staff of life. In France bread is truly king. It is the staple of every meal. You see it everywhere and always unwrapped whether it be in the baker's window or in the process of being carried away. Women walk along the country roads with loaves under their arms; *poilus* on their way to the front jump off at the stations and carry back to the trains loaves from the railroad canteens. Children walk nonchalantly along the streets, their arms through the centers of circular loaves, and you see loaves of varied shape and size up in the baggage racks of the underground in Paris, placed there just as any article of baggage would be put up out of the way. In the railroad trains when the package of lunch is opened there is the inevitable loaf of bread, which is cut off in chunks and consumed, butterless, with relish.

One of the most surprising things to me was the fact that street transportation has remained at its pre-war costs. One may still ride short distances in buses and trams for two cents, second class, and

three cents for first class fare, and the subways are still collecting three and five cent fares.

In spite of the difficulty of securing gasoline, taxicab rates begin at fifteen cents, putting to shame the forty-cent minimum of New York where both fuel and labor are abundant. Both in France and England the worker is protected against high cost of transportation, for the Government sees to it that there is no profiteering in fuel and equipment.

The American officer and soldier find much of interest in Paris, and when on *permission* make the most of their opportunities. American officers play baseball in the Tuilleries Gardens, which have been expressly set aside for their recreation, and interest in the national game increases every day. The drafted and enlisted men of our army are well cared for in many clubs and social centers, run by both French and Americans.

The time when Paris is really dull is at night. London streets are dark, but for utter gloom Paris cannot be surpassed. Only a few of the street lamps are burning, and these are so carefully shrouded in dark blue globes that they absorb what little light there is and cast over the once brilliant boulevards a weird and ghostlike pall. Spooky shadows suddenly detach themselves from dark corners and pass by, disappearing in the gloom as suddenly as they appeared. Paris streets after dark are no place for the nervous and apprehensive individual! With such street conditions what wonder is it that the people have contracted the habit of staying at home? During the late hours the streets are practically deserted; the buses, the trams and the underground stop running and cabs are to be found only at the railroad stations, where they hold up weary travelers for many times the legal fare. From midnight until dawn the only life in the desolate thoroughfares is the phantomlike forms of men whose labors take them abroad at such hours. Gay nights are put aside for the more homelike times to which Paris is little accustomed.

The *gendarmes* in their military capes are quite unchanged by the war. They still retain their grave and respectful dignity, and with the same old cheerfulness and desire to help give the information you ask. If you are in uniform they salute gravely with precise military form, give the required directions, and again salute you as you go.

Much of the old Paris is left, and much is just put in camphor, as it were, to be brought out again when the pests have departed. After the war she will blossom as of old—with perhaps a better understanding of the meaning of life. Her streets will be over-filled with the uniforms of many races as the soldiers await their summons home, and the only evidence of the great war will be an increased love for that incomparable city.

Vive la Ville-Lumiere!

THE "ARCTIC PIE"

By Charles Henry Dorr

Almost coincident with the sailing of the Norwegian explorer, Captain Roald Amundsen, whose good ship "Maude" left Christiana about July first to begin the journey to the North Pole, is the sailing of Captain Joseph E. Bernier from Quebec for the Arctic Archipelago, in the Guide, a vessel of almost the same dimensions as the Maude.

Captain Amundsen designed the Norwegian vessel, which is constructed like the half of an eggshell, to withstand the pressure of great masses of Arctic ice. Every point of her hull presents to the ice pressure the convex surface of an arc. It carries nine hundred tons of provisions, with equipment for a voyage which may last for four or five years. One Swedish and seven Norwegian seamen accompany Amundsen, who proposes not only to reach the Pole, but to take scientific soundings of the ocean to determine the existence of marine life. The "Maude"—named for the present Queen of Norway—is the first Arctic ship to carry airplanes and pilot balloons capable of attaining an altitude of 15,000 feet, to assist in exploration.

Captain Amundsen was decorated by the German emporer for his discovery of the Northwest Passage in 1906. Last October he returned the decorations as "a personal protest against the German murder of peaceful Norwegian sailors on the North Sea."

Captain Bernier is the man who puts places on the map. He holds the record of charting more than five hundred thousand square miles of Arctic territory, and of mapping hundreds of islands, straits and sounds.

The Canadian vessel, the Guide, is not a debutante, having already made several Polar trips. She is one hundred and fourteen feet over all, with steam power, and sail for auxiliary work in Arctic waters, while the "Maude" uses oil as fuel when necessary to supplement her sails. Three thicknesses of steel encase the hull of the Guide to ward off ice attacks and the addition of a glass pilot house enables her officers to steer a true course in comfort and safety, no matter what the weather. Snug and warm in this "sun parlor" the exploring party can laugh at the Arctic blasts.

A big polar bear perched on a great iceberg spied the glass pilot house on the last voyage of the Guide, and was so astonished that he sat perfectly still to gaze at the glistening object. Not long enough, however, to add a polar bear trophy to the credit of the expedition, for, suddenly concluding that discretion was the better part of valor, he slid hastily out of sight before a gun could be trained on him.

Captain Bernier plans a trip of over ten thousand miles through the Arctic Archipelago, and will doubtless return with much territory added to his already long list of explorations. His plans included a stop at his unique "summer place" of fifteen hundred acres at Baffin Land.

It is during July and August that ice conditions in the Arctic are most favorable to navigation, but a careful lookout is kept by the Arctic pilot and good leads along the coast are watched for by the sailors to use in case escape from a drifting berg is necessary. In mid-August or early September the gigantic icefields which have accumulated for months migrate from their wintry quarters and drift in a southerly direction off the coast of Greenland, often forming an impassable barrier in the mariner bound for Polar Seas.

The call of the North is irresistible. There is magic in the frozen, glistening seas, the vast expanse of bleak promontories and islands, sounds and inlets. The North Star shining with a more peculiar brilliance in the Polar regions than elsewhere is a lodestar to lure and guide to ever greater effort. The fantastic pictures of the mirage are always beckoning to the adventuresome and holding out fair promises to those that follow. The midnight sun, its inspiring face aglow for months without ceasing, and the ever wonderful Aurora spreading its luminous shafts in the deep clearness of the long wintry night—all of these make among polar travelers a kinship that is peculiar to the call of the North. The mystery, the silence of the wild broken only occasionally by the barking of dogs or the shouts of the Eskimo drivers in the crisp, clear atmosphere, the possible rare mineral treasures, these, too make the call ring in man's adventurous heart.

Admiral Peary responded to it when he started out on his voyage to discover the North Pole; Nansen obeyed the call when he sailed for "Farthest North"; MacMillan felt the spell when he conducted an expedition northward bound to search for Crocker-Land; Stefansson prompted by the spirit renewed his travels in the Arctic, and Knud Rasmussen started from Etah last year, and is now following a hazardous trail, the great Greenland ice cap, where autumn is brief and winter comes soon.

It was the kinship in the call of the North that made the two explorers who have just started on their new Arctic adventure friends

in a minute. By chance Captain Bernier and Captain Amundsen met last spring on a transatlantic liner coming to the United States.

Both explorers entertain similar theories regarding the currents drifting toward the North Pole. For more than twenty years Captain Bernier has contended that an open sea route leads to the Pole. The Bernier drift may be observed on the old Polar map reproduced herewith, and the line extending through it also passes near the route followed by the ill-fated Jeanette Expedition, which was outfitted by the late James Gordon Bennett and commanded by Lieutenant George W. De Long. The Jeanette was crushed in the ice, and her Commander perished.

According to Captain Bernier's old theory the drifts of the currents would take a ship through the open sea to the Pole. He still advocates this theory. The old Polar map illustrates the Bernier drift. On this curious map the explorer has drawn a number of lines indicating what he calls the "Arctic pie." He has divided it into sections, including the territory owned by the United States, which extends from Alaska, Canada, Greenland, Russia, Siberia, Denmark, and Norway and Sweden, and Spitzbergen, east of the Greenland Sea, all forming a portion of this unique confection—the Arctic pie. The Arctic pie also includes No Man's Land, for there is a No Man's Land in northern seas. The division indicated by the lines drawn from the pole "in pie shape" to every country represents certain rights and privileges for hunting and fishing within the Polar circle. It remains to be seen for just which pieces of this pie—or whether for all of it—Germany's mouth waters!

While in America the Norwegian explorer had a long conference with Bernier, accepting from the Canadian numerous charts and maps and valuable data, which he carries with him on his Polar voyage. Some of the most recent charting of the Polar map represents the work of Captain Bernier, and doubtless will prove of great value to Amundsen.

The Maude, sailing up the coast of Norway, and proceeding along the Siberian coast, will come into the drifting currents of the Polar Seas, toward the great magnet of the north which has lured many fearless navigators to their doom.

It is the kinship of the North that has led Captain Bernier to aid many explorers—more than any other navigator of Polar Seas. Some years ago while cruising through the waters of the great archipelago he established a cache at Winter Harbor, Melville Island, with the thought that it might perchance prove a relief station some day—a means of sustaining the life of Arctic wayfarers after long jaunts through the frozen wastes of the North.

His foresight was justified, for Stefansson and his companions, who experienced hardships in that region, were held at Melville

Island only last winter, and almost famished, happened to spy the cache built by Bernier years ago.

Stefansson and his mates owe their lives to the provisions found on Melville Island, thanks to the efforts of a mariner who knows well the perils of travel in that desolate region.

It is Captain Bernier's intention as he voyages through the straits of the Arctic Archipelago to establish more caches along the route with a view to extending aid to Amundsen, should the Norwegian meet with reverses, or by chance need provisions upon returning from the Polar regions.

That the expedition will proceed as far westward as Melville Island this year is indicated by a remark made to me by the commander of the Guide while discussing his plans. He said:

"I shall establish a cache on Melville Island which will be at the disposal of Amundsen, and Canadian hospitality will be extended to him as before, when he sailed through the Northwest passage."

A memorial celebrating the achievement of Captain Bernier in taking possession of a vast portion of the great archipelago for the Dominion of Canada was placed upon a huge rock on Melville Island with the picture of the explorer's ship, the Arctic.

The Arctic, formerly in command of Captain Bernier and engaged in Government service, is a vessel celebrated in the history of northern exploration, and with a notable record for adventurous voyages to the Polar regions. It is conceded that she is the most powerful craft ever built for Arctic service, and may be described as an improved Fram. The Arctic, her active service ended, is now anchored as a lightship in the most dangerous part of the St. Lawrence and all mariners are glad when they succeed in passing the ship safely. When voyaging in the Arctic the vessel was painted white, but now she no longer wears her Arctic dress, but is resplendent in red, the emblem of danger, and surrounded by black buoys in the river, off Saint Rock.

The Captain takes a pardonable pride in his staunch ship, the Guide, which has replaced the Arctic, "Yes indeed," he said, "I am proud of the Guide, and believe she is almost invincible, but I am prouder to believe in the supreme Guide who ever watches us all."

KYOTO

"CITY OF TEN THOUSAND TEMPLES"

By Ada Rainey

Kyoto, the heart of old Japan, is a veritable city of dreams—dreams of strange forms of fascination, of indescribable loveliness. The stranger, fresh from the pulsating life of steam, electricity and the gigantic skyscrapers of our American cities, is plunged into a fairyland that enthralls the imagination. The serenity of the people at the railway station, the lack of noise, shouting and lusty bawling that greet the traveler arriving in an American city, is truly astonishing, yet merely an introduction to the peaceful provincialism of the Mecca of Japan.

We were whisked away in tiny noiseless jinrickishas pulled by miniature men who appeared inadequate to the task of bearing a lusty American. The swing and rhythm of a ricksha is indescribable; no other known conveyance has the soft persuasive pendulosity of this oddly-proportioned vehicle. It is like an overgrown baby carriage, with a funny little pygmy in a mushrom hat, looking as if he had just stepped out of a print of Hiroshige, who contentedly jogs along with absolutely no sound but the soft pattering of shoeless feet. The strangeness of motion in a ricksha, with an absurd paper lantern for a headlight, must be experienced to be realized. Was I really here, an American strayed by chance into one of the drawings of the celebrated Hakusai? I shook myself to prove that I was not dreaming and then with a final effort abandoned myself to the luxury of esthetic sensation.

The streets were softly glowing with incandescent lights, for it was the eve of the great coronation when we first reached Kyoto. Everywhere the soft luminosity, everywhere the quaint lanterns hung aloft on tall poles, huge red balls like the fabled sun, bearing the characters of felicitation and spreading out their welcoming warmth.

We rolled on between long rows of living houses that recalled the prints of Hiroshige. The houses were filled with the same incandescence as the glowing streets, and strange shadows appeared

silhouetted against the shoji. The shoji or screens made of rice paper, which serve for doors and windows of a Japanese house, are a wonderful medium for the reflection of light and shade, soft with a gentle pliancy. Our American windows of plate glass stare blankly at the passerby, revealing all or nothing of the life within the house; the shoji conceal everything except a fantastic outline. They can be pushed back in the summer, letting in the light and air and making the house delightfully cool. In winter they are not a very effective protection from cold, but most picturesque.

A little hidden unattractive doorway, in a crowded bystreet, was often the entrance to a wonderful garden. Sometimes the entrance was gabled and inviting vistas of a veritable bower within were visible in the soft light. The main entrance, I learned, was for the man of the house and his male friends; the smaller at one side for the wife, children and servants.

On we sped through the night, winding in and out through a maze of streets alight with the festival lanterns and gay with fluttering *banzai* banners. Over the Kamogawa River which bisects the city and which reflected and intensified the ghostly light, and then up a steep hill we went, small brown forms suddenly appearing from out the darkness and helping in the climb by pushing our jinrickishas up the hill—a great relief to the little ricksha-men in the shafts, I am sure.

Then we looked above to a sort of castle of enchantment which was twinkling with lights, seemingly extending in many directions. Could this marvelous castle be the hotel to which we were bound? I could not believe it until a small brown man in European costume smilingly bowed us welcome from the doorway, and the human pony, also bowing and smiling, stepped out of the shafts, and I found myself looking around in bewilderment at the lantern- and banner-decked scene.

We were soon conducted to our rooms through endless corridors, up and down endless stairs, till we found ourselves in very European-looking rooms with "all the comforts of home." Later when we entered the large dining-room we were served by bewitching maids who looked like toys and who placed their tiny hands together and bowed smilingly at each order. It would have seemed less strange to find that these doll-like girls were toys than real flesh and blood. But the toy girl proved herself a very efficient waitress, serving us silently and smilingly, with an odd shuffling noise as she glided around on her matted sandals, and understanding English amazingly well.

The room was gay with Europeans and Americans, many well known in literary and diplomatic circles who were attracted to Kyoto by the coronation. The women visitors were smartly dressed

and chatted to their companions with American vivacity. By the modish cut of their gowns and their keen interest in the scene it was easy to distinguish them from those who had become habituated to the East by long residence. The latter, in dowdy garb, had rather tired faces tinged with an indescribable something that comes into the lives of those who have lived long in the Orient. It is as if they had become imbued with a touch of the impenetrableness as well as the subtlety and lack of emotion seen in the faces of most Asiatics. Extending along the entire length of the room was a banqueting table where, with rather stoical countenances, sat Japanese officers, mostly in European dress. Of course no Japanese women were present; it would be an unheard-of breach of etiquette for them to appear. The board was piled high with European confections, but the participants were anything but European in their behavior, which rather redounded to the credit of the Japanese. An air of peaceful solemnity pervaded all.

There was no hilarity, no unseemly gaiety, all were properly dignified as became their rank, although the speeches were received with marked appreciation—and a vigorous application of toothpicks, for a Japanese would not think a dinner complete without the ubiquitous toothpick. It is quite as necessary as the finger bowl is to us, and the application is businesslike and complete.

After dinner we were met by some of our jolly shipmates who said we had just time to see a special performance of the *Miyako-Odori,* or famous "Cherry Dance." So soon we fared forth again in rickshas single-file, down the hill, across the river to the *geisha* quarter. It was November and the air was nipping, but we soon forgot the discomfort when we saw the merry crowds thronging the streets, waving toy lanterns and banners and shouting "Banzai" for the Emperor.

I was seized with the desire to possess one of the round red lanterns that looked like the symbolical setting sun, but I couldn't tell the riksha-man what I wanted, for he was absorbed in trotting along to keep in line with the long file of rickshas, and in dodging the crowd. But shortly the little legs encased in blue cotton slowed down for a moment to let another long file of rickshas with foreigners in them pass, and my chance presented itself.

A kindly-disposed youth in a dark kimono and with closely cropped head, topped by a funny cap, held one of the coveted red lanterns. I pointed to the lantern and held out a silver coin; the youth quickly handed me the lantern, smiled, bowed low, but refused the silver and disappeared in the crowd. So my cup of joy was full as I gaily waved the lantern and shouted "Banzai" with the elect.

We turned into a side street which led to an open square that

was the entrance to the kindom of beauty and romance. Tall make-believe cherry trees in full bloom flanked the entrance to the shining house beyond. Gleams of flickering light were cast by the ruddy fire that shot up from tall bronze braziers, and threw into strange shadows the dark figures in the court. Everywhere was light strikingly contrasted with darkness—no glare, no noise. Never had I witnessed such a strange, unreal scene. Files of rickshas were arriving from all directions. There were lines of empty carriages waiting for their occupants to return, the coolies gathered into groups like bronze statues, thrown into startling relief when the fire leaped from the braziers. But I had little time to linger, fascinated as I was, for we were politely motioned to take off our shoes before entering the theater. So with strange perversity we kept our wraps on but checked our shoes at the door; and then meek and shoeless followed the guides through the smoothly-polished corridors.

We came to a large room where Japanese men and women were seated at small tables, eating cakes and sipping tea. This was the preliminary to the "Cherry Dance." After waiting what seemed a long time to impatient Americans—for nothing is ever done with haste in Japan—we were again conducted through polished wooden corridors to a large square room and placed at long low tables where we, too, were served with cakes and tea, the famous ceremonial tea which with many rites is whipped into a strong green froth and should be drunk in three swallows, but it is so strong that only those with case-hardened "inards" should quaff thereof. Being favored by heaven with an excellent digestion and unlimited daring in things culinary, I drank all the tea and ate all the bean cake, which is a decidedly doughy substance slightly sweetened.

Next we were admitted into the theater itself and took our seats in our box which had been provided with chairs in deference to "foreigners" while the native audience squatted contentedly on the floor of the pit. The house was crowded. Soon after we were seated, from each side filed a long procession of singing and dancing girls clad in embroidered gowns of rainbow hues. The musicians sat in two long rows on either side, not on the stage, but on a sort of raised platform against the wall of the theater, and pounded out a weird accompaniment to the singing.

The dancers, all trained in the Kyoto *geisha* school which is the best in Japan, postured, posed and swayed their svelte bodies and waved their fans gracefully. The effect was wonderfully pleasing, strikingly different from our stage dancing. The setting was cleverly contrived and represented famous places in the neighborhood of Kyoto. The color scheme was of the best, somewhat brilliant at times, but the actual cherry dancers amid the cherry trees of romatic Arashi-yama, clad in pink kimonos with branches of

blossoms in their hands, were a delight to the eye. There was an Iris dance, a Maple-leaf dance and a Rice Harvest dance, which were typical and joyous, but always the feeling was subdued, swaying, rhythmical.

The next morning I awoke breathless with interest to see if Kyoto, a thing of lure, lights and life at night, would not vanish by day. But no, there lay the city spread out in the valley, while white snow-capped mountains stood out against a sky of vivid blue surrounding and enveloping the scene. Guarded on three sides by these mountains, the fertile plain on which lies the city of Kyoto appears studded with temples and shrines. The fairy quaintness was still there, even if some of the allure and dreamlike qualities were lacking. I was feverish with excitement. I wanted to plunge into an orgy of exploration. I wanted to see the city streets by day, to solve the mysteries of a Buddhist temple, to peer into the shops and see the people at their daily occupations.

Surely the gods smiled an inscrutable Japanese smile at such enthusiasm, and by way of favor sent us a marvel of a Japanese for a guide. There is really no other way to account for the fact of our good fortune in chancing upon Machida, who proved the joy of many succeeding days in Kyoto and surrounding places. Machida was a *samurai,* with all the pride of the race and intelligence of his ancestors. He was a guide for the love of it, so he told us. He was happy only when traveling and wandering about. He loved beauty and he could talk about his beloved country, her painting and history, for he had a well-stored mind enlivened with many a quaint anecdote and tale of the *samurais* of old. So I, who formerly scorned and loathed all the tribes of guides, blissfully surrendered all sense of responsibility, and was led a passive and willing follower around the streets of old Kyoto, for Machida was kindly and persuasive.

To tell the story of old Kyoto adequately, to tell of the golden treasures of her many temples, of her palaces whose walls are adorned with all the splendors of the Kano painters, of the quiet temple gardens, which invite the restless spirit to calm and contemplation, would take a volume. I can write of but one or two impressions that are stamped forever on my imagination, shot through as they are with the golden thread of beauty—scenes that become part of my life, for they gave up their secret to me which they withheld from the careless and unfeeling.

The first was that of the famous Buddist shrine, the Nishi Honwanji, erected in the heart of the city. One morning we left our shoes at the door and entered the semi-darkness. A service was in process; the congregation, mostly of the humbler class, knelt reverently. But many eyes were drawn as by some magnet to the high altar, glowing with burnished gold. The great shrine was

thrown open and the enthroned Buddha sat majestically upon the lotus flower. The silent figure dominated the scene with compelling power. A sort of potent influence seemed to emanate from the figure, as if all the concentrated thought, the passionate worship of a thousand years, had electrified the figure and it was indeed instilled with the power and benignancy of Amida Buddha. A strange psychological force was here present. The highest art of Japan has always been religious. It is associated with the great temples, with the shrines of the dead heroes who, according to the belief of the people, become divine at death. So the religious impulse is behind the national art—this is a mighty power. I believe nowhere is there such a presentation of ethical estheticism as here in this Buddhist shrine, which one of a type of many like shrines elsewhere in Japan.

The art of Japan is distinctly different from that of western nations. It is more purely abstract, purged from gross associations. In a Catholic church for instance, apart from the noble proportions of a Gothic cathedral, one's attention is distracted by the representations of scenes from the lives of the saints who before attaining sainthood were a very worldly sort of human beings. The artist is concerned in stone carving and in pictured story with representation of the saints, the story of their lives and the concrete manifestation of things about them. This spirit is entirely opposed to that of the Japanese art. Almost never are figures of human beings represented. With the exception of the Buddha or lesser buddhas, always in contemplation, one rarely sees the figure carved or painted. The idea is ever toward a symbolic presentation. Birds, flowers, leaves fantastic animals, are carved with wonderful fidelity, but the emphasis is mostly on the idea for which the form stands, on the spirit back of the thing presented. There is a wide sympathy with all forms of life, for in the creed of Buddha, all are part of the Absolute Life, all have the essential life at the center. It is this Absolute Life that the mind is led. Such wealth of carving I have never seen, all in full relief and gold lacquer, a rich profusion of oriental magnificence. Yet in the very magnificence there is the predominant ideal of the ethical. All the beauty is for the glory of Buddha, for Buddha is in all and over all. Never is there vulgar display; the giving up of everything is for the honor and glory of the One.

Sitting in the dim, impressive silence of the golden temple with the droning of the priest's voice in my ears, I seemed to understand the secret consciousness of this people whose whole life from birth to death is permeated by the mild philosophy of the meditating Buddha. More, perhaps, than in most nations does this philosophy in some form permeate the warp and woof the daily round. The gentleness, the smiling composure, under the tragedies of life

the fine bravery and stoicism in face of death—all can be traced to the belief in the impermanence of physical form and the persistence of the Absolute Life throughout the universe.

When we went out into the sunlight the great temple bell was just booming fourth the salutation to the Emperor, just proclaimed. The ceremony was an acknowledgement of his entering into the heritage of the immortal Sun-Goddess, his ancestor.

Crowds thronged the temple grounds which were effective by arrangement of groups of temple buildings, a tall gate and a sacred tree; for even in the midst of the city must a temple be set in close association with nature, the one Life being expressed in both. We were favored by being allowed to wander through the apartments into the temple garden which was designed as a resting-place to induce the calm and peace necessary to meditation.

The other deep impression was a special performance of the historic "No" dance given in the temple grounds the next morning. To this I was permitted to go by reason of being one of the fraternity of scribblers which in Japan is honored with special privileges. The performance began at ten o'clock in the morning and lasted throughout the day, as the way of drama in Japan. I had a special and formal invitation which meant that I must go alone without either of my companions. So I fared forth on my adventure, which proved a thrilling one. As usual, I left my shoes at the entrance, which, by the way, took me a long time to discover, as the temple buildings were extensive and I found few from whom I could get a reply in English. But at last grasping the wooden check for my shoes as a sort of moral support I timidly walked into the great room where the play was already in progress. The audience as usual was seated on the floor, dressed for the most part in their dark ceremonial robes, for black is the ceremonial color in Japan. They were seated in groups around the brazier into which they dropped the ashes from their pipes or cigarettes. Just behind these groups were several rows of chairs on which men in military or foreign costumes sat, as it is somewhat awkward even for the Japanese to sit on the floor when in foreign costume. All the officers in the army of course wear foreign military costumes, their army being modeled on that of Germany.

There was an open space between the room in which we sat and the stage which is of special construction for the "No" drama. The stage consisted of a square platform about four feet high, with a railing running around it projecting into open space. A long passage led from the side of the platform to the back of another building, by means of which the actors made their entrances and exits. The back of the stage, in place of scenery or drop curtain, was decorated with a pine tree and a bamboo tree, painted

on natural wood. Both of these trees are native and symbolize strength and pliancy. The actors were creatures of fearful and wonderful appearance. Their costumes were superb, made of cloth of gold and magnificent old brocades. Sometimes masks were worn, oftentimes the changing expression of the face made the most impressive effect. They were terribly in earnest.

The "No" dance is in reality an historical drama, the classical drama of old Japan. It is conceived more in the spirit of the old morality play than anything we have in our literature, plus a dash of Greek austerity and intensity. It is the intellectual diversion and delight of the literary class. In this particular drama the actors postured, stamped and roared with a peculiar intonation which was blood-curdling in its weirdness. Strange creatures they were with their enormous strides and ferocious expression, stamping and gesticulating majestically. The thing was barbaric in the abandon of the emotion expressed. Rarely have I seen a climax more impressive or vital in the intensity of feeling. But the audience sat in almost immobile silence. No applause marked the fine bursts of passion of these actors.

Although the room was magnificent with the subdued splendor of the Kano school of painters, the architecture oriental; although I looked in vain for a European or American face, or even another woman, and I knew we were separated by race creed and an alien environment, yet deeper than all was the underlying feeling of common humanity which I instinctively felt. It came to me with stinging emphasis. The outer form and setting was unknown, but reaching down deep within, through sympathy and a sudden flash of understanding that comes in moments of vision, I knew that in reality we were one, with the same nature, that we all partake of the Absolute which the devotees of the Buddha preach. Ever since the heart of Japan has been known to me.

At midday the audience rose and went through a corridor to another room. I was somewhat bewildered as to what to do and, not daring to ask, followed at a distance. I wandered about the temple apartments alone for a long time, absorbing the strangeness and admiring the wonderful painting on screens and folding doors. I came upon a group of white-robed priests sipping tea around a bronze *hibachi* and drew back startled. Soon I came to a series of rooms set with the longest banqueting tables I had ever seen. I stood a moment looking at the scene, when a kindly attendant motioned me to a seat. I had previously pinned a tiny card held by a chrysanthemum to my coat, as I had seen the others do; the attendant politely removed the flowered card, which evidently was a luncheon card. So with much trepidation within, but outwardly as impassive as my Japanese companions, I seated myself at table.

Then the real difficulty began, for I was served with Japanese foods of most peculiar form and substance, with nothing but two frail and impotent-looking sticks to eat with. It really was an ordeal, and I know the spectacle I made was absurd, but I was determined to go through with that luncheon no matter what happened. Finally a sympathetic soul at my right ventured a few suggestions in English as to how I should hold the chopsticks, and told me the names of the dishes I was eating, and then we exchanged cards and introduced ourselves as is the Japanese custom. I found that my companion was editor of a well-known Japanese newspaper, so we soon became fast friends, especially after I had learned to drink the warm *saké* and I confessed I loved the Kano artists. After lunch we strolled through the temple gardens to a tower to see a rare, early Kano painting.

I could only gather from their courteous manner that I was an honored guest, although doubtless I was "a bold foreign woman." In the middle of the afternoon I slipped out and mounting a *ricksha* was trundled silently back to the hotel.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN COW PUNCHER

Known Below the Equator as the Gaucho, He is the Counterpart of the Cowboy of the Western Plains—His Character, His Prowess and His Romance

By Clayton Sedgwick Cooper

The inhabitant of the United States who visit the pampa sections of Argentina, Uruguay and Brazil, is reminded repeatedly of the history of the plainsman's life in his own country. To be sure the days of the Wyoming and Texas cowboy, together with the menace of the Western Indian, have passed in North America, and these adventurous and reckless frontiersmen are now met only in books or in the tales of the older inhabitants. Yet there is something fascinating and attractive in the audacity, the frankness and the ostentatious display of these men of the West who were always associated with their horses, cattle, and hair-breadth escapes. Even to-day the "Wild West Show" forms one of the attractive annual events.

The romance of these cowboy days of the United States finds its reflection in the *gauchos* of South America. Indeed, the Argentinos fifty years ago were for the most part men of this class, and the bravery and daring of these men as fighters with their open-air, active and lawless ways makes an interesting phase in the history of this young republic.

The railroads, the harbingers of enlightened progress but the destroyers of primitive romance, began half a century ago to pierce their paths through the leagues of pasturage surrounding Buenos Aires, where flocks and herds wandered then to suit their fancy on the unfenced prairies. The railroads were a greater menace to the lawless frontiersmen than were the Indians whom they fought so persistently. These roads reached beyond the cultivated camps to those interior regions where the moving tents of the South American Indian receded before the iron march of civilization. These were not the Cuzco Indians, industrious, and giving themselves peacefully to a settled life, but the wild tribes to whom the white man's regime was as much a mystery as a menace. Their

only safety was in flight, fighting as they went, to more desolate regions.

In the wake of the Indian came his rival, the gaucho. This picturesque individual has been intimately associated with the muling industry of Argentina, the cattle business, and the story of the life always connected with his horse, his lariat, his games, his poetry, and his fierce scouting expeditions on the broad plains casts about one the spell of bygone days.

At present a progressive modern civilization seems to be getting too strong for him, and in Argentina especially, he is being pressed back farther and farther into the remote wastes of the pampa, driven before a machine-made culture which he can hardly understand. Many indeed have left the plains to become policemen in the cities or cuirassed members of the President's guard. Still, in such sections as the Province of Santiago del Estero, and then farther west and north, where the breath of the modern city is rarely felt, you will still find the gaucho, a potent factor in the rural life.

Here this pioneer of other days possesses the chief characteristics which have always associated him with a magic and imaginative existence. His eyes are dark and dreamy and flashing often with anger; his skin is bronzed with the sun; his hair is worn long often and sometimes is plaited; he is always associated with his "maté," the aromatic beverage prepared from the leaves of the Paraguay tea, and roasted beef, as our American cowboy depended upon his beans and coffee. He always carries a long knife which he uses at his table d'hote, and as a weapon of offense and defense in place of a revolver. He reminds you somewhat of the old Cossack of Southern Russia; few horsemen surpass him in his ability to ride. His dress is in some respects similar to that of the Indian, consisting of a poncho, which is a square piece of cloth with a hole cut for the head to pass through, and the trousers, among the Argentine gauchos, tight-fitting, and often covered with "chaps." The ponchos often resemble in variegated coloring, the Navajo Indian blankets, and when a crowd of gauchos come together for their games or festivals, the color picture is a striking one. The gaucho is devoted also to his sheepskin saddle, which he uses at night on the pampa as a pillow, while his poncho serves as a blanket. Many of these saddles are inlaid with silver and cost a small fortune; they are also the cause of many personal feuds among the plainsmen.

The lasso, which the gaucho uses as his chief weapon against both cattle and men, has a ball attached to the end of it, sometimes of metal and often of stone. It is so hurled that it coils itself around the legs of the victim. These, however, are not so commonly used as in former days, but the lariat is always seen coiled at the cowboy's saddle bow.

Racially the gaucho is of mixed element. The Spanish adventurer and Indian maternal ancestry are mixed with the romance and the mystery of the Moor who figured so potently in the old brilliant Arabic days in Spain. Mr. W. H. Koebel, an English writer, speaking of the gaucho, says:

"There is a certain poetry and picturesqueness about the race, as about the Moors of Castile, which almost makes one regret to see pass away a fellow who will sleep on his saddle at your doorsill, like a faithful dog; who endures heat or cold, hunger and thirst without uttering a complaint, who rides five hundred miles on end at your bidding, sleeping in the open air, providing his food with the lasso and disposing of it by the simple appliances of his knife, flint and steel, with bones or dried reeds as fuel; who would take cows or horses of anyone but his patron; who, perhaps might knock a man off his horse and cut his throat for his spurs and stirrups, if so it took his fancy, but who, in his patron's service, could with perfect confidence be trusted with hundreds of pounds to go as many leagues to purchase and bring in cattle; who moves with grace, speaks with courtesy, asks after all the family in detail, sends his compliments to the patrona, or compliments her if he has the opportunity; who marks on the ground the different brands of horses or cattle of numerous owners, and traces stolen or strayed animals over thousands of leagues—such is my friend the gaucho."

This pioneer of the plains earned his semi-magic reputation which still clings about him by an almost uncanny intuition resulting from his long acquaintance with the open spaces of nature. One is told that these men can never get lost in the pampa's wide immensity, and every sign like a bird call, the bruising of the blades of grass, or the pricking foreward of the horse's ears, has a meaning for him. The eyes of the gaucho can distinguish among a galloping troup of hundreds of animals, we are told, the young horse which the year before, as a foal had been singled out for his own future use. His ears are so acute that he can tell from the thunder of hoofs on the hard pampa, while the animals are still far out of sight, whether a stampede has been caused by threatening weather or by an attack of Indians. He can count the units which compose an approaching troop and know whether these are mounted or by the kind of men, accoutred soldiers or half-naked savages, all through the sensitiveness of trained hearing.

The gaucho belongs to the great "Estancia" life of Argentina, and these "estancias" with their big houses, each with its semi-covered patio and flat roof, and placed in the midst of a desolation of monotonous flatness, save for the few trees that surround the house, form the center about which his activities are engaged. A

short distance from the seignorial mansion one found in former days the hut-like ranches of the peons and shepherds, who also lived the gaucho life.

It was to the great festivals when the dividing of the flocks and herds occurred that all gaucho society assembled on its respective lands to eat the *asado carne con cuero,* a beast roasted whole and in its hide. It is here that occurred the exchanges of jokes and wit of the keen herdsmen and horsemen, and it was here also that the native minstrelsy was born and practised, a kind of a folk-lore that fitted the free and untrammeled life of these prairies.

The guitar was and is the musical instrument of the gaucho, and the slow measured dance, and the soft singing of the "payador," or minstrel, who was renowned far and wide in the pampa world was a notable part of these celebrations. These songs were filled with all the sentiment and sadness of the Spanish-Indian stock, and they spoke of love and danger, often ending a fierce combat between two rival minstrels.

The gauchos of Argentina to-day are fond of telling about one of these poetical tournaments which seems emblematical in its delineation of the present-day condition of the members of this picturesque race of men.

Santos Viga who is to the gaucho the Homer of the Pampa, entered into the lists of minstrelsy against Juan Sinropa, who is known among the plainsmen as the Devil. As the story goes, Santos Viga, overcome by his opponent and unable to bear the disgrace of defeat, mounted his horse and disappeared into the boundless level wastes of the Argentine prairies never more to return. It is said that the shepherds of the plains often see in fancy this ancient minstrel mounted on a dark steed and galloping over the pampa in the chilly moonlight, holding a loose rein on the mane of his mount, and bearing his guitar on his shoulder.

It would seem less illusory to recognize in this pampian Mephistopheles, as one modern writer has done, the modern spirit of the new Argentine city, which has come to meet the gaucho face to face, armed with no primitive lariat and weapon, but equipped with all that modernity and industry can furnish. Even the bravery of the gaucho can not stand single-handed before the march of the world's science. He has accepted his defeat and quietly withdrawn from the unequal contest. In another quarter of a century it will be as difficult to find him in Argentina as to-day it is difficult to find the North American frontiersman, like Daniel Boone, Kit Carson, and their reckless, audacious followers. As he passes he will leave a chapter of interesting frontier history for future generations, and in his nature he will furnish a mirror in which is reflected clearly some of the outstanding characteristics dominating the primitive

stock from which the modern descendants of the progressive South American republic have sprung.

The Uruaguayan gaucho resembles his neighbor in Argentina and Brazil, especially in his love for blooded horses, his audacity and the power of endurance stimulated by his ever present maté. His fighting instincts have been more fully developed, for it was men of this class who fought under the leadership of Artigas, the hero of Uruguay, for the independence of this Republic. These plainsmen have been in many bloody encounters with neighboring States, and their patriotism, and sense of honor and hospitality are unquestioned.

As one travels northward the gaucho type becomes finer, and in South Brazil he is hardly distinguishable at times from the landowner and the big *fazenda* proprietor, who often assume the poncho, sombrero, and the baggy trousers (bombachas), of the Brazilian cowboy. The inhabitants of the Brazilian State of Rio Grande do Sul are fond of calling their State *terra gaucha*—the land of the gauchos. Here the cowboy is coming into his own as the great section is beginning anew its modern industry of freezing meat, and breeding cattle, sheep, and horses on an enormous scale. He is still the dashing picturesque figure which one sees in the countries farther south, though not afraid of civilization, and destined to become an important factor in the development of the huge cattle-lands of Matto Grosso, Binas Geraes and Rio Grande do Sul. His food is the Brazilian *xarque*—dried beef—the maté of Parana, black beans and mandioca. The cattlemen are called sometimes *"vaqueros"* in Brazil. Their future is filled with promise, and South Brazil with its rolling plains is their paradise.

Of all the coming States of Brazil, Rio Grande do Sul gives the visitor distinct and amazing impressions. Here is the vast horse and cattle ranching land, an almost boundless stretch of rolling plains, capable under proper cultivation of raising well-nigh every product of the temperate zone. The State is situated well out of the tropics, has seasons well defined, a healthful and often cold winter, with a dry and hot summer. Virtually all agriculture and industries common to the prairies of North America can be followed here. The streams of colonists from Europe already have been large in this great free and favored land of the pioneer. It is our Far West as we knew it fifty years ago. The gaucho with his flowing robes and distinctive habits, weird customs and consummate skill with horses and cattle is here; sheep, horses and tens of thousands of cows and steers range the unfenced spaces. The towns and cities are filled with farmers, colonists, and sun-browned cattle-men, buying their provisions, their musical instruments, and their gay saddlery. The stations are surrounded as the trains arrive, with

wagonloads of passengers and produce; there are motley crowds, great bunches of horses saddled and tied in rows—all speaking plainly of the character of the civilization. Until comparatively recently these hill prairies have been the uncontested homes of the cattle-rangers, and even to-day the trains startle great herds with wide heavy horns and powerful shoulders, which gallop away in fright at the sharp whistle of the engine.

Over all this animal world is the sway of the race of gauchos or cowboys, the Brazil horsemen, living in the saddle, many of them still unlettered, and breathing the air of their ruder ancestry. Along the prairie stretches there are now growing up everywhere the homes of colonists, and agricultural progress and beef industries are becoming common. There is a sense in which the pastoral life and the modern industrial progress, growing up side by side, have richer possibilities in Rio Grande do Sul than in any section of which we know. Seldom save in rural France has agriculture flourished alongside of stock-raising. The cattle lands have been the rule first and these have made way, as in Argentina, for the plow of the farmer. This great State, however, promises to provide the example of agricultural and cattle enterprise developing hand in hand.

It is the open life of the plainsman that seems to suit best these South Brazilians. These men are not by nature bookkeepers and shopkeepers. They are lovers of horses and lands; a strain of romance is always coming to the surface; they dislike details. These feudal-like landowners of South Brazil form a race distinctive, more typically Brazilian in a sense than the coffee planters of Sao Paulo, or the politicians of Rio de Janiero.

One of the Presidents of a southern Brazilian State said, "I am not a politician, I am a cattle-man," and he looked it. Even in the State House, I found him dressed in Vicuna cloth and high gaucho boots, doing his official work seemingly with some regret, and anxious for the hour to arrive when he could mount his horse and ride away to his large estate. There he was studying with much enthusiasm the business of cattle raising, and was crossing his herds with East Indian zebus, which animals he had imported in large numbers, finding them particularly fitted for subsistence and profit on the southern campo.

There are few indications of progress in the new Brazil more fascinating to the American, with the inheritance of plains and wide western distances in his veins, than this open life in the Brazilian cattle land. At a small station in the State of Rio Grande do Sul, I left the train and visited a large fazenda situated on a lofty hill-top overlooking wide ranges of rolling country. Many square leagues of cattle estates stretched out before the eye in all directions. There was a striking contrast with the flat, cheer-

less, sandy plains, and the often unprepossessing buildings found on the Argentine pampa. We entered the fazenda through luxuriant gardens in which vegetables and fruits and flowers belonging to both temperate and sub-tropical zones were growing in abundance. Through a grapevine-arbored walk one could see in the distance a part of a red farm-house, Portuguese in look, with brown-tiled roof and roses and hibiscus climbing over it. There was a wealth of foliage, all colors in plants, white, red, yellow, blue, and flowers everywhere. Palm trees waved their high heads above the others. The voices of children playing, a snatch of a Brazilian folk song, and the strumming of a guitar, reached our ears. There was a large well-kept lawn, and in the corner of the yard that lay before the farm-house, was a rose arbor, hung with a hammock and with seats built about it, revealing the presence of something more than a humdrum work-a-day world.

Two men, wearing wide cowboy trousers and home-made shirts, high topped boots and broad sombreros, came out to greet us. They pointed out the "buena vista," lying below and beyond on every side; the undulating lands sloping away in rising tiers of foothills to a distant blue ridge of mountains. Here and there on strategic hilltops stood other thick bunches of trees and heavy vegetation, through which the red roofs of other big fazendas glistened in the sun. Brown cattle were feeding in assembled herds of fifties or hundreds on different portions of the wide acres. A dozen or more gauchos were driving a large herd of horses into a corral in the depths of a valley beneath us. We were informed that these horses could be bought for one hundred milreis each, which is about $25.00. One could pick out corn-fields in many of the spaces between the green hills, but it was evident that the main business of these people was that of cattle-rangers.

The host, despite the fact that we were utter strangers to him, bid us hearty welcome. Clapping his hands to call a servant, a stout happy-looking "mammy" as black as night appeared out of a row of servant quarters which might have been at home on a Southern plantation, and Brazilian coffee was served in the summer house.

MacMILLAN'S QUEST OF CROCKER LAND

Four Year's Adventure and Exploration in the Arctic—Crocker Land Proved an Arctic Mirage—Perilous Trips That Resulted in Placing New Islands on the Map

By Charles Henry Dorr

"Throw out another anchor, captain. The gale is increasing and all signs point toward a bad night—looks like an all night blow." The skipper laughed and said, "Aye, aye, sir," and with a quick glance at the swirling rain swept by heavy gusts of wind, agreed that the storm was foreboding, and that another anchor to windward might hold the ship for the night. The first speaker was Donald B. MacMillan, or "Mac" as his sailors call him, and he had just returned to civilization after four years of exploring and adventure in the Arctic regions, which led to some changes on the map.

A northeasterly storm of early autumn was raging over the city, swaying and lashing the trees in Central Park. The fitful rain falling in torrents beat against the window panes of the American Museum of Natural History in increasing fury. Within a small room in the north-east wing of the museum MacMillan was examining the first series of prints—his pictorial record of days in the north and travel by dog team and sledge over the Greenland ice fields, Ellesmere and Finlay Land.

The captain was a Provincetown whaler, Captain Cook, a veteran of the sea, who has harpooned many a whale in the Atlantic. He was not the Captain Cook of laurel wreath fame and the challenger of Peary's discovery of the North Pole, but a navigator well known in shipping circles and renowned for his whaling exploits.

Another member of the group was Jonathan Small, or Jot his comrades call him. Jot hails from Provincetown, too, and was a member of MacMillan's Crocker Land Expedition. Perhaps he was somewhat out of his element in the Natural History Museum, but all around he could see relics and reminders of his sojourn in the Arctic. So to a certain extent Jot felt at home, especially when he piloted one of MacMillan's friends through the exhibition of the "finds" from Greenland arranged in one of the galleries of the big

museum. He described just how it felt to crawl into a sleeping bag in the dim light of a candle on an Arctic night, and he told of one explorer who endeavored to escape the chill of the Polar regions by removing his garments while half way in the sleeping bag. The old adage "More haste, less speed" proved true one morning when the traveler found that in his haste he had pulled his breeches on stern foremost. But that was just a litle incident of life under Polar skies.

With a slight stretch of the imagination stirred by the beating of the autumnal rain upon the windows of the museum one could easily imagine the ship *Erik* bucking her way through the ice of Baffin's Bay and northward, on through Melville Bay, bound for northern Greenland. MacMillan and his party were obliged to abandon the *Diana,* the first vessel outfitted for the Crocker Land Expedition when she was wrecked on the coast of Labrador, the supplies and equipment being reloaded upon the Erik, which weighed anchor at Battle Harbor, and sailed past the Labrador coast in the direction of Cape York, Greenland.

"Our objective point," said MacMillan, "was the head of Flagler Bay, but on account of the heavy ice encountered by the Erik we were compelled to change our plans, so proceeding up the Greenland coast we landed at Etah, where we established headquarters for the winter near Peary's old site. This proved a serious handicap to our plans for we were obliged to cross Smith's Sound to Ellesmere Land, and despite adverse ice conditions we crossed it four times in six hours. It may be interesting to note that it took Explorer Hayes and his companions twenty-eight days to cross Smith's Sound back in 1861."

So the members of MacMillan's party unloaded their supplies from the Erik and commenced building operations at Etah before winter set in and blinding snow storms swept the country.

Captain Joseph E. Bernier, who made a voyage to the Polar regions on his ship the Arctic for the Canadian Government in 1908-9 describes Etah as follows: "We dropped anchor in Etah harbor, and found the ship Erik, under command of Captain Samuel Bartlett; the ship Roosevelt, of the Peary expedition, had left the day previous. Several icebergs were aground at the entrance. The entrance of the harbor of Etah is very good for any class of ship, with good water everywhere, the only danger is a rock awash at the mouth, and if a beacon were provided to clear the rock it would be safe."

Continuing his narrative, MacMillan said: "We took on a supply of lumber at Sydney, Nova Scotia, enough to construct a double house at Etah, a house within a house, for protection against the cold in the northern climate. The crisp air of the northland soon resounded to the music of the hammer and saw, and headquarters for

the expedition were erected." MacMillan was well prepared for his first winter in the Arctic. His reinforced expedition comprised twenty-six Eskimo dog drivers and their families, and more than one hundred sturdy dogs who proved invaluable for long sledge-journeys over the great ice caps, and fields clad with deep snow.

The object of the Crocker Land Expedition which was organized by the American Museum of Natural History, the American Geographical Society and the University of Illinois, was to explore the far north and to locate the land Commander Peary thought he sighted from Cape Thomas Hubbard in 1906. But Crocker Land proved only a mirage which was reflected from a vast expanse of ice, hills, valleys and mountain peaks capped with snow.

"It requires more courage to go out in search of an unknown land and return and announce to the world that it does not exist, than it does to discover a new island or a river," remarked an explorer who has known MacMillan for a number of years. This explorer knew whereof he spoke, for not many years ago he was commissioned by Harvard University to go to Iceland and find the traces of a prehistoric race in that country. He spent some time in scientific research and finally was compelled to return and announce to the committee appointed by the University that no signs of prehistoric people existed in Iceland. So he had a fellow feeling for MacMillan when the news was telegraphed from the northland that Crocker Land did not exist, was but an Arctic mirage.

"I suppose that the question 'How did the mirage look?' has been propounded to you many times?" I remarked to MacMillan.

He smiled and said, "It looked like a great snow-covered land. Pee-a-wah-To, an Eskimo who was a member of Peary's Expedition in 1906, accompanied us, and was positive that it was not land. For two days Ensign Fitzhugh Green of our expedition declared it was land. There were immense black patches, and I think now that the open lodes before us were reflected and gave it a spotted aspect. "On the fourth march we thought we had it. All lodes had frozen, the water sky had disappeared, leaving the horizon clear as crystal. Stretching away for at least one hundred and twenty degrees before us was an expanse that had every appearance of immense land-hills, valleys, and snow-capped peaks, as plain as a thing could possibly be. I even asked one of the Eskimos toward which point we should head. He smiled and replied that the thought it was 'Po-jok' (mist). Later standing on the heights where Peary stood eight years before, we saw the same thing, but had we not been out there, we could have taken our oath that it was land."

"Etah, by the way," explained MacMillan, "is not necessarily spelled Etah, but Eta." Then he resumed: "On our jaunt in quest of Crocker Land we traveled about one hundred and fifty miles

in a northwesterly direction from our headquarters. Altogether we journeyed over the ice a distance about 600 miles which occupied about sixty-five days with out dog teams. The journey was not so difficult on our return trip for we could follow the beaten trail. Vast stretches of shoal ice indicated that the water depth was not great. In Cape Thomas Hubbard Bay we found a diagonal strip of an American flag left there by Peary in 1906."

How explorers in the Arctic miss one another by a narrow margin is illustrated by the finding of two records at Cape Isabella, which MacMillan discovered under the snow. These records were left there by Sir George Nares of a British expedition journeying in the northland in 1875-76. "About twenty feet away from the place where these records were found," said MacMillan, "we discovered a package of mail for Nares left there by Sir Allen Young of the Pandora. Young went to take the mail for Nares." A dramatic incident in the anals of Arctic exploration! Forty years after Sir Allen Young's trip, on his return from the Polar country MacMillan received a letter from Charles E. Hodson who was a member of the Nares expedition, written at Eagle Pass, Texas, asking if there was any mail for him in the package found embedded in the Arctic snowbank. MacMillan replied to the man now living on the border of the Rio Grande that no mail was found for him in the package brought back from Isabella Bay. Of interest to explorers is the announcement made by MacMillan of the finding in the Arctic of records left by Dr. Elisha Kent Kane. Dr. Kane was the leader of the Kane Expedition of 1853, and during this year reached an island in latitude 78° 22′. Evidently the famous explorer was without a flag, for he used the lining of a cap bearing the letters O. K. He must have been without a pencil, for inside an old iron pot, cut with a knife in heavy paper, was the inscription: "Well. Gone South, latitude 78° 40′." The old pot containing the lining and paper was found embedded in the Arctic snows.

When MacMillan started out in search of Crocker Land an American flag was presented to him by the Elisha Kent Kane Lodge of New York. He took this flag north with him on the expedition to Greenland, and carried it for more than 6,000 miles over the ice ridges and glaciers of the Arctic. On his return he gave the flag to the Kane Lodge, where it is now on view in the trophy room.

Each year spent in the Arctic stands out with some achievement accomplished by MacMillan or some member of his expedition. In 1915 W. Elmer Ekblaw, geologist of the expedition, made a successful trip through Eureka Sound to Lake Hazen in Grant Land, calling at Fort Conger, Greely's headquarters, and by Robeson Channel, Peabody Bay and Smith's Sound. No bears were shot on this trip much to the disappointment of the explorers. Several new fords

were discovered by Ekblaw, however, and placed on the map in Grant Land. He also made numerous "finds" of geological interest.

During the following year, 1916, MacMillan succeeded in making a memorable 1,500 mile jaunt to Ellesmere Land and Finlay Land beyond, and in placing a number of new islands on the map.

The maps of to-day taken from a ship's decks were revised by MacMillan. He discovered an immense Glacier on his trip to Finlay Land, which he named the American Museum Glacier. He also took two islands from the map, and put two new ones on, one south of Paget Point, and the other in Talbot Inlet.

MacMillan left Etah in March with seven Eskimos, eight sledges and eighty dogs, for exploration of Finlay Land, the King Christian Island of Sverdrup. "This land was seen about sixty-four years ago by the Franklin search expedition, but so far as I am able to learn has never been visited by man," said MacMillan.

It proved an interesting trip and unfolded a wonderful game country plentifully stocked with wolf, caribou, musk-ox, seal, ptarmigan, fox and polar bear. The sledding surface was good and the members fo the expedition under the leadership of MacMillan crossed Ellesmere Land through an old Eskimo pass, and ascended a great glacier to an elevation of 4,700 feet. An Arctic blizzard raged while the explorers traversed the glacier height, and MacMillan and his companions looked like snow men as the wind-driven snow covered them with clinging mantles of white.

Singularly enough the last camp established by MacMillan on his trip to Finlay Land was in a region not far from the Arctic explorer Vilhjalmur Stefansson. It appears that Stefansson was in the vicinity of Bank's Land, and while only about three day's march from MacMillan, he wrote a letter to his fellow-explorer, addressed to headquarters at Etah. The letter frim Stefansson reporting "All well," then made its way through Alaska and across the continent to Copenhagen. From Copenhagen the letter was carried by Knud Rasmussen across the Greenland ice-cap, and finally reached MacMillan in the spring of 1916.

Stefansson's letter was dispatched from the Bay of Mercy, Bank's Land. Possibly before this time he has found a large cache established at Winter Harbor, Melville Island, several years ago by Captain Bernier, who left a generous supply of provisions there, perhaps enough to last for a year or longer.

While on his journey to Finlay Land, MacMillan sent back to Etah two sledges laden with specimens of furs and skins for the American Museum of Natural History.

He reached Etah in May after traveling 1,350 miles in fifty-six days over fields of snow and ice.

In 1917 MacMillan made surveys of the Ellesmere Land coast

from Cape Sabine to Clarence Head, constantly adding new trophies to his collections. During his four years spent in the Arctic the explorer became well acquainted with his friends the Eskimos, and had opportunity to observe closely their customs and mode of living, and even to gain an insight into their language. Their vocabulary consists of about 4,000 words. The Eskimo language is polysynthetic, as are all the aboriginal American languages. The marriage customs are quite primitive. When parents reach an agreement over the union of a boy and girl, the couple marry, the girls usually at the age of fourteen, or when able to chew Eskimo boots. This feat is considered a sign of strength; it also shows that the girl is skillful enough to make bearskin breeches for her husband. The marriage tie is not always considered binding, for frequently husbands exchange their wives—"swapping wives" they call it in the Eskimo country. In Greenland nearly all of the men and the majority of the women smoke. The practice, however, has been taken up by the women only during the past few years. The Eskimos obtain their tobacco from a trading station at North Star Bay, where they meet the traders and exchange fox skins, caribou fur and seal skin for tobacco. The average age of the Eskimo is about sixty years.

A number of MacMillan's aides made adventurous trips by dog sledge over the Arctic ice fields and had thrilling experiences on the great Greenland ice cap. Dr. Harrison J. Hunt, a member of the expedition, accompanied by W. Elmer Ekblaw, geologist of the party, started out on a jaunt from North Star Bay, about 120 miles south of Etah, late in December, 1916. The explorers traversed a bleak country for more than 1,400 miles over deep snow and ice gorges, and part of the way they were accompanied by Knud Rasmussen, a Danish scientist, who is now in the North.

Dr. Hunt and Ekblaw journeyed from North Star Bay with six sledges and five Eskimos. The ice of Melville Bay was very porous and constantly bending beneath them. Food was eked out by polar bear and narwhal meat which they obtained from Eskimo caches. These caches of the Arctic often prove of inestimable value to the explorer roaming through the great white expanse of snowy ridges and glaciers. Although they had many narrow escapes from disaster only one sledge was overturned into the icy water, the Eskimo driver was rescued and the sledge recovered. Seeking shelter one night, the party camped under the lee of a huge iceberg, its lofty pinnacles towering high overhead.

On the latter part of the journey Dr. Hunt left Ekblaw, who remained for a time at South Upernavik, then continued on his journey accompanied by his Eskimo companions. He sailed in a small kayak from Egesminde to Holstenberg, and from that port boarded

a ship bound for the Faroe Islands en route for Copenhagen. "I cannot say too much in praise of the hospitality which was extended by the people of the Danish settlements in Greenland," he said, warmly in relating the experiences of his long jaunt southward from North Star Bay.

Meanwhile MacMillan remained at his headquarters in Etah and from a vantage point scanned the horizon for the distant sails of a rescue ship, which he hoped would arrive in August when ice conditions favor navigation in the waters of Melville Bay.

The story of the three rescue expeditions outfitted at different times for the relief of MacMillan, has already been told, and affords some idea of the dangers of navigation in the Arctic, bucking against treacherous ice floes and great bergs drifting down from Polar seas. The schooner George B. Cluett, which sailed from St. Johns, Newfoundland, under the leadership of Dr. Edmund Otis Hovey, made the first attempt to rescue MacMillan, but was caught in a maelstrom of Arctic ice. Then the steamer Danmark was chartered for a voyage to Etah, but succeeded only in reaching North Star Bay, evidently baffled by a barrier of ice, and thus she failed in her mission. Reports of mutiny on board among the sailors, and an outbreak of scurvy, indicate that other obstacles also prevented the Danmark from reaching her destination. She is still listed among the missing ships.

When Captain Joseph E. Bernier weighed anchor in the St. Lawrence River and his ship the Guide passed through the Straits of Belle Isle northward bound, it was his intention to render aid to his friend MacMillan if he succeeded in reaching Etah. He managed to pass Parker Snow Bay, and landed where he met a group of Eskimos. A hurricane arose and the captain was obliged to weigh anchor again, when the gale drove his ship westward to Baffin Land. Afterwards the Eskimos met MacMillan and told of meeting a sailor who beckoned to them from a glass house as he sailed away in a storm. It is the belief of MacMillan that the ship was the Guide and that her deck was coated perhaps with glistening frost and ice. "Bernier," said MacMillan, "is an expert navigator, and next to Bartlett the best man qualified to pilot a ship through the ice to Etah."

One day last August the steamer Neptune hove in sight and the rescue of MacMillan and his companions after their four years' sojourn in the Arctic was accomplished. Bucking her way through the ice, the Neptune, under command of Captain Robert A. Bartlett, steamed on her course northward defying all barriers to navigation in Melville Bay, and with a damaged bow landed at Etah.

Although he showed the strain of a life of hardship in a rigorous climate, MacMillan declared that he never felt better in his life,

and remarked, "I did not know what it was to have a cold during my four years in the north." Evidently life a la Eskimo, bunking for the winters' nights in an igloo, is conducive to good health.

Accompanied by three Eskimo dogs who proved faithful "trusties" on his Crocker Land Expedition, MacMillan is now engaged in writing a book in which he will relate his adventures and jaunts over the ice-caps and glaciers of the Arctic. The Eskimo dogs have Eskimo names, "Ka-She-We-A-How," "Ki-Kok-Ta," and "In-You-Gee-To." Even MacMillan paused for a moment to recall their native sound, and then he pronounced them slowly! All have a record of thousands of miles of travel in the Arctic, "In-You-Gee-To" holding the record of 8,000 miles by sledge. Most explorers become greatly attached to their dogs through whose aid many problems and secrets of exploration have been solved and doubtless will be in the future, despite the era of the aeroplane. MacMillan is no exception to the rule—he and his dogs are good friends.

THE UNKNOWN REACHES OF THE MACKENZIE AND PEACE RIVERS

The Pioneer Land of British North America Is Now Open to the Tourist—an Arctic Country That Is a Mine of Romance and Adventure—Lures for the Huntsman and Trapper

By Sara Hamilton Birchall

Author of "Some Romances of Canada"

The big pink spaces marked "Unexplored" are fast being wiped off the map. Those spaces of mystery over which we pored with such fascinated interest in our geography days, through which, in fancy, we journeyed with a single Indian guide, surmounting incredible obstacles and shooting jabberwocks by the way, are now discreetly lined off with railways, studded with towns, and given a place in the annual crop reports of their respective governments. Romance has taken off her Daniel Boone fringed leggings, and put her hand to the plow-stilts.

Open your old atlas, and lay your ruler's edge on Kalispell, Montana, letting the other end swing free across Western Canada. Somewhat above the middle, your straight edge will cut the city of Edmonton, capital of Alberta Province, and boasting a population of over 40,000 people. In the nineties it was a Hudson's Bay Company post—the Last House. Its river empties into the Hudson Bay.

A bit farther on and easterly, across the continental divide, you touch Athabasca Landing, once the end of the world, and now, by virtue of reaching railway steel, the beginning. Beyond that lies the unknown empire of the Mackenzie and the Peace, and all the world beyond the landing is, to the dwellers therein, "Outside." Its rivers run to the Arctic Ocean, its traffic is the ancient fur trade, its life is the life of two hundred years ago almost without change, and up to last season it was one of the few regions left in the "unexplored" class.

But recently the railway came to Athabasca Landing, and with its steel key unlocked the treasure-house, linking the North Country at last with "Outside." You can book through by rail now from Broadway to Niagara, Toronto, Winnipeg and Edmonton, across a thousand miles of wheat-field, to Athabasca Landing; and from there by

steamer down the Athabasca and Mackenzie Rivers to the uttermost edge of the continent, the Mackenzie Delta and Fort McPherson on Peel River, most northerly of the Hudson's Bay Company posts, 1,854 miles north and ever north from Athabasca Landing—itself until last year so far north that few people had heard of it. You may smell the salt of the Arctic Ocean and, while the stores for the post are unloading, may eat seal intestine, whale blubber and putrid fish with the Nunatalmiute Eskimos—if you are lusky enough to be invited and your stomach holds out.

You may never have heard of the Mackenzie Basin, to which Athabasca Landing is the key. But nevertheless it is second only to the Mississippi in area of drainage, and the river in length, breadth and swiftness outmatches all but the Father of Waters. On its banks grew the wheat that years ago took the first prize at the Philadelphia Centennial. But although it is a rich farming country at least as far as Fort Vermilion, and how much farther no man knows, it has lain dormant for half a century, awaiting the railway. Now that it has come, the country is waking up in earnest. The settlers are thronging in to grow grain where the snowshoe rabbit ran, and are exterminating Br'er Rabbit indignantly because he eats their cabbages. Tourists are appearing in that pioneer land, and talking familiarly of the Mackenzie and the whitewashed log forts of the Honorable the Hudson's Bay Company, isolated so long. That great organization which secured from the Second Charles powers of life and death over Rupert's Land, is still the Lord of the North. All others are known as "free-traders," and get short shrift from the company's two thousand strong servants, who believe firstly in the company and secondly in God.

The end of the fur régime is in sight. At Fort Vermilion there is a humming flour mill. At McMurray they have struck oil. The trails into Grande Prairie and Spirit River are becoming busy with the wagons of settlers. To them will soon be added the wagons of those heading for McMurray, and the stopping-places vocal with their laughter and redolent of their boiling kettles.

Farther north along the great waterway, the graphophone and the sewing machine discourse sweet music in the tepees of the Chipewyan and the Dog Rib. And pink-cheeked Madame Gaudet, the brisk French wife of the Hudson's Bay Company factor at Fort Good Hope, shakes her head gravely and considers that the world moves shockingly fast nowadays, for she gets two mails a year. One comes by the annual Hudson's Bay Company steamer that brings the supplies and takes away the catch of peltries; the other is brought by the Mounted Police dog-team overland from Dawson. And to the solemn stillness of the North, the trapper and the tourist have come, eager for a glimpse of moose or a bear, to watch the half-breeds

shoot the rapids and dance the Red River jig, to look respectfully on while the big-muscled men of the North "track" the york-boats up against the current—and the last man on the tracking line can keep his heels on the bank as best he may.

It is common enough for the captain of one of these steamers to shoot a bear from the deck of the boat, and provide fresh meat for passengers and crew. Agnes Deans Cameron, the first white woman traveler and journalist to travel down the Mackenzie to its mouth, got one of her own in this fashion. Fishing is good, whitefish, grayling, pike and trout being common. Twenty-eight, thirty and forty pounds are common weights for trout. There is another fish, which Mackenzie the explorer called the "inconnu" or unknown fish, and which now is generally known as the "connie." The Indians smoke and dry whitefish and feed them to the dogs, each dog eating a fish and a half a day. Reindeer, wood buffalo and musk-ox are still in the country. It is not permitted to kill buffalo. In 1906 a specimen was procured for the Department of Agriculture. The herd north of the Great Slave Lake is probably the only bunch of wild buffalo remaining on the continent. The animals are very large, and a few years ago approximated 350 in number. The wolves had been very bad in the district, and it is thought that they kill the buffalo calves. One old Indian told a resident of the Peace River Country that years ago they found a herd of buffalo between the Liard and the Hay Rivers, and one time they found another herd of them at Fort Providence, and they killed them all. But now the Indians are anxious to preserve the last remains of the buffalo herds, for they say when the buffalo are gone the Indians will have nothing left. There are several varieties of ducks and two of geese, rabbits, partridge, mink, a few caribou, deer and a large variety of fur-bearing animals. Black, silver and gray foxes are taken in the north, and these with beaver, otter and marten form the principal furs of the country. Each Indian has his hunting-ground, and he usually hunts every three years. He hunts one winter and then gives the animals two years' rest.

Aside from the attractiveness of the country to the sportsman, it is a beautiful region for the sight-seer interested in natural beauty, in curious types of character, and in historical associations. One of the curious things is the natural gas well at Pelican Portage. About eighteen years ago the government bored there for petroleum. At something over eight hundred feet they struck a powerful flow of natural gas, which stopped their boring. Since that time it has burned constantly, the flame towering from eighteen to forty feet in the air, and experts who have seen it, say that it is probably the largest gas well in the world. You can see the Indians making birch-bark canoes at Fort McPherson. On the Slave River there are beds of

coal burning that were burning when Mackenzie first explored this region, in 1789.

The most southern point reached by navigation on the Mackenzie watershed is Fort McMurray, at the junction of the Clearwater and Athabasca Rivers, a distance of approximately 1,600 miles. In all this distance, the connected waterways are navigable for steamers that are now plying upon them, and have been for twenty years. The Mackenzie is a tremendous stream of water, being from two to four miles in width for its entire length. In the long trip from the railway terminal at Athabasca Landing to Fort McPherson, there is ninety miles of travel by york-boat, to remind the traveler of the cruder travel of early days, but of the 1,854 miles of travel, only this small stage is without all the conveniences and comforts of modern railways and steamship journeying.

The men of the north are worth knowing, even if the river country were not so beautiful nor the game so plentiful. Quaint customs still prevail, and the patriarchal rule of the Hudson's Bay Company factor over the Indians of this district is still the common course of existence. Last year F. C. Gaudet, the factor at Fort Good Hope, fourteen miles from the Arctic Circle, came down to Edmonton. It was the first time he had seen the outside world since 1884, when he had gone from the little city of Winnipeg by Red River cart and york-boat and canoe into the Mackenzie wilderness, in the service of the company. At Fort Resolution he spent ten years, taking care of the fur trade of Great Slave Lake. Then he went to Fort Norman for five years, then spent three years at Fort Smith. The remainder of his life has been spent at Good Hope, several miles above the Ramparts of the Mackenzie. The life there has not changed since 1884. The civilization of electricity, the automobile, the telephone, the modern store and office building, the railway and the hustle of modern business were new to him. Edmonton, which he left a little Hudson Bay post of log buildings perched on the banks of the Saskatchewan, had grown to a city of 50,000, and was proud of her industries, her banks, her railroads and her modernity. She sent reporters to Factor Gaudet's door to chronicle his wonder. But the factor refused to be impressed.

"I am going east to my old home in Montreal," he said. "I am going to see my old friends, or such of them as are still there. But I shall not stay in the city very long. Once the spirit of the North has entered into a man, there is no shaking it off. I shall return to Fort Good Hope. I would rather live on the Mackenzie River than in your modern city, which"—he unbent a little—"appears to be lively and growing rapidly."

Another interesting personality is that of Dr. Baldwin whose life rivals that of Dr. Grenfell or Dr. Luke of Labrador. He is a fine

old man who ministers to the wants of the settlers and the Indians and takes what they can give in return, perhaps a load of wood, or the carcass of an elk, but more often gives his services free. There is a story of adventure and romance woven through the life of the old physician. He was born in Toronto, served in the South African war, later in the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, and for a time was head surgeon in a San Francisco hospital. Always the frontier and adventure called to him and he followed the call. For the last five years he has been in Fort Vermilion. He has found his work and it is a labor of love.

Sheridan Lawrence, one of the best-known and most progressive pioneer farmers in the district, told of his work recently in Winnipeg. "It was Dr. Baldwin who assisted in bringing our last two children into the world," he said. "There was no doctor for the other seven who arrived before his advent. For years and years there was no doctor in the settlement, and the Indians died off by the ravages of disease. Now he tends them and doctors them and nurses them back to health, the babies get a better chance, the old folks are made more comfortable, and everybody in the countryside is better for his coming."

Sheridan Lawrence himself is a picturesque figure. Six hundred miles north of Edmonton, which up to a short time ago was the railhead, he has earned his living by farming. He has seeders and binders, plows and mowers, and all the other modern paraphernalia for sowing and reaping a crop. He has a seventeen horse-power threshing engine and a 30-42 separator, also a grist-mill with which he grinds his own wheat into flour, and the installation of which was the culmination of a war with the Hudson's Bay Company, whose prices for grinding wheat were exorbitant, according to the ideas of the settlers.

To help the traveler who would behold this ancient north country and look upon the civilization of two hundred years ago before it, too, vanishes into history, let us give exactly the method of getting there. To Athabasca Landing it is simple—the railway brings you in ordinary fashion. From Athabasca Landing, you may take either of two routes to reach the Mackenzie. The direct route is via the steamers of either one or two lines down the Athabasca River to Grand Rapids. Here you must take to the york-boat, a vessel that is practically nothing but a scow, for ninety miles of rock and rapid, which is skillfully negotiated by the half-breed and Indian pilots. This is the only kind of vessel that can safely navigate this turbulent stretch of the Athabasca. Arrived at Fort McMurray, a steamer is operated down the rest of the Athabasca River and across the northwest arm of Lake Athabasca to Fort Chipewyan, a run of about 300 miles, and thence for about a hundred miles on Slave River to Smith's

Landing. At this point there is a portage of about sixteen miles, made in ox-cart or wagon. From Fort Smith, the terminal of the portage, you take the steamer "Mackenzie River," which is equipped in a fashion that would do credit to more civilized countries, and travel in her for about 1,300 miles of river and lake to Fort McPherson, on the Peel River, about 200 miles from the Arctic coast and about the same distance within the Arctic circle. The steamer is the bringer of yearly supplies to the old Hudson's Bay posts along the great river, and the gatherer of the year's catch of peltries.

Alternatively, you can take the Peace River route from Athabasca Landing. This is by steamer to Mirror Landing, wagon portage for sixteen miles to Norris Landing, thence steamer up the river and across the lake to Grouard, the capital of the Peace River Country, wagon portage of eighty-nine miles to Peace River Landing, and thence by steamer down the Peace River to "the chutes," where there is a short portage of about half a mile, and another steamer picks up the travelers to carry them down the Peace to Slave Lake and Fort Smith, beyond which the traveler proceeds as outlined above.

To go one way and come back the other gives you a better idea of the country as a whole—the big empire of the north.

The czar of this empire is Mr. James K. Cornwall, M.P., who drops his titles and his fashionable hat when he gets into the Peace River Country for a disreputable Stetson and the homely cognomen of "Jim." Not so many years ago he was a gray-eyed newsboy on the quays of Buffalo. Later he went to Washington with Coxey's army, and went through various vicissitudes until he "went broke" on the Chicago Board of Trade. He left the lake city then, and struck northwest, arriving in Athabasca Landing with just enough in his pockets to elicit a faint "clink" when he rattled them. The Klondike rush was on, and "Jim" piloted the mad goldseekers through the rapids of the Athabasca, and laid the foundation of his fortunes. To-day he owns nineteen lines of transportation radiating from Edmonton, is free-trader, traffic manager, redresser of wrongs, settler of disputes, and member of parliament for his kingdom.

THE SINGING PEOPLE OF THE SOUTH SEAS

By Diamond Jenness

Among the Papuans it is customary for the owners of newly constructed canoes to visit the friendly villages and receive congratulatory gifts of food. The Wagifan natives, being fond of travel and free meals, on one such occasion circumnavigated the Island of Goodenough, taking the author with them. Intimate glimpses into the life of a simple, recently cannibalistic people, are given in this account of the tour. One of the most amazing features of it is the way the natives every night, whether happy or sad or belligerent, fell to singing. The writer was at the time engaged in scientific work for the University of Oxford, England. Later he accompanied the Stefansson Arctic Expedition, 1913-16 as anthropologist. He served with the Canadian Field Artillery in France.

Early one windy morning appeared my friend Matagewana, the Wagifan policeman, in his large dugout canoe, "Lock-up," in which I was to be a passenger, and a few minutes later we set sail on our voyage round the island of Goodenough. To be sure, Matagewana had to stretch a point or two to justify the presence of Lock-up in the party, for it was not altogether a new canoe. But had he not overhauled it and coated it with fresh paint? Was not that the same as building a new canoe? Besides he was a policeman, and had a white man as his passenger, so who would dare to take exception? So, in his own mind, the presence of both himself and his canoe was perfectly legitimate. Matagewana took up his position on the edge of the outrigger to steer, while another native steered in the stern of the boat. A moderate southeast wind was blowing, for it was now the monsoon season, and within the hour we beached at Wabaloe, some two miles away on the other side of the bay. Here nine other Wagifan canoes were waiting for us, three large *wagas* with carved bow and stern pieces, and six plain *aiyebus*.

There Matagewana, his son Bob, and I left them, and went in to the village to make the first requisition for the food that was our due. The Wabaloans, however, were not inclined to encourage us in our quest. Food was not too plentiful at that season, and there was the future to provide for. Besides, two fleets of Malitauyan canoes had

preceded us by a week or two and all the surplus supplies had been bestowed on them. A native made a vigorous oration on our behalf and was rewarded with a fervent "kagutoki" (thank you) from the grateful Matagewana. We sat and talked for an hour or two, then three of our party appeared with a few bananas and yams obtained from the villages back in the hills. Generosity won the day, and when we left we too carried away a large bunch of bananas, and a few roasted sweet potatoes as well.

The wind had increased almost to a gale and heavy rain was falling; however we decided to push on to Nuatutu, which was only six miles away. Two or three natives, not caring to face the lumpy sea, elected to walk along the beach. There was a rival to Lock-up for the position of flagship, a canoe of about equal size, named Waiauwabu. These two were the only canoes which retained the huge sago-leaf sail so characteristic of this region; all the rest were degenerates and had trade blankets.

Lock-up was first under way, and traveling with the sail full spread it appeared to be increasing its lead. But the waves washed over us distressingly, threatening at time to carry off my camera and blankets which were lying on the outrigger. Waiauwabu overhauled us and with friendly jeers in passing left us far astern.

Rounding the point, we found our rival already drawn up on the beach; immediately a hot dispute arose concerning our respective vessels. There could be no doubt, if one listened only to Matagewana, that Lock-up was infinitely superior to every canoe that ever sailed those waters; he had shortened sail and been outstripped that day only because he was afraid to risk his passenger's *loko-loko* (property).

The dispute went on, and meanwhile the other canoes, one after the other, drew up on the beach near by. The rain was still pouring down, so we all took shelter in a rough palm-leaf shed to continue the controversy there. Two white Torres Straits' pigeons, defying the weather, settled on a tree a few yards away to listen to it, and fell victims to their curiosity and to the appetites of their enemies.

I tried to find out the plans of the natives for the rest of the day, but no one seemed to have any. However, as the rain showed no signs of ending, everyone gradually settled down and tried his best to pretend that he was comfortable. Night came on and the dispute continued unabated. Rain pattered in the leaves overhead and the waves beat mournfully on the shore. The sweet potatoes were cooked at last, supper was handed round, the policeman, like a staunch churchman, started the vesper hymn and closed with evening prayer, and one by one we huddled down to sleep.

Everyone was astir before the dawn. I was awakened by sounds of argument—they were still disputing over their canoes. We left soon

afterwards for Bele-Bele, but Lock-up remained behind to undergo repairs. One of the men was going into the forest to gather some *alufwa*, a reddish wood, which is pounded into a pulp and used like oakum for calking the seams. An old man offered Matagewana and myself passage in his *aiyebu*, which we gladly accepted. The old man undertook the steering himself; in the bow sat a youth, behind him and one behind the other, a woman, her husband, and the three girls, all armed with paddles. After going about two miles everyone disembarked, the canoe was drawn up on the beach and we proceeded inland to the villages.

A broad, sluggish creek wound through the mangrove swamp immediately behind the shoreline. The bridge over it was broken and the rough logs and piles were rather difficult to negotiate, but everyone managed to get across without mishap; the black ooze at the bottom looked anything but inviting, and besides, there was always the chance of a stray crocodile. Most of the Bele-Bele natives had gone to their gardens, and the few who remained were not inclined to be liberal. Why should they, indeed, when they had no canoes of their own and were not likely to receive anything in return?

For two hours we sat in the shade of the trees on the stone platform, the village social hall, beguiling the time as best we might; then at length some bunches of bananas and a few yams were laid at our feet.

A few minutes later a man suddenly appeared on the scene and loudly accused the Wagifans of stealing his pig-spear. This was too much. Matagewana was on his feet in a moment. Were the Wagifans likely to do any stealing when they had their father (myself) and their policeman (himself) with them? He called on his party to bring up all their spears and lay them on the ground in front of him. True enough there was no Bele-Bele spear amongst them, and the man, still grumbling, had to beat a retreat.

Most of our party, finding so little encouragement in Bele-Bele, went on to Wailolo, two or three miles further back, taking two of the girls with them to prove their peaceable intentions. There they were more successful, bringing back two pigs, a dog, some bananas and a few yams; with these we made our way back to the beach.

While the meal was preparing I wandered into the forest to hunt. Two white cockatoos fell to my gun. The natives were most pleased; nothing is more stylish than to have these cockatoo feathers sticking out all around the head.

Slowly we paddled back to Nuatutu, where the cripple Arminio boiled me a couple of Torres Straits' pigeons, dressing them with banana. Over the fire that night they questioned me about the wonderful things that come from Dimu-Dimu, the far-away country of

the white men who bring iron and cloth, rice and medicines to amaze the simple natives.

We rose as usual before daybreak and paddled along to Bele-Bele to attend the morning service at the teacher Sailosi's house. His wife treated us to a breakfast of sweet potatoes, Bele-Bele growing the finest in the whole region. Then we left for Malauno, taking on board Matagewana's cousin Amosi, a native of exceptional intelligence and sterling character. It was long after dark when we put in at the sandy beach, but we had nothing to cook, nothing to eat in fact save a little pork that had been left over from the day before. That did not affect the cheerfulness of the party. Two or three fires were quickly started and we gathered round them to while away the evening hours in song.

The native still retains that of which the richness and complexity of our modern music has robbed us, the power to express his emotions in simple melody. The intricate harmonies of our music have made us dumb, but joy and sorrow, grief and pain, issue forth spontaneously in the native's song. The war-song carries him on to victory in battle, the rapture of life thrills through the music of the dance, sarcasm and hatred laugh their venomed shafts in popular melodies, and veneration and religious awe speak in the litanies and magic chants. And watching their dark rapt faces lit up by the flickering campfire, the voices all raised in unison and the heads nodding in time, one's mind unconsciously goes back to the ancient cathedral where the thundering organ sends pealing down the aisles the grand, simple tones of the Gregorian chant, and the solemn congregation lifts up its voice in praise.

The singing continued till about 2 A. M. I fell asleep long before this, but was constantly wakened by the midges, which seemed to find a special attraction in my unprotected neck. We went in to Malauno in the morning, the village being about a mile from the beach. The chief was a jovial old man who made his wife cook us a breakfast as soon as we arrived; the native does not have to be taught that a man's heart lies in his stomach.

Matagewana had other fish to fry in this place, and he left us to go himself up into a hill village further back and see about a nose-pencil which a native had promised to make him some months before; he thought, too, he might be able to raise a little food in that quarter. The Malauno natives had very few yams in their village, but they took us to their garden about half a mile away, where they made us a present of what they could spare. Some of the party then went on to Vatalumi while the rest of us waited for Matagewana, who appeared early in the afternoon, with a little food, but no nose-pencil; his friend, he explained, was making the ornament as he had promised, but had not yet finished it—a valid enough excuse, when you consider

that it takes several months to grind the hard hinge of a giant clam into shape with only a pebble for a grinder.

Now that he had turned up, we followed our companions to Vatalumi, and, having a fair wind astern, decided to try a little trolling, but did not succeed in raising a single fish. Occasionally one has better luck, and a pike will greedily swallow a hook whose only lure is a piece of red cloth. What we did nearly succeed in doing, however, was to run aground on a coral reef, and in the excitement of "wearing ship" to avoid it, almost lost some of our crew overboard. We finally made Vatalumi without any mishap, lit our fires on the beach where the breeze kept the midges at bay, and settled down to the evening sing-song.

Tuesday dawned bright and clear, and we went in to Budula village, but the natives were not very hospitable and gave us next to nothing. Under one of the houses a woman was moulding clay into a pot. I took her photograph, then bought with a stick of tobacco one of the pots that she had just finished. Disgusted with our reception here, we went back to the beach and paddled along to Nufwasa, whose inhabitants were at this time on very friendly terms with Wagifa. Both the villages Kwanauta and Waiokava gave us a number of yams, but Kwanauta gained the greater merit by adding two pigs and a dog.

There was more trouble when we returned to the canoes. Matagewana found his handcuffs stuffed with earth—a gross insult to his official dignity, which made him boil over with rage. He attributed it, probably rightly, to the malice of the Kabuna men we had just met.

That afternoon the Nufwasa natives sent some of their women down with more food, part of which had already been cooked. A few of the Wagifans constructed a windbrake under which to sleep, but the majority of us found the open air comfortable enough as long as the weather kept fine.

Most of the canoes next morning went off to fish on the Nuamata reefs, between Nufwasa and Kwaiboga. But two of the women wanted to finish off some unbaked pots they had just bought, so Lock-up and an *aiyẹbu* stayed behind. Each pot was carefully surrounded and covered over with neatly-piled wood which was then set on fire, and as soon as the fire died down the pot was rolled on one side to cool. This occupied them all the morning, after which we paddled along past Nuamata to the point near Kwaiboga whither our companions had already preceded us. There we cooked the evening meal.

The following morning we had to dispense with the usual breakfast, all our food being exhausted the night before. However, the Kwaiboga villages were close at hand, so the whole party, except ourselves in Lock-up, went in to the nearest of them, Kuyava, to try to raise a meal; we in Lock-up pushed on to the policeman's village,

Duduwana. On the way I had the luck to shoot a pigeon, not very much to divide amongst thirteen men, but still a contribution.

The Duduwana people gave us a dog, two green cocoanuts, and a few yams and tara. The killing of the dog was a gruesome affair. Its owner, a woman, held it in her lap while two Wagifans passed a stout cord around its stomach. Another man stood near with a cudgel, and at a given signal the woman sprang back, the two men pulled the cord tight in opposite directions and the executioner clubbed the animal on the head. Even then it was only stunned, and had to receive a second clubbing a few minutes later.

With these presents we returned to the beach and cooked a rather late breakfast. That afternoon we were greatly surprised to see Ballantyne, the missionary from Bwaidoga, appear in his twenty-two foot launch; he had just heard a rumor that a native boy belonging to a recruiter had been killed and eaten in the hills behind Kwaiboga, and wished to investigate its truth before the report reached the magistrate. So together we went in to the principal Kwaiboga village where there were some Miavaina natives reported to be implicated in the murder. They gave an entirely different version of the case, however. We felt much inclined to believe their story, but determined to go up to Waibula next day and have it confirmed there.

This Kwaiboga village was very neat and pleasing, all the houses being arranged along a single street with the forest girding it on all sides. It was the principal pot-making village in the archipelago, and at this time nearly all the women were busy on this task, sitting in the shade of their huts. Ballantyne invited the inhabitants down to the beach at sunset for evening service. The Wagifans, of course, were sure to attend, for they had been staunch church-goers for several years, but Kwaiboga, and in fact all this part of Goodenough Island, was outside the missionary's "sphere of influence" at this time. However, Ballantyne's name and the title "missionali," were passwords all over the island, of which I was often glad to avail myself, and in this as in other instances were sufficient to gather the natives around him.

The best introduction my native boy could give me in a strange village was to say that I was a kinsman of Ballantyne. In the coast villages this always ensured me the warmest welcome, and women and children who would usually flee at the sight of a stranger would flock round me in delight. Even in remote hill villages of which he had never heard, where only a few of the younger men had ever seen a white face, the name of the missionary was held in honor and I was welcomed on his account. When dysentery broke out in the island he would tramp from morning to night, in rain and sunshine, along the coast and up into the mountains, with his medicine box slung on his back and a couple of natives at his heels. Women with

sick children would bring them out for him to examine, old men would seek his advise about their gardens or ask him to arbitrate in some local quarrel. He was their "father," in name and in deed, and to him they turned in trouble and distress.

Ballantyne has since died, succumbing to his third attack of blackwater fever, laying down his life for the people for whom he lived. From far and near the natives gathered to mourn, and their weeping was terrible to hear. "Marama, Marama," they said to his wife, "We shall never have another missionary like him again, we shall never see his like again."

But here we were at Kwaiboga, sleeping amongst the Wagifans on the shore. Next morning with a guide from Kwaiboga we followed the narrow track that led through the forests and the grasslands up the hills to Waibula. In one place our guide pointed out six stones. There, he told us, the Waibula natives had killed and eaten six men from Mitaita a few years before, and had set up these stones to warn all others who might pass by along the same track. We found the Waibula people most sociable; they even presented the Wagifans with a quantity of food and betel nut, and us with two large pumpkins. The account we had received of the disappearance of the recruiter's boy was here confirmed—it was but another illustration of the old adage, "a rumor grows as it travels." A missionary with his local knowledge of the natives and their language can sometimes do a useful service to both government and natives by running these rumors to earth before they lead to mischief.

There was, however, a real case of cannibalism as late as 1909, in the north of Goodenough Island, when a native, a stranger from another district, was killed and eaten in accordance with old-time custom. The acting magistrate, a young man appointed temporarily to the post, with a party of native policemen armed with rifles, ascended the hill to the village, shot some of the natives on sight and seized several more; then, when the remainder fled panic-stricken to the bush, burned down their village and carried his prisoners off to jail. The punishment was drastic—too drastic, some may think—but it had at least a salutory effect; no more cannibalism is ever likely to occur in this region.

The weather was dull and threatening. A little above us on the mountain side rain was already falling. I bought two of their old stone axes, or rather adzes, for, as with most savage people, the blade was hafted horizontally, not vertically. Curiously enough we picked up a third on our way back. They are no longer in use, their place being taken by European steel blades. As we returned through the Kwaiboga village we were presented with a platter of cooked yams and one enormous raw one, weighing about six pounds. These were for Ballantyne and myself, while for the Wagifans they brought

down to the beach a great pile of yams and some newly-made pots, the women carrying them on their heads while the men and boys slung them from their shoulders. The Waibula natives, too, carried their contributions down to the camp, which for a time resembled a busy market.

The noise and excitement was increased when a heavy fishing-line made fast to the flagship Lock-up hooked a nine-foot shark. A dozen men seized the rope and began to haul it in, but while it was still floundering in the shallow water near shore two or three, carried away by the excitement, rushed out with spears and machete knives and hacked it almost to pieces. The Kwaiboga natives, being the first who had observed it, claimed it as their prize according to custom, and dragged it off to their village. Ballantyne and I were quite content to see it go, for he had just shot a blue pigeon, and that, with the yams, gave us a hearty supper.

Heavy rain fell during the night and lasted till well on into the morning. The Wagifans nevertheless launched their canoes and disappeared round the point, all save Lock-up and one other, our *aiyebu* companion. We waited until the weather cleared, then the launch took the canoes in tow and our proud flotilla followed in the wake of the main fleet. Three miles on found it drawn up on the shore, and the natives absent in the hills soliciting food from one of the villages; so Ballantyne cast us off and continued on his way round the island to Malitauya and home.

We then went searching for fish on a coral bank, but finding only one small cuttlefish to spear, we put in at last at a lovely gravel beach where the forest-clad hills came down almost to the water's edge. Beside us a stream tumbled down a narrow ravine, with here and there a splash of sunlight playing on the dancing water. I went to bathe, while the natives idled away the hours in sundry occupations: Matagewana had chopped down the limb of a tree and was adzing it into shape for a paddle; another was making a many-pronged fish-spear; while two or three split bamboo sticks into combs, and tested them on each other's hair—but only the stoutest could stand that operation.

One man showed me how to make a serviceable basket from the fronds of a cocoanut tree, such as the natives are continually making in their gardens to carry home the produce; in five minutes he had one capable of holding thirty pounds of yams, using nothing but a single frond. Then we amused ourselves in producing fire—or trying to—rubbing a dry stick of some hard wood along a groove in one much softer. Those who were skillful could raise a little smoke in about twenty seconds, and two or three seconds later a little spark amongst the powder at the end of the groove, which was quickly fanned into a flame before it expired. To produce the smoke was

easy enough, but for the spark it needed just the cunning touch wherein I was lacking, and so also, curiously enough, were two of the natives.

Meanwhile the rest of the fleet passed by, and we ran down to the canoes and followed after, but all put in again about a mile further on. We heard a hornbill in the woods above, and two of us went off to look for it, but could not find it; however, we secured a pigeon instead, so our labor was not all in vain.

Rain had begun to fall again, and the natives hurriedly set about building brakes of leafy boughs under which to shelter. After supper that night we chatted about their songs and legends, improvising chants on little incidents that had happened during the voyage.

The rain soon passed off, leaving only bright starlight. Two or three times in the night someone would stir and look up at the constellations, then settle down again with a murmur that the sun was still a long way off.

We paddled a short distance further along the coast next morning, then put in to the beach once more and made the long and difficult climb to the Mialaba villages. There we were received with great hospitality, although we did not stay long, but pushed on another couple of miles to the district of Yauyauya.

It was remarkable all along this shore how numerous the cockatoos were, and fish-hawks and pigeons, both the blue and the white. More wind-brakes were constructed on the beach, and as soon as the evening meal was over the natives settled down to their usual concert. I made a gallant attempt to repair one of my boots which had come to grief that day amongst the rocks and boulders during the climb to Mialaba, but my efforts, sad to say, were not crowned with much success.

The mountains at this place were beginning to recede a little, preparatory to falling back and leaving a broad, fertile plain that covered an area of about twenty-five square miles down the west side of the island. In consequence our climb next morning to Waiakolua, some two miles inland, was not nearly so steep and rocky as to Mialaba the day before—a rather fortunate circumstance considering the uncertain tenure of my boot-sole. These Waiakolua people have two totems which they are forbidden to kill or eat, the cockatoo and the small green parrot. As far as eating went this could be no great hardship, but it must have been very annoying not to be able to wear their feathers in one's hair. Fancy our opera habituées forbidden to use their lorgnettes! These birds, too, make terrible depredations on the banana plantations.

Formerly the Yauyauya natives lived much closer to the shore, and intermarried a great deal with the Malitauyans and Wagifans. We were certain then of a good reception, nor were our expectations dis-

appointed. One of the natives, eager to show his delight, raced off to his garden near the village, hacked down two or three bunches of bananas, and laid them at our feet. Not content with this he dashed into his house and began to bring out all his property, a tomahawk, a big machete, a mat, a cassowary feather, water bottles, cups, betel spatulae, spears, two pots, some calico, and yams. In his excitement he kicked down the ladder to the house and had to scramble up as best he could. His wife sat on the ground outside, looking with disapproval at his "goings-on," but he shouted to her to get up and help him. "Matawaliwali, matawaliwali," he cried, "Do what I tell you, do what I tell you." He opened out his trade box to show us the tobacco inside, then rushed back again and brought one of his wife's grass skirts. Finally he even pretended to take his baby from her arms to offer us, but she indignantly snatched it up and moved away. The perspiration was streaming from every pore. Thrice he stopped and delivered a harangue, swaying his body, stamping the ground with his naked feet and beating the air with clenched fists. Others caught the excitement and dashed off to cut down some bananas too. But the Wagifans merely laughed, and replaced the articles one by one in the house again, leaving only the bananas and a few yams.

We had left some of the crew behind with instructions to take the canoes round to the south side of Cape Rawlinson while the weather still remained fine; consequently, instead of returning by the path we came, we took an old trail that would lead us over the ridges to our new anchorage. There was some idea that we might be able to make Malitauya before night, but a fresh south breeze sprang up and as long as there was enough to eat in camp the natives were not anxious to face a lumpy sea.

The wind lasted all the next day, so we remained in camp. A few energetic souls elected to walk along the beach to Malitauya, but my boots were no longer proof against a tramp along a rocky shore.

One feels rather envious of these Papuans as they stride barefoot along the paths and over the gravel beaches, avoiding without appearing even to notice them every sharp ledge and jutting stake. It seems so comfortable, and so natural a way to travel.

A new moon rose soon after the sun had set, and was greeted with loud hoots as the fingers beat a tattoo on the pursed-up lips. The wind died down a little in the morning, though the sea still remained lumpy. However, we had to push on, for our supply of food was again beginning to run low. We had only five miles to go, but we were all the morning paddling hard before we made it. Nearly everyone went in to the villages.

It was raining a little the following morning as we paddled along to the next group of villages, but everyone found it too refreshing

to be unpleasant. Only the policeman and I went in to the villages, though just why I could not discover. The inhabitants were a surly crowd who refused to give us anything except a few cocoanuts, although the Wagifans had been liberal enough with them a few weeks before when they were traveling with new canoes.

At Katua the natives bathed, and shaved their beards with flakes of obsidian or bottle glass, a fearsome process to watch, though it seemed to cause them no discomfort. Then they combed their hair and anointed both head and body with cocoanut oil and painted their faces with tumeric and lime and charcoal till they looked like escapees from the bottomless pit.

Tofia provided us with a good supper, and we stretched out for a night's rest under the stars. But about midnight it began to rain heavily, so all who could tumbled into an old boat-house on the beach. A little fire was burning inside, and the natives lay huddled up in all directions, mostly on top of one another. One of them found an old box and set it near the fire for me to sit on, as there was no more room to lie down. There I sat, hour after hour, with my elbows on my knees and my head resting on my hands. But just before dawn I fell asleep, and tumbled off the box. Some unconscious warning must have reached my brain, for I fell away from the fire on top of a poor old man who lay sound asleep on the other side. He started up with a yell, thinking probably that a *balauma* (spirit) had laid hold of him.

Morning dawned at last, dull but rainless. Our fleet was now disbanded. Four of the canoes had left us at Kutua; the rest, save two from Wagifa itself, belonged to Galewabu, where we now were. The hill natives treated us to a substantial breakfast, which was all that we could ask from them.

Our passage back to Wagifa reminded me of the English channel —the canoe was climbing mountains and descending into valleys all the way. We got through safely, though, at the price of a few blisters which the paddles left on our hands, and I bade farewell to my shipmates with the promise that I would take another trip with them one day to Kwaiboga. A short two-mile tramp along a native track brought me to Ukuni, where two boys ferried me across the bay to the Wailaga mission station and home.

GLIMPSES OF THE RUBBER COUNTRY

By Thomas A. Roper

In the upland towns of western Brazil's great jungle land early rising is a necessity rather than a virtue. A hodge-podge of disjointed sound invariably welcomes the new day. After weeks amid the vast silences of the surrounding forest wilderness, broken only by the sharp whistle of the tapir, the hoarse cry of the jaguar, and chatter of smaller animals and birds, I awoke on my first morning in Empresa to listen to what seemed to my unaccustomed ears a most fearful din. The discordant wails of the army buglers as they mercilessly slaughtered the tuneful notes of the reveille, the slap-sticks of the garment peddlers, the clank of the vendor of pots and pans, the tinkling of the cow bells as the milkman drove his herd from door to door, the melodious, flutelike call of the baker as he passed up the street—all created a weird babel of sound that effectually banished sleep from my reluctant eyes.

One steams through the waterways of the Acré Territory marveling at the countless millions of trees in the Amazon forests. The vastness of the continuously dense growth palls upon the senses of one unaccustomed to great tree areas after days of travel through the deep shadows, so that a bit of open country comes as a relief and a revelation. The way to become really acquainted with these forests is to live in the jungle land till every denizen of the brush is a familiar sight. Thus it is that the rubber collector lives in order to gather the precious fluid that has become so valuable an article of commerce.

Our boat from Cobija, on the Bolivian boundary, had unloaded us the night before at the foot of a dim, shadowy street illuminated by a few scattered oil lamps at occasional corners. After endless nights on cot or hammock the lure of a real bed had eliminated all thought of investigating any of the attractions of the town.

For a few minutes I reveled luxuriously in the unfamiliar sheets. Anxiety to see the chief city of the great Acré Territory, however, soon overcame my drowsiness. My window afforded an excellent view of the town—the most distant and probably the least-known seat of government in the Brazilian Republic.

Vivid blue and faded pink, washed-out green and splotchy white,

a compact jumble of parti-colored houses crowded the river bank. Here and there the red tiles of a more pretentious building glistened against the sedate background of palm-thatched roofs. Narrow, undecided brown streets radiated out from a central plaza, merging gradually into green forest lanes. The jungle, impenetrable save for an occasional trail, walled the inhabitants on three sides. On the fourth lay the amber flood of the Acré River, its waters now swollen by the rains on a thousand tributaries; rock-walled brooks in the mountains of Peru, where the Incas delved for golden treasure before the advent of the might of Spain, mossy jungles far beyond the Bolivian border, forest streams from the eastern watershed, all swelled the brown tide. Empresa is the territorial capital. The Acré Territory, under the control of the Federal Government at Rio de Janeiro, is divided into three departments—Acré, Alto Purus and Alto Taranca. Each is governed by a prefect. This huge embryo state, equal in size to the combined areas of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire, was first settled by the Brazilians from Ceará in 1879. Up to 1899, Bolivia, to whom the country then belonged, made no attempt to assert her sovereignty. By this time over eighty thousand Brazilians were scattered along the banks of the rivers. After several futile attempts to collect taxes the Bolivian Government ceded the district to an Anglo-American company called the Bolivian Syndicate. This Syndicate was given almost sovereign powers and proceeded at once to attempt the installation of chartered company control patterned after the South African plan.

Sporadic revolts against the authority of the Bolivian Syndicate finally culminated in revolution. Independence from Bolivia was declared and annexation by Brazil demanded. Finally the Acré Territory was ceded to Brazil by the Treaty of Petropolis, signed November 17th, 1903. Under the conditions of this treaty Brazil indemnified the Syndicate and also paid to Bolivia the sum of two million pounds sterling, Bolivia agreeing that this money should be spent in improving the means of communication between the two countries. Brazil also bound herself to build a railroad around the rapids of the Madeira River, thus opening direct communication between Bolivia and the Atlantic. Under Brazilian government this virgin territory has made considerable progress. Along the banks of the navigable rivers, the only feasible method of transportation, settlements are numerous. From the Acré River east towards the tributaries of the Madeira vast rubber estates, some a hundred square miles in extent, occupy every acre. But to the west, towards Peru, once the river banks were left behind, we found little evidence of civilization. Thousands of acres of uninhabited wilderness studded with rubber trees, castanha (Brazil nut) trees, massaranduba, cedar,

mahogany and ebony stretched towards the foothills of the Andes in seemingly endless profusion of luxuriant vegetation. The forest wealth of the Amazon valley is enormous beyond conception, but prolific nature has made the attainment of the necessities of life so simple that, as yet, little has been done towards its development.

Labor is the crying need. The *seringueiro,* the owner of an area of the forest containing wild rubber trees, can never secure enough men to work the ground he controls. Tropical climates do not stimulate ambition and the native rubber collector rarely does more than enough work to enable him to obtain the few necessities of life that nature has not provided. Each season he receives advances of merchandise from the *seringueiro;* if he finishes the year free from debt every aspiration is fulfilled.

Large compact groups of one variety of trees are unknown in Brazil. The *Hevea Brasiliensis* (rubber tree) is no exception to this rule. To develop new productive areas trails are cut from one rubber tree to another. These trails generally cover three to four miles and contain from a hundred and fifty to two hundred trees. One man looks after two or three of these trails. Each tree is tapped by making incisions six inches apart around the trunk, about five feet from the ground. Under each incision a small funnel-shaped cup is placed to catch the *latex* (fluid rubber). A line of trees will yield about eight to ten pounds daily during the season for a number of years, if the incisions are properly made and closed. Unfortunately little care is taken, insects enter through the cuts and thousands of trees are needlessly destroyed. The collector makes a daily round emptying the contents of the little cups into a pail. Returning to his camp he heats the *latex* in an iron basin to purify it. Then he smokes it over a fire made with the nuts of the urucury palm mixed with resinous woods, and molds it into a ball around a large paddle. Each day he adds to this *boracha* as it is called, building it up to a maximum weight of about one hundred pounds. In this form it is packed out on muleback to the nearest river and shipped to the coast.

Every collector carries with him a small figure of his patron saint on whose influence he relies implicitly. Should he have an unsuccessful season vengeance is visited upon the unfortunate fetish. The poor saint is either burnt, hung or chopped up into small pieces and another protector installed! Fatalism is curiously mixed with religion in the minds of the poorer classes. Doctors find it extremely difficult to cure their patients on account of the prevailing belief that the invalid will recover or not according to the will of God, irrespective of any medical treatment.

The health of these inhabitants of the jungle is universally poor. Malarial fevers, skin diseases, beri-beri and tuberculosis take a very

heavy annual toll. Insect-proof screens and window-glass are unknown on the Acré. When the family retires for the night, wooden shutters tightly seal every opening. Fresh air is excluded but not the mosquito, whose bite generally carries malarial infection. Beriberi, induced by the lack of variety in food, is very common. Sea air and a complete change of diet seems to be the only remedy, a cure seldom within the reach of the poorer classes.

After early morning coffee on the second day of our sojourn in Empresa, Thomas, our coolie boy—a native of one of the transplanted Hindustani settlements of the Guianas, came to me hurriedly, his dark eyes alight with pleasurable excitement. He had heard of a wonderful deposit of "stony bones" on a little river about eight hours' journey to the east. Would I care to make the trip? Long experience with English as Thomas spoke it made his meaning plain. I was always interested in any of the deposits of petrified fossils that abound in this region. After a brief consultation, I ordered that everything be prepared for our departure the next day.

As the first faint light of early dawn crept up over the Acré we embarked in our canoes, an initial twenty-five mile journey down the river being necessary to reach the trail we must follow through the jungle to the east. Mists, light as gossamer, hung low over the water. Here and there appeared the feathery fronds of the palm-tree tops, emerald islets floating on an ever-shifting pearl-gray sea, now tinted coral pink by the soft touch of coming day.

The misty veil fled upwards, breaking into a thousand fantastic wreaths and garlands. The dreaming forest, throwing off the sable garment of the night, flaunted forth in gorgeous array against the triumphant crimson and golden banners of the rising sun. An azure ribbon, banded with gold and silver, reflecting on its mirrorlike surface every branch of the bordering jungle, the placid river dawdled away into the still dim distance, every curve an allurement to investigate new splendors lurking just beyond.

In a silence broken only by the rhythmic plash of our paddles we glided on, hour after hour, between towering walls of luxuriant vegetation. Matted together by myriads of throttling vines, the giants of the jungle struggled upward in their efforts to brush with their feathery crowns the drifting clouds above. Dead, white, ghostly trunks, bleached by the tropic sun, veiled their nakedness under the rich robes of the blue morning-glory. Flaming orchids bloomed triumphantly upon rotting stumps. Here and there great starlike clusters of passion flowers blossomed, vivid blood spots on the throbbing heart of the green forest. The stench of decay mingled indescribably with the sweet, cloying perfume of a thousand flowers.

With its siren call of the great unknown, the mysterious wilderness, veiling its million secrets, ever lures the adventurer on.

My dreams of adventures were interrupted by an exclamation from Hosea, our cook, now handling the bow paddle. A palm-thatched *barracao* appeared ahead marking our immediate destination. Leaving the bearers under Thomas' watchful eye to land the duffle-bags and other impedimenta, I climbed up the bank to introduce myself to the owner of the rubber estate whose territory we must cross on our march the next morning. The *seringueiro,* a cheerful little man clad in pajamas, sandals and straw hat—a huge white diamond glittering on his little finger denoting his rank and wealth—welcomed me most hospitably, and placed his whole menage at my disposal. His estate I discovered later was one of the largest on the Acré, extending back from the river for many miles. The buildings were typical of the district. On the bank was a large *barracao* or warehouse; here the rubber was stored for shipment down the river. Further back, in the center of a large clearing stood a two-story wooden house, innocent of glass or screens, the ground floor devoted to the rubber collectors of the estate, the upper floor divided into bedrooms for the family. To the left an open-air dining-room and kitchen snuggled coolly under its low palm-thatched roof. On the opposite side clusters of bamboo huts sheltered the families of the laborers. Crowning a little knoll on the edge of the surrounding jungle stood a tiny white chapel, kept always in readiness for the occasional visits of the itinerant priests who take care of the spiritual welfare of the settlements. Mandioca fields bordered the river; in the knee-high grass towards the forest pack-mules grazed contentedly.

Previous sad experiences had taught me to decline with thanks the inevitable courteous offer of the use of one of the huts for my party. Rubber collectors are almost invariably small men and their dwellings are proportioned accordingly. Floors, built two or three feet above the ground, are constructed of bamboo or other light woods with only occasional joists. In two or three instances I had accepted an invitation to enter a collector's hut only to crash ignominiously through the floor as soon as I ventured beyond the door-sill. Nothing, I believe, can be more embarrassing to a guest, especially when limited knowledge of Portuguese renders one's apologies chaotic. Desiring to keep everyone's good will on this occasion, I insisted upon occupying my tent for the night, and compromised by accepting my host's invitation to the evening meal.

Morning promising bright weather for several hours at least, two pack mules and their driver secured for the trip from the *seringueiro* led the way into the jungle. Estimates of the length of our journey to the river of the "stony bones" varied with true tropical vagueness

from five hours to two days so we were prepared for all eventualities. Distances in the wilderness, either on land or water, are measured by time rather than miles and native geography is often rather hazy.

Our trail, kept open for pack animals bringing in rubber, plunged immediately into dense jungle. So narrow was it that the packs brushed the branches on both sides. Traveled almost entirely by the little mules of the region, their small feet had worn a series of water-filled holes in the soft soil, six inches to a foot or more in depth. Between these miniature ponds little slippery ridges made solid footing impossible. At intervals the trail crossed swampy ground; in the worst places a few logs had been thrown, but these were generally under water. Evasion of these difficulties by tearing a passage through the jungle was impossible. To penetrate the forest every foot of the way must be chopped out with a machete. Sliding and slipping from ridge to ridge, tripping over stumps and sticks hidden under a foot of water, my shoes filled with sand, I envied the natives, whose foot covering was a rubber slipper of home manufacture that could be pulled off and washed out at frequent intervals.

On this excursion I discovered a few small rock outcrops, apparently sandy conglomerate heavily impregnated with iron. To find any rock on the surface is unusual in this flat region; sand and clay cover the whole area to a depth of several feet. There is little doubt that the Acré Territory is mineralized, but prospecting is extremely difficult, both on account of the density of the jungle and the thickness of the surface sands and clays. Nothing can be accomplished except in the dryest part of the year, the months of July, August and September. During this period all the smaller creeks are comparatively dry and the formation can be examined. No definite discoveries of paying mineral have been made as yet, but the natives have shown me rocks that undoubtedly carried silver or copper. The unusually wet weather that prevailed during our stay in the Territory unfortunately prevented any verification of these deposits, but on account of the limited area over which the natives travel, I feel sure that the rocks shown me were not brought from a great distance. Legends of rich mines that existed in the olden days are to be found among the archives at Rio de Janeiro, but the proving of any of these stories is a matter of extreme difficulty.

Thomas' prediction of an eight-hour trip through the jungle fortunately proved to be correct. Late in the afternoon we reached a small tributary winding its lonely way towards the Amazon. Two days' work was rewarded by the discovery of some very interesting petrified bones on the river bank. Like other fossils of the region

of the Purus, these were badly crushed, but remains of an enormous crocodile were unearthed, also bones of an extinct ground-sloth and interesting relics of a big rodent.

Our return to the Acré was unfortunately very wet and unpleasant. Under a somber curtain of black cloud the weird gloom of the sodden jungle is terribly depressing. The breathless air reeks with moisture. Myriads of leaves drip unceasingly into thousands of pools forming in the greasy, wet clay. Drops become gobletsful, puddles expand into lakes, rivulets grow into torrents. Slimy yellow mud and dirty brown water pervade every inch of the rain-soaked land. Like a funeral pall the pregnant heavens seem to sink lower and lower, almost crushing out the light from the aisles of the dismal forest. Inky darkness threatened to maroon us for the night, but after a seemingly endless struggle, we arrived at the *seringal*, exhausted, mud-plastered wayfarers, thankful to accept the welcome shelter so hospitably offered.

Here we decided to await the bi-monthly visit of the steamer and embark upon our river journey of over two thousand miles to the Atlantic coast. Posting a sentry on the bank to watch night and day for the coming of the boat and halt it by the usual signal of three rifle shots, we arranged our goods and chattels and sat down to wait patiently—perhaps three hours, possibly a week.

During high water small stern-wheel steamers navigate the Acré from the Bolivian boundary to the Purus River. These boats have on their upper deck about twelve cabins for first-class passengers; aft of these is an open-air dining-room and kitchen. Below, almost level with the water, the third-class passengers sleep in hammocks slung promiscuously at any convenient point amongst the livestock and cargo.

At last our boat arrived. The joy of a firm deck under foot, after weeks spent in a country where a short stroll in any direction means mud and water over the tops of your shoes, must be experienced to be appreciated. Slinging our hammocks in the cool breeze of the forward deck we loafed contentedly, happy in the knowledge that we could revel undisturbed in the luxury of dry clothes.

The next afternoon we arrived at Porto Acré, the *Posto Fiscal Estodoal* or State Custom House on the border between the Acré Territory and the State of Amazonas. A territorial export duty on rubber, varying from twelve to eighteen per cent., is assessed, and all boats stop here some time for examination.

We were boarded by a group of dark-skinned officials, pompously attractive in their blue and gold uniforms and red *kepis*. A sad-faced sailor man—the usual dress of a Brazilian custom's guard—followed, bearing a huge load of portfolios. After effusively greeting the captain and officers with hand-clasps and hugs, the mem-

bers of the examining board seated themselves at a table on deck and all were soon immersed in the study of an imposing pile of documents.

Meanwhile the inhabitants of the town lined the shore or swarmed on board as curiosity or business dictated. The men follow the decrees of fashion as scrupulously as their Fifth Avenue brothers. For the stay-at-homes pajamas of every hue made the bank a kalaidescope of glaring color. For the traveler black suits of heavy cloth, waistcoat and all, high collar and starched linen are absolutely the correct thing. It is hard to respect these imitators of customs that are so wholly unsuited to their lives and country. The deckhand clad in trousers and sometimes a shirt seems a far better man to know than the señor whose pride endures tropical heat in heavy woolen clothing. Here none of the ladies share the foibles of their lords—all are invariably clad in cool and comfortable white.

At last the officials have completed their work; we are free to depart. Three long blasts of the whistle stir the crowds to frantic activity, and the gang-plank is pulled in and the hawsers untied. As we drift out into the stream a man rushes down the bank, gesticulating wildly. We recognize him as a passenger we had picked up that morning, on his way to Manaos. The boat is stopped and he boards her by canoe. Again we prepare to depart, but wild shouts arise from the bank; other passengers have been left behind. The *commandante* in vibrant language orders the boat back to the shore. Carrying on their heads a table and crate of chickens two more passengers embark. Now we are surely ready, but no—more trouble appears! A lady dashes out of the crowd calling to the pair who have just come aboard. With a wild shout the bearer of the chickens leaps to the land and flees back into the town encouraged by the yells of the bystanders. A domestic tragedy suggests itself. But the lady approaches and explains. These men, it appears, are the servants of the village doctor, who has already departed to a neighboring settlement leaving the removal of his effects in their charge. Hurrying away they have forgotten to shut up the house and the absent one is now attending to this duty. In a few minutes he again appears, running wildly, this time carrying on his head a long roll of chicken wire, evidently overlooked. Amid cheers of the onlookers he embarks and at last we steam away into the State of Amazonas.

On reaching the Purus River we deserted our little stern-wheeler and changed to one of the large twin screw river steamers that ply between this point and Para, at the mouth of the Amazon. Bocco do Acré, a town at the junction of the Purus and Acré Rivers, is the transfer point for all the upper territory. From here cargoes are sent to the upper Purus and Yaco, these rivers being the arteries

of commerce for the distant Departments of Alto Purus and Tarauaca. The large boats remain five or six days exchanging cargoes with the stern wheelers. Now we have roomy, screened cabins, ice and electric fans, and the hardships of our journey seem very far away.

Sunrise on the bigger river holds one entranced in silent reverence. Streamers of rosy pink, splashes of bewildering color, shoot through the ghostly vapor rolling up from the smoking water. In the still vagrant light the dewy jungle looms mysteriously. The placid river, shedding its veil of rainbow-tinted mist, rolls away, a sheet of polished silver, to the dim horizon. Foamy masses of gorgeous blossoms, scarlet and ivory, magenta and saffron yellow, glisten against the olive green of the walls of the forest. Like fairy folk from childhood's land of "Let's Pretend," queenly snow-white egrets dot the banks, gazing in grave surprise at the invaders of their domain. From a palm-thatched hut snuggling against its protecting background of elliptical banana leaves, a slender column of blue smoke creeps up into the motionless air. Over all dwells the perfect peace of the morning that only the wilderness knows.

The white sand-banks on the river's edge were checkered with the green of the mandioca fields. Here and there small groups of nomadic Indians were encamped. So great is the fertility of the river silt that the Indian is able to plant mandioca when the floods recede and harvest his crop before the recurrence of high water. By this simple method all labor of clearing, plowing and cultivating land is avoided. Mandioca is a variety of cassava and takes the place of wheat and corn among the natives of the Amazon Valley. Here the Indians and alligators have the same migratory customs. During low water they live on the river banks, in the flood season they move to the inland lakes and lagoons.

Descending the Purus frequent stops were made to take aboard additions to our cargo of rubber and nuts. The headquarters of many vast rubber estates dot the banks of this huge tributary of the Amazon. Here also rubber that has been floated down the smaller confluents is assembled to await the steamer's call. The balls of rubber are strung on light poles or rawhide ropes, the whole is lashed together into a raft on which the collector builds a shelter of palm leaves and then with his family floats down the stream until he reaches the main tributary up which the steamers ply. The delivery of his cargo of rubber is the culminating moment of his year, the time looked forward to through the trials and labor of endless jungle days. After a brief holiday in the settlement he loads his canoes with supplies and the forest swallows him up again. Another twelve months must roll around before his ear will be gladdened by the melodies of the outer world.

Every little settlement has some contribution to give to the world's commerce. Wherever freight offers the steamer stops. Sometimes a single letter was brought off in a canoe; then again a passenger, his effects packed in native rubber sack or gaudily painted wooden trunk. For fuel frequent stops were necessary, the wood being cut by natives and stacked on the banks ready for sale to any passing steamer. Dozens of cords were consumed and all had to be carried aboard on the backs of the deck hands upon the narrow gang-plank. With the handling of cargoes night and day, the loading of wood, washing the decks and cutting fodder for the livestock carried on board for meat, the deck hands seem rarely to rest or sleep; but in spite of the apparent hardships of their lot they positively radiated good nature and contentment. Indeed the same may be said of all on board from *commandante* to cook; courtesy and cheerfulness reigned supreme.

At Nova Trombetas we stopped to load dried *pirarucu,* the king of all fresh water fishes. Throughout the Amazon basin this fish is the daily substitute for meat. It grows up to a length of nine feet and some weigh two hundred pounds. The fishermen generally use a harpoon, but large hooks are very successful. The meat is cut up and cured in the sun; when ready for market it resembles dried haddock and is very palatable when properly cooked.

As we neared the mouth of the Purus, settlements became few and far between. A whole day sometimes passed with no sign of human life. On many tributaries of the Amazon the further one goes up the river the more inhabitants one finds. Rubber is the principal industry, water the only means of transportation. As the rubber trees within reach of the river become exhausted the population migrates up the river rather than back into the interior nearer the mouth. Hence we have the anomaly of a small and scattered population in the forests near the large towns of the main river and thicker settlements far up in the interior. Where the Purus flows into the Solimoens—another name for the upper part of the Amazon River proper—hardly any settlements exist for many miles.

A day's travel on the broad bosom of the Solimoens, that great river up which the ocean liners steam hundreds of miles to Iquitos in far Peru, will bring us to Manaos—our immediate destination. Far away beyond a wooded islet the pilot points to a white spire glistening in the rays of the setting sun. This is the town of Manacapuru. As darkness gathers we stop here and watch the loading of cargo for the last time. To-morrow we shall be riding on street cars, talking over telephones, doing all the ordinary things we have learned to do without. Are we glad or sorry?—perhaps a little of both.

Manaos, which we shall reach in the morning, is, according to

some travelers, destined to be one of the world's greatest cities. Occupying not only the central position in the richest valley of the world, its harbor on the Rio Negro, might accommodate hundreds of ocean liners. A traveler may go to the west, east, north and south from Manaos by water and reach the Atlantic! At the first-class hotel in Manaos one must not forget to ask for turtle cutlets or turtle pie, for the Amazon Valley is the home of the tartaruga. The eggs are the size of hen's eggs, and might readily be used as a substitute.

After the evening meal we gather on the upper deck, gazing out into the blackness of the river, marveling for the hundredth time at the wonderful skill of the pilot as he steers unerringly without lighthouse or chart. Streams of sparks from the steamer's twin funnels whirl up into the night a glittering pair of Catherine wheels. In the eastern sky hangs a thin crescent moon shedding a faint silvery lustre over the dreaming forest. From the shore a dull beam of red light flickers out across the water from the solitary hut of some sleepy woodcutter aroused by the beat of the steamer's propellers. Between black walls bordering a path of silver gray, the boat sweeps on to civilization.

PEKING THE FANTASTIC

An Intimate Portrayal of One of the World's Strangest Cities—The Temple of Heaven—Through the Forbidden City—A Bible in Stone—The Emperor's Musical Chair

By Isaac Taylor Headland

Author of "Court Life in China"

[*Dr. Headland, as a professor in Peking University and long a resident of China, has had exceptional opportunities for studying the life of the Chinese at close range. The present article, written previous to the present régime in China, depicts Peking as it was under the earlier form of government.*—Editor.]

Peking is one of the most fantastic and incomprehensible old cities in the world. To those who do not know it, it is "suggestive of lurking ills, of gloom, treachery, and ignominy, where fate skulks in sickly guise, and owls and bats and ruined tree-tops from which the moss hangs like the beards of hoary demons, and even the children seem aged and misshapen, while their parents, sitting apathetically in sunken doorways, look like mummies partially revivified."

But to those, who have bicycled about those streets and alleys, who have rooted about those shops and homes and palaces, who have watched them grinding jade into beautiful as well as fantastic shapes, who have seen them carving ivory into such artistic designs, have had their court painters visit them in their homes, and who have visited them in their studios—to such persons Peking is a city of dirty, dusty streets, where the dogs are scavengers and the pigs wallow in the alleys; where the houses are one-story, with their backs toward the street and their front toward the back yard; where the people move slowly, thus saving their energy and their nerves; and, not out of their head, but out of their stomach—for all their knowledge lies in that receptacle—the people produce the most beautiful things.

But there, I have been talking about Old Peking—Peking as it was a dozen years ago. Peking has changed. Then we rode in carts, on donkeys or in sedan chairs: now we ride in jinrikishas,

carriages or automobiles. Then the school buildings were old tile-roofed, tumble-down affairs; now go up with me on the city wall and look over the capital, and you will see a score or more of sky-scrapers, four stories high, with corrugated iron roofs, glass windows, board floors, steam heat, electric light, and all modern conveniences even to bathrooms.

Now I want to take you into Peking and let you see it just as I saw it. We enter the Hatamen gate at the southeast corner through a wall sixty feet thick at the bottom, forty feet thick at the top and fifty feet high with a crenelated top and loopholes on the outside and abutments which double the width at every 200 feet. In the old days the street was built up a foot and a half from the sidewalk, with dirt, of course. There were depressions between the street and sidewalk, in which the water settled during the rainy season, forming pools. Into these the neighbors threw their refuse vegetables. They decayed, and in the hot summer days a green scum formed upon the pools, broken only by the bubbles from the decaying vegetables. Then when the street was covered with two or three inches of dust in July or August, the street sprinkler came along with a reed dipper and sprinkled the street with this water. Then you came along in your Chinese cart, the hot rays of the sun poured down and the odors came up, and one of the questions which tourists used to ask each other was: "How many smells did you meet to-day?" To which their friends usually answered: "A great lot that I never heard the name of." One of my friends recently told me in New York that in 1888 he catalogued twenty different odors in Peking that he had never met anywhere else in the world.

Now the streets are all macadamized, with neat little surface sewers on each side and hydrants on every street corner, and they are as clean as the streets of an American city except that during the hot, dry summer days, and the long, dry spring, winter and autumn there is a good deal of dust.

On both sides of the street there are little booths—ragged little booths—where they sell everything from a bamboo back-scratcher to a hat, coat or fur garment. Story-tellers sit or stand by a table drinking tea and telling the thrilling adventures of the great generals of the Three Kingdoms, or repeating the poetry of the Tang dynasty, or telling of Yang Kuei-fei, who was the inspiration of an earlier poetic period and of whose charms we are given a lengthy list, while the audience hangs with open ears and open mouths upon the story-teller's words.

At another place a company of jugglers are standing upon benches, bending backward and picking up handkerchiefs off the ground with their teeth, or balancing plates upon bamboo poles twice as high as the house-tops, or on chopsticks held in their mouths. Others may

be walking on high stilts, while still others manipulate a Punch and Judy show, until one is uncertain whether it is Bunker Hill Day on Boston Common, Fourth of July at Coney Island, or a County Fair. But as we pass along we see the head of a man—some robber or rebel, I suppose—and we remember we are in Peking.

If it is a lucky day—examine a calendar and you can tell, just as you could know whether it was going to rain by your old almanac—you see red canopies under which some official remains are going to their last resting-place, or a red chair in which a bride is being borne to her husband, with bands of music leading each procession.

Shall we drop into the Lama Temple at the north end of Hatamen Street, where we have ten thousand priests and a Buddhist idol seventy feet high? Great bronze incense burners are about the court which would be worth a fortune if only we had them in New York, and the most obscene idols representing the Creation to the right of the great assembly hall. You may buy some of their little bells with the unique handles, if you will; for the priests have their goods for sale.

Or shall we go into the Confucian temple, which is just west of the Lama temple, where we will find in a row of sheds around the Hall of Classics a double row of stones on which are carved the whole "Four Books and Five Classics," the Bible of the Chinese, that they may never again be burned as they were by the Builder of the Great Wall, some 200 years B.C.

In the front court of the Confucian temple again we will find a lot of monuments which remind us of a graveyard, but on which the name of every third degree graduate has been carved for the past six or seven centuries, for the Chinese love learning.

Or perhaps you would like to visit the Drum and Bell towers, which are just west of this temple and directly north of the palace and the Coal Hill. In the former is a drum on which were struck the watches of the night, when the only method they had of marking time was a stick of incense burning in a brazier. In the latter is one of the largest hanging bells in the world. But after you have seen this bell you will not rest satisfied until you have visited the Yellow Temple outside the northwest corner of the city, where there stands one of the most beautiful monuments of the Empire, built over the clothes of a Tibetan priest who was sent on an embassy to Peking, where he contracted smallpox and died. His body was sent back to Tibet, but his clothes were buried here, and this obelisk, with an illustrated history of Buddha carved upon its surface, erected over them by order of the Emperor.

The most beautiful bell in the world, however, is just about a mile to the southwest, in the Bell Temple. Made of the best of

bronze, it weighs some twenty tons, is covered all over, inside and out as well as on the edges, with a Buddhist classic, and it is one of the largest and finest metal castings in the world.

On our way back to the city we might visit the cemetery in which lie the remains of Fathers Ricci, Schall, Longobordi and Verbiest, the men who, more than any others, gave the Chinese of 300 years ago their mathematics, their astronomy, and the astronomical instruments which decorated the Observatory, which we would have visited as soon as we entered the city but for the fact that the Germans looted them when they entered the city in 1900 and carried them off to their Fatherland. We might also visit the Zoo. Not that you cannot see a better one in Central Park, New York, but that you may observe how the Chinese care for their animals.

I wish I might take you through the Forbidden City as I went through it in 1900. The great yellow-tiled roofs which you saw from the city wall are not the palaces, but the public buildings, in which the dark deeds during the old régime were done between midnight and morning, for the audiences were all held at that time.

In the Emperor's rooms there was a window extending from one end to the other on the south side of the building filled with clocks, all ticking a different time. There were tables about the room and clocks on the tables. I sat down on a French upholstered chair in which a music box began to play. This was connected with an electric fan attached to the wall, which kept me cool on that hot August day. It was the Emperor's reading chair; he could sit and read his books, listen to the music, and be kept cool by the fan.

In the Great Dowager's rooms was the most beautifully carved ebony furniture I have ever seen, and her bed, with its satin embroidered curtains and its great yellow mattress ten feet long, made one think that it was for a giant instead of for a delicate little woman.

It is here that such momentous changes are now taking place. The fate of a dynasty that has lasted since 1644 rests upon the shoulders of a little boy of seven, and thousands of rebels in the southern half of his empire are trying to filch it away. The poor little fellow is made to offer apologies that he does not understand, and that he never saw nor heard. His father, who was his Regent, was made to resign, and two strangers have been put in his place, and it is difficult to say who will be able to save the empire.

He can play with the toys his uncle left, he can ride in the automobiles that were bequeathed to him. He can visit the winter palace, where for ten years his uncle was a prisoner, and meditate as to whether he will ever occupy the same position, or whether he will be compelled to flee and leave the heritage of more than two and a half centuries to be snatched away by disappointed office seekers, for

that is really what General Li Yuanheng is, who have turned into revolutionists.

Go with me now to the Temple of Heaven, one of the most magnificent religious conceptions in the world. There are two altars, the covered and the open. Of all the pieces of architecture in China, the covered altar is the most beautiful. No picture of it can do it justice. It is about ninety feet in diameter and ninety-nine feet high. It is a circular building, with a triple roof covered with deep blue encaustic tiles, every ones of which was made to fit the place it occupies, while all of them taper to a central knob at the top.

This building is supported on two circles of large teakwood pillars, while the ceiling is decorated with raised gold dragons—a most magnificent sight. It is to this altar that the Emperor repairs to pray for an abundant harvest, just as he goes to a temple near the Coal Hill to pray for rain—a temple which likewise contains a ceiling of gold raised dragons, second only to this in the Temple of Heaven.

South of the covered altar is the open altar. This temple occupies about one square mile of territory in the southern city of Peking. The cows for the sacrifice, all black, are pastured in the temple grounds. The open altar is a triple marble terrace ninety-nine feet in diameter, with steps leading to it from the east, west, north and south. To the first terrace there are nine steps, then nine circles of stone; then nine more steps, with nine circles of stone; then nine more steps to the top. In the center of this altar is a circular stone, around which there are nine circles of stone, with nine in the first circle, eighteen in the second, twenty-seven in the third, and so on until in the last there are nine times nine, or eighty-one stones. The Emperor kneels upon the central stone at sunrise, with nothing over him but the arching dome of the heavens as a tent, and prays to Shang-Ti for four hundred millions of people—no picture, no idol, nothing but a bullock offered as a sacrifice.

I wonder what you think of the Chinese as a literary people. In the shops there is one history that would fill a two-horse wagon. Not a history of the world, not a universal history—just a history of China.

But I must stop. Don't forget the bazaars. Get yourself a jade ring, and small bits of jade, which you may have set in Shanghai or Japan as a necklace at quarter the cost you can at home. It is tremendously interesting to look over these stones even if you cannot buy the beautiful pearls that are on the stands.

PALMYRA, QUEEN OF THE DESERT

Over the Syrian Desert to a Metropolis of the Ancient World—Zenobia, Militant Queen of Old Palmyra

By Harvey Porter, Ph.D.

[*Dr. Porter, who is Professor of History in the American College at Beirut, has lived in Syria for over a generation and is particularly well qualified to speak of that country. For years he has made a special study of Palmyra, and is an authority on the Palmyrene language and coinage.*—Editor]

Just half way along the ancient caravan route which runs northeast from Damascus to the Euphrates River are the ruins of one of the most remarkable cities of the ancient world; for here, in the heart of the Syrian Desert, proud Palmyra attained to a degree of wealth and art and power which for a while threatened to rival that of Rome itself.

The road thither is always in the desert, but this is not a level waste of sand. It is quite a mountainous country, and the trail often passes for hours at a time through a narrow valley between rugged hills. The earth is not sandy, but is beaten and hard, with now and then a dusty bit of hardy grass showing. It looks not unlike a poorly kept baseball diamond at the end of a dry summer. One could ride all the way to Palmyra on a bicycle, and, in fact, the journey is often made nowadays by automobile. We went, however, in the traditional manner, on horseback, with our heavy luggage borne by donkeys and by one very lively pack-camel, who chose every possible opportunity for running away across the desert.

However you go to Palmyra, it is not even now an easy journey. In summer the sun is fearfully hot and in winter the wilderness wind is piercing cold; the water along the route, though perhaps not actually unhealthful, is warm and evil-tasting and full of animal life; unless you carry your own tent you must sleep in hovels which are filthy and insect ridden, and marauding bands of Bedouins hover about the caravan route watching for a chance to rob the luckless traveler. A party of Americans who recently made the trip averaged one and a half accidents and minor diseases apiece.

Two long days' caravan journey from Damascus is the ancient and now very squalid village of Karyatein, near which are a number of ruins dating from Greco-Roman times. One of these is an extensive sanitorium, known as the "Bath of Balkis"—the traditional name of the Queen of Sheba. Within the enclosure is a vaulted room with a paved floor, in the middle of which an opening about ten inches in diameter sends forth a current of moist, hot air which has a temperature of 140 degrees and is slightly charged with sulphur. The heat in this room was so suffocating that we could not endure it long; but the air is said to be beneficial for certain diseases, and in Roman times the place was doubtless very popular as a health resort.

From Karyatein the route is across a broad plain between two mountain ranges which are several miles apart at their western extremity, but which come together and form a narrow pass as we near the city. This plain is about fifty miles, or eighteen camel-hours long, and its springs are very few and very poor. In summer there is often but one flowing. At Ain el Wu'ul, where we had expected to obtain a supply of water, we found the wells choked with locusts, and at the next and last spring, el-Baidha, the water was strongly impregnated with sulphur. But we had to drink it, though it tasted like a dose of warm, nauseating medicine. In the middle of the day the heat was intense; and though our heads were protected from the direct rays of the sun by thick pith helmets, the reflection of the cloudless sky from the whitish marl of the soil scorched our faces. The flies were a torment to all except the camel, whose thick hide seemed proof against their attacks. In summer the Syrian desert shows no vegetation except a low salsolaceous plant, which the Arabs burn for the soda ash. This is called *al-kali*, whence comes our "alkali," and was formerly extensively used in the manufacture of soap, but the importation of cheaper materials has now diminished the market for it. Altogether it was a weary scene and a weary journey. Even the halt for the noontime meal was not especially pleasant, under that blazing sun and with only tepid sulphur water as a beverage.

At el-Baidha, which we reached after fourteen hours in the saddle, we found a small garrison of Turkish soldiers who were stationed there to protect caravans against the Bedouins who roam the deserts in the hopes of plundering unwary travelers. These Arab tribes view this occupation as a legitimate business, a feature of desert life which has become, so to speak, legalized by immemorial custom. They regard the traveler exactly as the hunter does his prey—a bounty sent by Providence, which it would be ungrateful for them not to accept. They will strip their victim of everything, but they are careful not to take life unless resistance is offered.

They leave their victim in the protection of God, who must take the responsibility should the poor fellow perish from hunger and exposure.

Early the next morning we saw a company of such Arab raiders passing across the plain west of us. We afterwards learned that their foray had been unsuccessful, and consequently they were going back to their encampment in an unamiable state of mind, which would have boded ill to us if we had happened to cross their path. As it was, we proceeded with great caution, for fear they might still swoop down on us, but fortunately we saw nothing more of them.

About midway between el-Baidha and Palmyra we made a little detour to visit two monuments which lay some distance to the left of the trail. We found these to be altars about six feet high, upon which a bilingual inscription in Greek and Palmyrene indicated that they had been erected on March 21 of the Year of Palmyra 425 (114 A.D.), and were dedicated to the "Most High God." Near by could be seen the broken base of another monument, but no other indications of man's presence, so we concluded that these altars must mark the course of the ancient highway across the desert, which the city in olden times was under obligation to maintain and protect.

As we approached the pass which opened to the ancient metropolis we saw beside the road several of the strange square mortuary towers, which are as characteristic features of the environs of Palmyra as are the tombs on the Apian Way just outside of Rome. One or two of these towers which are in a fair state of preservation show clearly the original form and use. They are all of three or four stories, the upper floors being reached by inside stairways. Each story consisted of the room surrounded by *loculi* for the reception of the dead, before which, or standing within the room, were statues of the persons entombed there. These statues have been long ago either badly mutilated by the Arabs, who have a religious aversion to all "idolatrous" representations of living creatures, or destroyed by vandal antiquity dealers who, when they could not carry off whole figures, would break them and smuggle away the fragments. Many such heads, arms and feet have found their way to the coast cities of Syria, and some few have gone to European palaces and museums.

Our long journey down the pass ended at a low saddle between the hills, from which we looked down upon Palmyra itself. Just below us were a grand triumphal arch and a magnificent colonnade leading up to the Temple of the Sun, whose portico still rose in grandeur above the miserable modern village of mud huts. To the left the ruins of the ancient city covered a square mile of the plain, and beyond was the vast desert, which stretched all the way to the

Euphrates, six days' journey away. It must have struck even such a stern warrior as Aurelian with something of admiration and awe as, from this spot, he looked down on the great desert-bound capital against which he had led his legions. Before him lay then that great triumphal arch and imposing colonnade, in all the wondrous perfection at which we now can only guess, spanning the avenue which led up to the proud shrine of the rulers of the desert. As his gaze swept the broad plain and saw other splendid boulevards stretching away in long vistas, lined with palaces and temples and massive government buildings, the Roman emperor must have wondered at the marvelous power which had enabled this people to erect such a city in such a place, isolated from the world by the long leagues of desert which surrounded it on every side.

The story of Palmyra has been enshrined in poetry and romance, but even its sober history is of wonderful fascination. The city lies, as has been said, midway between Damascus and the Euphrates, on the only considerable oasis along the ancient caravan route, and thus it early became a great emporium of trade between the Mediterranean countries and the heart of western Asia. If—though this is doubtful—the Tadmor or "Palm-city" of I Kings 9:18 is the same as Palmyra, then it was built (or rather rebuilt) by Solomon; but it does not again emerge into historical notice until the Christian era. Mark Antony led an unsuccessful expedition against it. Later on the Roman emperors recognized it as an important ally and buffer State against the inroads of the Parthians during the period when the Empire was thrown into a state of anarchy by continual contests between rival claimants for the throne; so, though in theory Palmyra was a colony of Rome, it was as a matter of fact given, or rather allowed to assume, a practical independence. Its ruler, Odenathus, bore the Roman title of "consul," which was second only to that of Emperor. Really he was a mighty ruler of a sovereign State. After the emperor Valerian had been put to rout by Sapor of Persia, it was Odenathus who decisively defeated the invaders, saved the Empire from what had seemed certain overthrow, and added Mesopotamia to his own royal diadems. He would doubtless have proved a formidable rival to the Roman emperor had his life not been cut short by assassination in the year 266.

Odenathus was succeeded by his son; but the real ruler of the country was his widow Bath Zebina, better known to the Western world by the Greek form of her name, Zenobia. If we take into consideration her beauty, intellectual power, administrative ability and personal character, Zenobia ranks as one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of all queens, as gifted in military affairs as Semiramis, as strong a ruler as Elizabeth, as beautiful as Cleopatra, more learned than Catherine, and withal a chaste and faithful consort of a noble

husband, whose plans she carried forward with consummate ability. She is described as of surpassing loveliness, according to the Oriental type, with sparkling black eyes, pearly teeth, and of a commanding presence and great physical endurance. Her private life was never touched by the breath of calumny. She spoke Greek and Coptic and some Latin, in addition to her native Palmyrene. She drew up for her own use an epitome of history, delighted in Homer and Plato, and beguiled her leisure by discussing philosophy with the famous scholar Longinus, who took up his residence permanently at her court.

Her physical powers were remarkable. During her husband's life she was accustomed to accompany him on hunting expeditions. Later on, she rode at the head of her armies on a fiery stallion, from which, however, she would often dismount and endure the fatigue of the march with the foot soldiers. It is no wonder that such a leader—beautiful, pure, brave, queenly yet friendly—inspired in her armies a tremendous personal loyalty and an unquestioning confidence in her ambitions. Without a murmur they followed her into the fearful struggle with the world empire.

At the very beginning of her reign she threw down the gauntlet to Rome. No petty desert kingdom would satisfy her vast ambition. Armenia and Mesopotamia were claimed by Palmyra. An army of 70,000 men defeated the Roman legions by the Nile and annexed Egypt. Zenobia then pushed her victorious banners northward to the very shores of the Bosporus. When Aurelian came to the imperial throne, he demanded that Zenobia should acknowledge his sovereignty, but her answer was a bold defiance and a proclamation of herself and her son Vabalathus as independent rulers of the whole East.

But now the end of the glory of Palmyra was near. Aurelian was of different stuff than his weakling predecessors. He brought an immense army to Syria, defeated the forces of Zenobia at Antioch, then, following after them, defeated them again near the city of Emesa, and demanded of Zenobia that she surrender. She replied haughtily that he had not yet tested the valor and resources of the Palmyrenes. So the great Roman army laid siege to the desert capital. The winter and spring of 272 wore on, and Palmyra still held out. When Aurelian summoned Zenobia to capitulate she responded with another bold defiance. But at last it became clear that the capital was doomed, and the queen, escaping the vigilance of the Roman sentries, slipped away from the city and fled toward the Euphrates. Just as she reached the bank of the river, however, she was overtaken and brought back captive to Aurelian. She met his reproaches for her obstinate and useless resistance with a calm dignity, saying that the events had indeed proved his suprem-

acy, but that the previous emperors had not shown themselves to be superior to her, and so she had been justified in rejecting their authority.

Aurelian seems to have been disposed to deal kindly with the captured queen and the brave defenders of the city; but when his army reached the Bosphorus, news came that the Palmyrenes had already revolted and had massacred the Roman garrison. Then he returned by a march of masterly rapidity, once more took the city, and this time overthrew its splendid buildings, and carried Zenobia to Rome, where, however, she was well treated.

PIGMIES OF THE PHILIPPINES

Among the Original Inhabitants of Our Far Eastern Possessions—Primitive Deer Hunting and Dancing—Curious Native Customs—Why the Negrito Sleeps in the Fireplace

By Mabel E. C. Cole

We hear a great deal about the simple life, of putting aside the vanities of fashion and returning to the state of the savage. To me this idea seems most discouraging, for after three years spent among the wild people of the Philippine Islands I have become convinced that the savage is quite as much a slave to fashion as are more civilized people.

The Tinguians, of Northern Luzon, are slaves to the customs of their ancestors. Every unusual occurrence calls for a ceremony, and at these functions everything must be done according to a fixed rule. Violation of their social laws calls for the censure not only of the people but of the spirits as well.

Among the Bukidnon, of Mindanao, a man must have his trousers elaborately embroidered or everyone knows that he has a lazy wife and has not money enough to buy a more industrious one. If the Bukidnon's teeth are not filed off and blackened he is made sport of and called afraid.

We might go on and name tribe after tribe, and we should find that each has its own ideas of fashion.

There is one tribe, however, whose people are so little encumbered with unnecessary things that they are worth considering. They are the Negritos, or pigmy blacks, the wildest and most primitive of all Philippine peoples.

The Negritos were the original inhabitants of the Islands, but they were a timid people, and as the other tribes came in the pigmies sought the most worthless and inaccessible places where they could live their own quiet lives. A large number of them now occupy a mountain district just across the bay from Manila, but so timid and retiring are they that they are seldom seen by whites.

To reach these little people we crossed the bay on a small steamer which runs every other day, stopping at different villages along the coast to load on great baskets of fish. The boat is little and old,

and thoroughly saturated with fish odors; the sun is hot, and the ride is not one to be taken for mere pleasure. At the end of three hours we landed at a fishing village, and from there continued our journey up the coast in a *banca*—a hollowed-out tree trunk which looks like a huge chopping bowl with bamboo outriggers—and after another hour's ride we landed and started back into the mountains.

It is a lively game of hide-and-seek to find these slippery little blacks, for they have no fixed habitations, but wander about from place to place as fancy calls them. With a native guide who spoke their language, we started into the forest through thick underbrush, across small streams, and into dense bamboo thickets. The guide carried a long knife, with which he cut away fallen stalks for us to pass; and while we could not see anyone, we felt that black eyes were turned on us from all directions, for the Negritos' ears are keen to strange noises, and their knowledge of the forest enables them to hide like birds in the trees.

Finally we reached a clearing on the side of the mountain, where shoots of corn were just coming up, but there was no other sign of habitation. This proved to be a not unusual condition; for although the pigmies plant small clearings of corn, rice, and sweet potatoes, they often desert the place before time for harvest, and depend for their food on wild tubers, fruit and game, which they kill with their bows and arrows.

We went on, climbing up one hill and down another until a second clearing was reached, and, after searching carefully among the thickets, there we found a house. It was a mere shelter about five feet square with a roof of palm leaves, but neither sides nor floor. Inside was a raised platform of bamboo covering half the space, but there was nothing else, and we should have taken it for a deserted place had it not been for a fire smoldering in one corner of the ground. Our guide understood from this that the house had been occupied only a few minutes before, but that now the family had moved.

As we neared another clearing, the guide cautioned us to step lightly and he crept noiselessly ahead until he could see the people and assure them that we were friends.

When we reached the shelter three Negritos greeted us, and later, one by one, eleven others crept in from the forest. As they became convinced that we were harmless, their timidity fled and they showed us great hospitality, dancing and singing for us, allowing themselves to be photographed or measured, and, in fact, doing anything which our freakish fancies demanded.

They are little people, the tallest of them reaching only to our shoulders. Their hair is black and kinky and it is never combed, their toilets being thereby greatly simplified. Some of them shave

a round spot on the crown of the head during the hot months of the year "to let the heat out," they say; but, as a rule, the thick, woolly mass stands out all over their heads, and it is allowed to grow until it becomes long enough to be troublesome; then it is chopped off with the ever-ready *bolo,* or long knife, a laborious and painful process.

Their clothes give them but little concern. The sole article of dress of the man is a bark clout, and in cases of extreme prosperity a hat and a pair of cast-off trousers secured in trade from some other tribe. The woman rarely possesses more than one article of clothing, and that is a "skirt," a strip from the inner bark of a tree fastened around the waist and extending to the knees. It is never washed, and if you offer cloth to a Negrito he is sure to choose black, since that does not change color so quickly as do lighter hues.

They have no blankets, but they do like to feel warm at night, so fires are built under the raised platform on which they sleep. To make a fire, two pieces of bamboo are rubbed rapidly together until the friction ignites some lint; and as this is some exertion, they usually keep a fire smoldering all the time; and if there are too many in the family for them all to be on the platform, some rake out the coals and curl up in the warm ashes to sleep. There is little need of water among them, for the Negrito never takes a bath lest he should take cold, and, indeed, he would feel the loss of the layers of dirt and ashes which cover his skin.

Since the Negrito, in his simple manner of living, does not see the necessity of taking thought for the morrow, he has a hard time to get enough to eat, and there is scarcely anything in the animal or vegetable kingdom of his country with which his stomach is not acquainted. Fish, eels, wild boar, deer, wild chickens, lizards, crows, hawks and vultures are all on his regular menu while large pythons furnish particularly toothsome steaks. When necessity compels him to become a vegetarian he eats any kind of fruit or tuber which can be found, even some which in the raw state are deadly poison. One particularly poisonous vegetable is a yellow tuber called *ca-lot'*. This they slice into thin bits and soak in water for two days, after which it is boiled in several waters until it has lost its yellow color. In order to be sure that no poison remains, some of it is then fed to a dog, and if he does not die the pigmies eat it themselves.

Most of the ingenuity which the Negritos possess is devoted to the making of bows, arrows, traps and snares. The bows are gracefully cut of *palma brava* and are highly polished. The strings are of twisted bark made soft and pliable, and the arrows are well feathered and cleverly fashioned. But although so much of their sustenance depends on the chase, they are not very accurate shots except on

large game. Wild chickens and birds are generally caught with spring traps, in a primitive but nevertheless effective manner.

Deer are usually hunted by these people in bands, sometimes as many as thirty at a time, each man carrying a bow twice his height and a handful of arrows, while several half-starved dogs accompany them to chase the animal after it has been wounded. They know that the deer go forth to browse only at night and lie in a cool, sheltered place in the daytime, so they seek out a thickly wooded ravine through which a little stream flows, and several plunge into the thicket yelling and beating the underbrush, while the others wait on the outside till a frightened deer appears. They then shoot at him with their arrows and the dogs take up the chase. Sometimes a long rope net is stretched in front of the place where the deer is likely to run, and he is thus trapped.

Notwithstanding their antipathy for work in general, the Negritos are tireless in the chase and will hunt all day without eating unless they happen to find some wild fruit. If dogs are scarce, women frequently take part in a hunt, running through the brush, yelping like dogs. However, they never are permitted to carry bows and arrows.

A successful hunt brings great rejoicing to these little people. After the animal has been skinned, the most influential man present takes a part of the entrails or heart, cuts it into small pieces and scatters it in all directions, chanting as he does so a prayer of thanks to the spirits for aiding in the chase. When the spirits have been thus appeased, the body is cut up and divided, the head and breast going to the man who first wounded the deer, and the backbone to the one who sent the fatal shot. One hind quarter goes to the man whose dog started up the animal, and the rest is equally divided among the other hunters.

Their manner of eating is simple. They never have more than two meals a day, and usually only one. When the pangs of hunger begin to haunt them, they put some rice or tubers into a joint of green bamboo and place it in the coals and hot ashes to bake. If there is meat, small pieces are strung on a strip of cane and hung over the fire; or if a fowl is to be cooked, it is wrapped in banana leaves and slowly roasted over the coals—the primitive method of paper-bag cooking. When it is done, the members of the family sit down on the ground near the fire, turn out some of the food onto a banana leaf and begin to eat ravenously. There are no plates, no knives and forks, no table to be cleared, no dishes to be washed. When they have eaten all they can hold or all there is, they tip up a bamboo tube filled with water which stands near by and take a drink; and then it is time to sleep. The monkeys in the trees are not more carefree.

There is a certain necklace seen about the necks of both men and women which we found was worn not so much with the idea of ornamentation as for the sake of convenience, for the Negrito has no pockets. It is made of certain dried berries which are said to be efficacious in alleviating the pangs of indigestion, and when the Negrito feels a pain he pulls off a berry and eats it. It is not unusual to see such a string on which very few berries are left.

Nothing could be more simple than their religious belief, unencumbered as it is by creed or dogma. All places are inhabited by spirits, and all adverse circumstances, sickness, failure of crops, and unsuccessful ventures are attributed to them, but so long as all goes well, the spirits are not much considered. There is a certain large black bowlder in their country which is the home of one powerful immortal, and into this all spirits of the dead seem to go. No Negrito passes this rock without leaving some article of food, lest bad luck should follow him; but this offering made, his responsibility ceases and he has no fear.

Even their method of naming is far from complex, each person having but one name and there being no difference between the masculine and feminine. A child is usually called after some striking object which is near at hand at the time of his birth. If he is born under a tree, he may be called by the name of that tree; if a monkey is playing in the tree, he may be called *"Barac"* (monkey); or if he was born during a storm, he may be called *"Layos"* (flood). If he is sickly it is known that the spirits are not pleased and his name is changed.

A girl is a valuable asset in a Negrito family and she is not parted with until a satisfactory price has been paid for her. She is allowed little choice in selecting a husband, for the worldly possessions of a prospective son-in-law have much to do in gaining parental consent. When a boy has decided on a girl he wishes to have for his wife, he consults his relatives as to her value and how much they will contribute for her purchase. This settled, he, or one of his relatives consults the parents of the girl and if the amount offered compensates them for the loss of their daughter, they give their consent, and presents of tobacco, corn, rattan and other forest products are handed over. This ends the harrowing preliminaries of getting married and the rest is simplicity itself. A feast takes place at which all the relatives assemble. A mat is spread on the ground and some food placed in the center of it. The bride and groom then seats themselves on opposite sides of the mat, the boy places some of the food in the mouth of the girl and she does likewise to him. The people give a great shout and the ceremony is over. Weeks of tiring preparation and disheartening bills to be paid are eliminated from this sort of a marriage.

The Negritos are exceedingly fond of music and dancing, and while the sounds from a bamboo jew's-harp, a four-holed flute made from mountain cane, and a bamboo violin may not appeal to the untrained ear of an American, it is quite evident that to the Negritos this music is sweet and inspiring. They have only four notes, but the time is good, and that is all that is necessary, since their chief amusement is dancing. It is not difficult to get them to perform, for if they are not sleeping or eating they would as soon dance as anything else.

The first performance for us was quite unintelligible, but when it had been explained that they were pantomime dances, we found them to be quite clever interpretations. As a preliminary to these, one person leaps into an open space and dances around in a circle, clapping his hands as if warming up; and then getting into step with the music, he starts the acting. In one called "The Sweet Potato Dance," the performer hunts around until he pretends to find a potato patch. He goes through the motions of digging the potatoes and putting them into a sack which he swings over his shoulder. Then keeping close watch that he is not caught in the act of stealing he comes to a brush fence which is built around the patch to keep out deer and wild hogs. With his long knife he cuts an opening and passes through this, and goes on until he comes to a river. Here he tests the depth of the water with a long stick, but in so doing slips and drops his sack, which is carried away by the swift current. All the time that he is going through these motions his feet are in perfect accompaniment to the music.

Though they have several dances, the Negritos know but two songs. These, however, they make appropriate for all occasions. One is a love song and has countless verses, but it so embarrasses the singer that it is difficult to get anyone to render it. The other is sung at any time; and while the time is always the same, the words are made to fit the occasion. When sung for an American it is usually a request for a gift. This song, like their dances, has an introduction which must always be given before they can sing the words. Several men, each with one hand over his mouth, will walk around in a circle in a stooping position. The leader strikes a note, which he holds as long as he has breath, and then the others take it up. They move faster for a while, and then stop abruptly, go back a few steps and begin over again. After a few minutes of this, they are in condition to start the real words of the song. Though only one sentence may be used, it is sung over and over until the desired length has been reached, a somewhat monotonous performance.

It is easy to see why the Negritos move so often, since they have no furniture, no extra clothes, and no culinary utensils. They have

merely to take their bows and arrows, and perhaps a musical instrument or two, and go to their new abode. It is almost the simple life. And yet even in the Negrito we find that the germ of vanity has begun to sprout. For ornamentation, they scarify their flesh by making incisions with a knife or sharp piece of bamboo on the breast, arms, and back and then rubbing in dirt, that the wounds may become infected. They also sharpen their teeth into points and make holes in their ears through which leaves and flowers are thrust. Their natural disinclination for work has deprived them of a great many ornaments, but they are willing to undergo inconvenience, and even severe pain, in order that they may be in style.

It is interesting to conjecture what the pigmy blacks of the Philippines will be at the end of the next hundred, or even fifty, years. Will they become so affected by the civilization encroaching upon their domain that they will lose their most interesting characteristics, or will they merely cease to exist as a distinct tribe, gradually dying out or being absorbed by others better fitted to survive?

THE MEMORABLE TOWER OF LONDON

The Most Historically Interesting Spot in England, a Fortress-prison that Dates from the Time of William the Conqueror— Famous Men and Women Imprisoned There

By Henry James Forman

[*Mr. Forman, whose knowledge of London is that of one who through long residence knows intimately the varied phases of the city's life, commences with this article his series on some of the most striking and characteristic features of England's capital.*— Editor.]

If you go on to the Tower from London Bridge, by way of Lower Thames Street, to which a stairway leads from Adelaide Place, the bridge entrance, you may look into the old and beautiful church of St. Magnus Martyr (by Wren), where Miles Coverdale, the first translator of the complete English Bible, once officiated as rector, and where he now lies buried. There in the heart of Billingsgate, this fine mellow church is crumbling on through the centuries without striking incongruity. The last time I visited the Tower I walked this way through Billingsgate, turned up St. Dunstan's Hill, past St. Dunstan's-in-the-East (also by Wren), and thence, by Great Tower Street, and past All Hallows, Barking, to Great Tower Hill. All Hallows, Barking, deserves a visit, if only because that great spirit William Penn was baptized within it. The Bishop, Lancelot Andrews, whose tomb we saw in Southwark Cathedral, was also baptized here, and John Quincy Adams was married at All Hallows on July 26, 1797, to Louisa Catherine Johnson. From Tower Hill, a step eastward, where so many famous heads were severed, the remains that were carried to All Hallows church included those of Archbishop Laud and the Earl of Surrey. The church escaped the fire of 1666, and by consequence much of its medieval architecture and many ancient brasses remain intact. Near the church stands a tavern called the Czar's Head, which Peter the Great frequented (not the same building, of course) when he was learning to build ships in England for the future betterment of his kingdom.

The normal way of arriving at the Tower, however, would be from

the Mark Lane underground station, opposite this Church of All Hallows, which would eliminate the walk through Billingsgate. The few costers and policemen who now generally occupy Tower Hill, and the public coffee bar, with coffee ever so cheap, may seem less picturesque than the scaffold that parted from their heads the two Dudleys, the Duke of Northumberland (1553), who owned Charterhouse but who never dwelt in it; the poet Earl of Surrey and his son Norfolk (1572), who did live in Charterhouse, Sir Thomas More, and Bishop Fisher, not to mention the Scotch Lords; but if these noble and revered heads could now revisit the Hill they would no doubt approve of the landscape even in its degeneration.

It is only the Hill, however, that may be said to have degenerated. For the Tower itself, rising high and majestic, with turrets, flags and pinnacles, bastions, battlements and castellated walls, is a spectacle for the gods. It seems almost as remote from the Twentieth Century as the Tower of Babel would be in the middle of Whitechapel Road. When you see that brave pile, as such things used to be called, you forget completely that Whitechapel lies somewhere, not very far, to the east, and the City immediately to the west. You think of all that dead and gone era of the Knighthood and chivalry of both Amadis de Gaul and reality, an era which seemed so preposterous even to Cervantes, which seems to incredibly preposterous to us of to-day. Yet that Tower and much of its contents testify to the grim actuality of that bygone age, and unless your blood is frozen by some of the instruments of torture in the Armory, you cannot help laughing inwardly at the folly of mankind, that has always taken itself with so much pompous and absurd seriousness. From every point of view the Tower is a thing to be seen. It is tonic. It makes you feel what fine fellows we are in that we no longer behead, throw into dungeons, or crush to a jelly the thumbs of people who differ in matters of faith. We do, indeed, look with complacency on machine guns and their work, but machine guns, notably our own machine guns, are different. And some day, perhaps, we shall pass through a gate and take a ticket for them even as now for the Tower.

Of course, the Tower is not all armory, but it is natural to regard instruments of torture and weapons of death with warm interest. The architectural glamor of the place is unique in England, and historically, I suppose, its interest is unsurpassed for English-speaking people. All the separate towers and buildings are plainly labeled, making the walls and grounds themselves the items of a sort of huge exhibit. The moat requires no label, for any reader of Ivanhoe would immediately know its uses and imagine it flooded. It is now white and dry, and the last time I saw it some soldiers of the little garrison were playing football upon its bed. But it is a comfort to think that it

could be flooded still, and that one day some imaginative Governor of the Tower will do it for our edification.

Sir Walter Raleigh was, I suppose, admitted without a ticket, but now you must, even on free days, obtain a ticket at the office near the Lion's Gate, where of old was the Lion Tower, a part of the menagerie removed to Regent's Park. Edward Alleyn, the actor, who, according to the verger of St. Saviour's, is supposed to have indirectly influenced John Harvard to found Harvard College, was at one time keeper of the menagerie, and that is how he is said to have amassed the money to found Dulwich with. It seems a more likely way than acting—in these days. An excellent guide, purchased for a penny at the gate, gives in large type the names and descriptions of the various towers you pass on the way to Wakefield Tower, where the Crown Jewels are kept. On the right is the river and Traitor's Gate, where so many of the finest spirits of England landed to enter these precincts of gloom and death. Edward, Duke of Buckingham, Sir Thomas More, Anne Boleyn, Queen Katherine Howard, Lady Jane Grey, Devereux Earl of Essex, the Duke of Monmouth—what a roll-call! All passed under that broad and sinister archway, and, strangely enough, Elizabeth, afterwards Queen, who so loved to punish others, herself landed at Traitor's Gate as a prisoner. The whole place breathes of mystery and romance, even to this day, when little detachments of soldiers in khaki parade before your eyes and tourists straggle about, guide-book in hand. Yet Harrison Ainsworth could have chosen no fitter background for a novel than the Tower of London. There, opposite that very Traitors' Gate, stands the gloomy masonry of Bloody Tower, where Richard III had the little Prince done to death, as we believe, and by this word I undertake to maint——dear me! I am forgetting the tourists and the mild beef-eaters on guard. But the very walls, the very name of the Tower, recall strange and vanished figures of speech and long forgotten boyish thrills of the blood. The lines, the very stage direction of "Richard III" recur to the mind: *"Enter the Two Murderers," "Enter Gloucester and Buckingham, in rotten armour, marvelous ill-favored," "Enter Lovel and Ratcliff, with Hastings' head,"* or that other scene and the lines——

> *First Murd.* Take that, and that: if all this will not do,
> (*stabs him*)
> I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.
> (*Exit, with the body*)

The Crown Jewels and other implements of sovereignty, in the past so costly in blood to maintain, are now very peacefully exhibited in their place in the Wakefield Tower near by. There is no need to rhapsodize over these regalia, though they are worth seeing. A "fine ruby given to the Black Prince by Peter the Cruel," April 3,

1367, as the penny guide informs us, is, of course, more seeing-worth (in the German phrase) than merely a fine ruby. St. Edward's Staff, King John's Anointing Spoon, Queen Elizabeth's "Salt" and many more such knick-knacks are here to be seen, besides the Crowns and Coronets, that are said to compare unfavorably with kind hearts. The mild Lancastrian King, Henry VI, is said to have been murdered here by Gloucester, who, in Shakespeare's words, had "neither pity, love, nor fear." Murdered or not, however, the Crown Jewels are silent on the matter.

The White Tower, the next station in the usual itinerary of the visitor, is the oldest portion of the fortress. King Alfred's bastions, built here in 885, were successors to some Roman fortifications, and William the Conquerer proceeded to build a Keep here in 1078. The roll of Kings and noble prisoners who have occupied the White Tower either as palace or as prison would fill a whole Almanach de Gotha. It seems a picturesque fact that Longchamp, Richard Cœur de Lion's Regent, enlarged and inhabited the Tower until King John took it away from him in 1191. It is easy to see that the romantic Richard's talents lay not in the domain of administration. He was King of England for one decade, yet he had to get Longchamp to do his ruling for him, while he careered about the world, hob and nobbed with Saladin and spent time in a German prison. The history of "La Blanche Tour" is a long one, and I cannot here trace it out or name all the Childe Rolands that to this Tower came, but I must not omit to mention that Christopher Wren, who built almost everything in London except the Tubes, which he left to the late Charles T. Yerkes, had a hand in the Tower as well. In 1709 he put in the present windows to admit more light than Norman barons were accustomed to in their Castles. This Castle shows clearly how any Norman king's or gentleman's house could also be his enemy's prison. Home was not home unless it could serve as a jail for rivals and brothers if need were, for truly those were days of blood and iron.

St. John's Chapel, to which you are admitted before visiting the armory, seems startlingly new and fresh at first sight, and yet it was mentioned as early as 1189. The walls of this Chapel, so cold and so gray, and the massive stone pillars and gallery, show what homes these strongholds made. Even now England is incredibly uncomfortable in winter for lack of proper heating apparatus. At that time, to use the words of the penny guide, in spite of the use of wooden partitions and tapestry, it "must have been miserable as a place of residence." The Royal Residence that once adjoined this Chapel and Tower was pulled down by Cromwell, and only a fragment of it remains in the detached Wardrobe Tower.

The Armories housed in the White Tower are, aside from the regalia, the exhibit in the Tower. They include, I should say, a fairly complete encyclopedia, in concrete form, of all imaginable and

unimaginable instruments of death and torture. Considerable esthetic taste has gone to the arrangement of these things and you see great roses, rosettes and other forms made of glittering polished swords, bayonets, cutlasses, sabers, what not. The collection was begun by that broad-minded monarch, Henry VIII, and has been added to during virtually every subsequent reign. From the musket of the year one, you may go back to the arquebus or forward to the mauser. The figures, mounted or otherwise, in armor of a vast range of workmanship, make the upper story of the White Tower a museum of chivalry. But there are many other things in this Tower besides arms and armor. A model of the rack, a thumbscrew, the Duke of Wellington's uniform when Constable of the Tower, the cloak Wolfe wore when he died at Quebec, the drums of Blenheim, King Edward's funeral gun-carriage, and so on. It is useless to itemize, but interesting to see.

What remains of the visible parts of the Tower is sad with memorials of death and cruelty. On Tower Green, near to the Parade, upon which you emerge from the White Tower, is the spot where the scaffold stood, and Beauchamp Tower is eloquent with the names of those that were confined therein: the four Dudleys, Philip Howard Arundel, Geoffrey Pole, "Thomas Talbot, 1462," and Dr. Thomas Abel, faithful servant of Katherine of Aragon, Henry VIII's discarded Queen. And the chapel of St. Peter ad Vincula, mentioned as early as 1210, is a veritable cemetery of queens and noblemen. This chapel, included in the places accessible only upon obtaining a pass from the Governor of the Tower to Raleigh's prison, Guy Fawkes prison, etc., is nevertheless sometimes shown upon request by the warder. Lord Hastings, who was executed on Tower Green in 1483, Queen Anne Boleyn in 1536, Countess Margaret Salisbury, the last of the Plantagenets, 1541, Queen Katherine Howard, fifth wife of Henry VIII, 1542, Jane Viscountess Rochford, 1542, Lady Jane Grey, 1554, and Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, 1601—all were buried in the chapel of St. Peter. To them this historical museum that we straggle about to see was a wall of death or the gate of life, according to the state of their souls.

Just as in Walpole's day all that lay west of Hyde Park Corner was a desert, so to the London City man of to-day all that stretches beyond Aldgate or the Tower is a wilderness. Whitechapel sends a member to Parliament, and the docks and their inhabitants figure amusingly in the tales of W. W. Jacobs. But essentially they are regions beyond the ken of man. I need hardly say that to anyone who takes the trouble to visit Whitechapel and Mile End Road their importance and vitality will very soon be apparent. They are a world by themselves, a swarming, busy, active world, aggressive and progressive, indifferent yet enormously interested. Mr. Zangwill has

described it once for all in "Children of the Ghetto." Others, too, have described it. But in this article it would be out of place. The visitor who steps out of the Underground at St. Mary's, Whitechapel, will be astonished to find himself in the heart of a wholly new London, but it is a London to which I cannot guide him. With a last look, therefore, at the Tower, at the Royal Mint at Trinity House, we leave this region as a kind of Pillars of Hercules, and hasten back to the West End, which to the dweller in Whitechapel or Houndsditch is remote to unreality.

To walk from Charing Cross down Whitehall and its continuation, Parliament Street, to Westminster Abbey, is to pass through the heart of Kipling's England. Waterloo may have been won on the playing fields of Eton, and to the Englishman's loyalty is doubtless due the fact that the sun never sets on the British Empire. But if the heart of that Empire is not here in Westminster, it is nowhere. The concrete group of Government officers gives one a strange feeling of human pride. After all, you say, these are only a few buildings, populated, during office hours, by a few thousand men; yet from this half mile or less of street is ruled so large a portion of the habitable globe that other nations complain of a lack of places in the sun. From the Roman Forum radiated roads to the confines of the Empire. From the Admiralty in Whitehall, by means of the wireless installation we see on the roof, messages are flashed to obedient dreadnaughts in distant seas. That is better than Rome could do, and quite deserving of Mr. Kipling's poetry. It is not the Forum, yet it is magnificent. But it is not spectacular.

LEBANON OF THE FLOURISHING CEDARS

The "Goodly Mountain," a Wondrous Panorama from the Tropics to Winter Snows—a Strange Series of River Caves—the Famous Cedar Grove

By Lewis Gaston Leary

Author of "The Real Palestine of Today," "Andorra, the Hidden Republic," Etc.

Far off on the eastern horizon the thin blue haze of the summer morning seemed to thicken into a long line of whitish cloud masses, which rose like dream mountains above the edge of the azure Mediterranean. These soft, rounded shapes did not change their outlines, however, as clouds do; and as the steamer drew nearer to them, they took on more and more of an appearance of solidity. Yet so delicate and ethereal appeared the rounded masses that it was some time before we were quite sure that they were not mere piles of morning mist, but the massive shoulders of the ancient, famous, glorious range whose strange whiteness, when viewed from far, caused it long, long ago to receive the name of Lebanon, or the "White" Mountain.

It is not a single mountain, as the wording of the Old Testament might lead one to suppose, but a whole range, which begins at the northern border of Palestine and stretches for a hundred miles along the easternmost coast of the Mediterranean. Straight up from the shore its thousand summits rise one behind the other to the "Back of the Stick," as the natives call it, which is more than ten thousand feet above the sea.

There are few views in the world more beautiful and varied than that along the western slopes of the range, especially as one sees it in the springtime. From the cape of Beirut you can behold sixty miles of a coast that was already old when Abraham departed from Ur of the Chaldees. Northward, beyond the gorges of the Dog River and the River of Death and the Sacred River, is the River of Adonis, springing full-grown from its cliffside cavern where the loves of heaven and earth were celebrated many centuries before there were any Greeks in Greece. Still farther north—beyond Jebail, which disputes Damascus' claim to be the oldest city in the world—the view of the coast is ended by the bold promontory that ancients called the "Face of God."

Everything along the seaside is warm, almost tropical in its verdure, and gorgeous in the orient tints of the Syrian sun. But just back of the narrow coastal plain are the mountains. Their lower slopes are soft with vineyards and olive groves and orchards of fig, orange and mulberry, and compact little white villages shine bright here and there against the hillside green. Above villages and orchards are evergreen forests, and dark, deep gorges cut far into the mountains between smooth, swelling moorlands. Higher still are desolate, lonely slopes which are quite bare of vegetation and yet which, in the clear atmosphere, take on the appearance of bright, shimmering velvet. Last of all, the eye is drawn up to the summits of Keneiseh and Sunnin, covered with great fields of dazzling snow, from which blow cooling breezes to the torrid shores below. From the tropics to cold winter snows—you can see it all in one splendid panorama, and you can journey the whole distance in one long day's ride! So the Syrian proverb says that Lebanon bears winter on its head, autumn on its shoulders, and summer on its bosom, while spring lies slumbering at its feet. There would be no Syria without what is familarly known simply as "the Mountain," whose lofty peaks break the rain-clouds borne hither by the west winds and drop their precious moisture on the thirsty soil below.

This "goodly mountain," which Moses longed in vain to see, became to Hebrew poets and prophets the consummate symbol of all that was most strong and virile and beautiful and enduring. The springs of Lebanon, the smell of Lebanon, the forests of Lebanon, the cedars of Lebanon, the glory of Lebanon—of these they dreamed and, in admiration and hope, of these they loved to sing.

The modern tourist sees only the side of the range toward the Mediterranean, and perhaps crosses it on his way from Beirut to Damascus. This is a memorable journey, with its ever broader views of the coast and sea as the train climbs slowly up the rack-and-pinion railway to the bleak water-shed between the snow-capped summits, then slips swiftly down into the valley of Hollow Syria, and up again over Anti-Lebanon to the ancient metropolis of the desert peoples. He who travels thus, and only thus, comes to appreciate something of the mass and height of this famous range; but he hardly guesses the rich beauty of the generously watered valleys which reach far up between the bare, cold shoulders of the mountains, or the wild, lonely grandeur of its rocky cañons, or the far-spread prospects from its highest peaks.

Perhaps, also, in the midst of his curious interest in the strangely garbed natives who throng the stations along the route, he fails to notice their stalwart forms and independent carriage, or to remember that their ancestors were making history here when his

own were barbarous dwellers in the northern forests. That history has not always been a record of peace and good-will, from the days when the Hittites fought the Egyptian invaders to the awful year 1860, when thousands of Lebanon Christians fell before the muskets of their Moslem and Druse neighbors. It is a history not yet finished, for feuds are handed down from generation to generation by these mountain folk. The village of Dehr el-Kamr has still a mosque, but for many years no Moslem has dared dwell there. One stormy winter night I sat by the charcoal fire in another Lebanon hamlet and heard read from a grimy, greasy manuscript a long poem descriptive of the brave part played by that particular village in the last local war. It was almost epic in form and spirit—its long rhythmical lists of the village heroes had a Homeric ring—and the dark, bearded faces that listened so intently to the record of their fathers' valor were set in grim lines which showed that their fathers' wrongs were neither forgiven nor forgot.

There are outlaws in Lebanon to this day. I remember looking one evening across a deep ravine to where a file of soldiers were climbing painfully among the rocks in search of a murderer. A murderer, yes, but of no common sort; for he had sworn that each time a Christian was slain by a Moslem he would creep down from his mountain retreat and take the life of a follower of Mohammed in exchange. There are some surly fellows in the mountains who will refuse hospitality to a traveler and break the water-jug which has been defiled by a stranger's touch. And there are real heathen there, especially in the northern tip of the range; tribes which are neither Moslem nor Christian, but practice strange rites which have been handed down from the days when the Hebrew prophets were preaching against the iniquitous nature worship of the Syrian mountaineers.

Take them on the whole, however, and it would be hard to find a people more thrifty, brave, hospitable and lovable than the inhabitants of Lebanon. It would be still harder to name a more thoroughly satisfactory region for vacation travel than this, with its ancient ruins and quaint modern customs, its cold cataracts and luxuriant valleys, its wild gorges and mysterious caves, and its variety of climate and vegetation, which ranges from the sun-bathed orchards on the warm seaside to the chill of the snowdrifts by the topmost ridge.

To the hurried traveler who of necessity spends most of his time in historic cities, Syria may seem a somewhat dry, bare land; but he who leaves the dusty beaten route for the rough mountain trails finds Lebanon gushing forth its springs and fountains as lavishly as in days of old. I have stood on a foothill back of Sidon and counted seventeen roaring cataracts hurrying down the nearby moun-

tain side. Highest of all is the waterfall of Jezzin, which drops its twin lines of foam and spray 250 feet straight down to the bottom of the gorge in one long leap, and can be seen for a dozen miles away, shining like a double silver thread. Other lower cataracts, however, rival this in beauty: the Bridal Veil Falls at the source of the Sacred River, or the series of cataracts down which the Adonis River drops just after it bursts from its lofty cave in the thousand-foot cliff.

Indeed, there are literally hundreds of cave-born streams which break forth from the western side of the range and hurry through lonely, rock-bound defile or mellow, populous valley to the Great Sea. Most of these, it is true, are comparatively small brooks fed by the water which oozes through the soft stone from snow pockets not far above them; but some few issue as well-grown rivers which have already flowed a long distance through dark, mysterious rock channels. Such, for example, is the Dog River, called by the Greeks the "Wolf River," which empties into the Mediterranean a little way north of Beirut. Only four miles up its desolate, steep-walled gorge from the sea the stream flows swiftly from a cave, or, rather, series of caves, which stretch far into the heart of the mountain. Here are stalactites of every conceivable shape and color, natural columns as large and almost as symmetrical as the pillars of the temples of Baalbek, vast cathedral-like chambers, labyrinthine passages without number, deep pools of crystal clearness, cascades whose dull thunder reverberates through the dark depths of the mountain. With the aid of portable rafts, adventurous explorers have penetrated a mile into this wonderful cavern, but even at that distance there was no diminution of the volume of water or any other indication that they had come at all near to the source of the underground river.

Above ground, the tremendous force of the spring torrents has worn the rock into a thousand varied, fascinating shapes. There are many natural bridges, some of which are of imposing proportions. One, far up the west side of Jebel Sunnin, is wide enough for twenty horsemen to cross it abreast; its span is a hundred and sixty feet, and the regular arch rises from eighty to a hundred and fifty feet above the rapidly descending river bed, while the rock above the center of the arch is thirty feet thick. So symmetrical is this "bridge" that if an inscription should be discovered stating that it had been cut by the hand of man we should find little difficulty in crediting the statement.

Since the Old Testament days of the Baal-Astarte nature worship, Lebanon has been crowded with "high places." It is almost literally true that every prominent outstanding height is, or has been, crowned by a sanctuary of some kind or other. The foundations of ancient Syrian temples, which are still found overlooking sacred rivers,

form splendid tenting grounds. More numerous are the remains of Greco-Roman edifices, tumbled down usually by earthquakes, but even in their ruin very impressive heaps of huge limestone blocks and columns of Egyptian granite, and hundreds upon hundreds of hilltops bear the white-domed shrines of Christian or Moslem saints.

Some of the monasteries, like that at Dehr el-Kala's above Beirut, stand on sites which for millenniums were successively occupied by Syrian, Greek and Roman temples to the nature gods. Some can be seen a day's journey away, rising above their precipitous hills with fortifications like those of the strong castles of the Rhine or Danube. Among the higher mountains, many monasteries cling to the face of the high cliff which walls in a narrow strip of verdue beside some rushing torrent. Indeed, they are often built into the rock as well as upon it; for the natural caves have been roughly shaped into monks' cells and chapels—yes, and sometimes prisons. The caves of the monastery of Kezhaya are said never to have been entirely explored. One of them contains a vast chamber, as large as a church, into whose walls are set huge iron rings to which the monks chain persons who are possessed by devils. In the night an angel comes, so they say, and exorcises the demon. The cure is absolutely infallible, for if the dawn finds the patient unimproved, that merely shows that it was not a case of demoniac possession after all, but just ordinary insanity!

Of the famous cedars, which were perhaps specifically referred to when the Old Testament writers spoke of the "glory" of Lebanon, only six or seven small groves now remain. The one above the village of Besherreh, however, occupies one of the most magnificent situations imaginable. The cedars themselves are inspiring to behold—these thousands-year-old giants with their present beauty and fascinating memories—and their surroundings are grand beyond description. Back of them the mountain rises four thousand feet, bare of village or tree, but glowing with the soft yet brilliant tints which are characteristic of the entire range. Below the "Cedars of the Lord," as the natives call them, an enormous natural amphitheater slopes down and out, past strangely chiseled rock masses to gorges dark with evergreen and lower valleys fairly choked with verdure, and then—nearly seven thousand feet beneath and thirty miles away—to the Great Sea whose vast blue surface, seen from such a height, seems to reach far up into the lighter azure of the sky. From the Cedars of Lebanon, on a clear summer evening, I have often seen the jagged mountain peaks of the island of Cyprus, a hundred and fifty miles away, distinctly outlined against the red disk of the setting sun.

I am writing these lines on a steamer which is bearing me swiftly across the Mediterranean—back again for a while to Syria and

Lebanon, in whose shadow I have lived for years, whose wildest ravines I have explored, whose loftiest summits I have climbed, and whose sturdy mountain folk I love—back again to the great, glorious mountains which, in their mingling of sacred associations and historic interest and generous fertility and unsurpassed natural beauty, are like to no other mountains an earth.

PANAMA FROM THE SHIP'S DECK

A Look Ahead to a Trip on Shipboard Through the Completed Canal —How the Passage Will be Made—Precautions That Will Minimize Danger—the Great Achievement

By Blair Jaekel, F.R.G.S.

In 1915 the chances are that you will map your route to the Panama Exposition in San Francisco via the reason why. You will crave to see in operation the greatest engineering achievement that the world has even known, in comparison to which the building of the Pyramids, making due consideration for the difference in periods, seemed like child's play. You will wish to experience the novelty, not to mention the pride and satisfaction, of traveling from the Atlantic to the Pacific seaboard on the same ship, without change, without even stepping ashore, through a ditch dug by Americans across the waistline of the Western Hemisphere after others had failed—an experience that only the untiring energy, the unflagging determination to do, and the skill of your countrymen have made possible.

So you will board a comfortable ship in New York and commence steaming south. Almost due south will be your course, deflecting a little to negotiate the Windward Passage, until you pass Jamaica; then a little to the westward of south, and in six or seven days, according to the speed of the vessel, you will enter Limon Bay. Far to your right lies Toro Point, and once your ship has rounded the end of the giant breakwater that they have built out from the Point into the ocean for more than two miles, it will be safe from the fury of the "Northers," which at frequent intervals during the winter months sweep down across the Caribbean, even now compelling the vessels lying at their berths at Colon to hurry out into deep water, seeking shelter eventually in the land-locked harbor of Porto Bello, a few miles below.

Ahead and a little to the left lies Colon; but you will ignore the port authorities this time, and from the end of the breakwater your course lies due south again through Limon Bay, your ship seemingly intent upon bisecting the heroic statue of him whose immediate followers were the first to be convinced that a western passage from Spain to Cathay could be cut through Panama.

This statue of Christopher Columbus marks the northern entrance to the canal proper.

South for seven miles from the breakwater you will steam down a channel 500 feet wide and forty-one feet deep, until a great concrete barrier arrests your progress. This barrier is the Gatun Locks, through which your ship will be carried in three separate steps from Atlantic sea level to altitude eighty-five in the summit level of the canal.

It will be a wonderful sight—approaching these Gatun Locks. Six of them there are built in pairs like the steps of a Gargantuan stairway, each with a tread of a thousand feet. Down between the pairs of locks runs a wide concrete center wall, protruding for 1,200 feet beyond each end of the flight of steps, so that if you were high up in the ship's crow's-nest you could scan along the top of this center wall for more than a mile, or exactly 5,400 feet.

Slowly your ship will steam along toward the right-hand lock chamber of the first flight; but before it will dare come near the gates to the first lock it will have to stop and tie up to the 1,200-foot extension of the center wall.

All conveniences for this have been provided. When the center wall was building, rows of small arched niches, containing snubbing bits for ship's ropes, were placed in it, and, lower down, rows of buffers, acting upon springs in the wall, prevent a vessel from bumping itself or damaging the concrete.

Here your ship must lie for a few minutes until they have arranged on the locks to tow it through, for they are not going to risk the possibility of a misinterpretation of signals between the bridge and the engine room and have the vessel, while attempting to pass through the locks under its own steam, ram the gates and put the lock chamber out of commission, even temporarily. So, as soon as the ship ties up to the center wall, things will have to be shut down in the engine room.

In due course of time, two powerful electric mules will hurry in your direction down a track on top of the center wall, and two more will come down as near to you as they can on top of the opposite side wall; all four will switch over to tracks provided with ratchets nearer the edges of the walls. The two front mules, on opposite walls of the lock chamber, will fasten lines to the bows of your vessel, and the rear mules will treat the stern in the same inconsiderate manner. Two miles an hour is as fast as the mules will be able to travel while engaged in the ratchet system.

But where do they get all this electric power? you ask. Why, the force of the waters of Gatun Lake, itself larger in area than the city of Hamburg, falling through the turbines of the hydro-electric plant that they are building on the east side of the spillway over

the Gatun Dam, and which you may see from the deck of your vessel, will be sufficient to electrify the whole Republic of Panama.

When the four lines have been made fast to the electric mules, the ponderous gates, seven feet in thickness, including the air chamber between their steel hides, almost ninety feet high and each gate fifty feet wide—for the lock chambers are 110 feet between walls to accommodate a dreadnaught of the greatest beam—when everything is made ready, then the gates will swing open so easily that a child could operate them, and the two front mules will commence their towing duties, the two in the rear acting as brakes.

Once housed in the first lock chamber and the gates closed tight behind you, your ship will be brought to a stop by the electric mules in the rear, and the work of filling the chamber with enough water to allow the ship to glide safely over the first riser of the three great concrete stepping-stones will commence.

But you'll not see the water surging through the upper gates. By the old-fashioned method it would take a day to raise the ship, and they would have to fill the whole lock chamber, 1,000 feet in length, no matter what the size of the vessel to be put through might be. Can you picture an ocean-going tug bobbing about in a 1,000-foot lock chamber? It would look like a fly in the porridge. And then the water wasted in filling the whole chamber! So they have made provision for three sizes of vessels in the building of all the locks at Panama by dividing the chambers in two, with a second set of gates. Thus there is a 400-foot end to accommodate vessels up to that length, a 600-foot end to accommodate vessels of more than 400 and less than 600 feet long, and the whole length of the lock to be used in putting through vessels of greater dimensions. And what about the vessels longer than a thousand feet that are sure to be built?—they couldn't carry the cargo that would warrant the payment of the toll for the passage. It would cost the "Olympic" $45,000 to be put through the Canal once.

Now about this surreptitious filling of the lock chambers: down the lengths of the center and each side wall, through the foundations, have been built enormous tubes, eighteen feet in diameter. Joined to these tubes at frequent intervals are "laterals," which pass at right angles to the tubes under the concrete floors of the lock chambers and empty or withdraw the water into or from the chambers through holes in the floors, each as large around as a cistern. But only in the case of 1,000-foot lockages will the services of the "laterals" from the center wall be required. For smaller lockages the side wall tubes and "laterals" will be used almost exclusively, the water in the center wall tube being held in reserve, only to be emptied into the chamber, if need be, during the latter period of the lockage, in order to increase the volume of inflow as the velocity of

the water entering from the side wall tube is decreasing. The flow of water in or out of the lock chambers is electrically controlled by gate valves, which, when under construction, looked like the portals of some Greek temple, located at the upper and the lower ends of each feed tube.

When your vessel lies snugly in the first lock chamber, its walls towering high above the decks, the valves at the lower end will be closed and the ones at the upper end opened, allowing the water to flow down through the tubes from the upper level, pass out through the "laterals," and, quickly and silently, well up through the holes in the floor of the chamber, raising your ship at the rate of two feet a minute. In fifteen minutes it will be ready to skim over a thirty-foot step to the next higher tread.

If it so happens that another ship is coming down through the Gatun, or any other set of locks, at the same time your ship is going up, they can economize on the water used for the lockages by simply closing the side wall valves and throwing wide open the center wall "laterals" on either side. Thus the water from the twin lock chamber will rush down into the "laterals," through the center wall, and over into your lock chamber. In this manner the ship in the twin lock will be lowered to the proper level, while yours will be raised—and all with the same water. It's as simple as can be—when you know how to do it.

And where will they get all this water? And will they have enough of it?

That's just one point wherein the French fell down. The French didn't, for the life of them, know what to do with the Chagres River. The Chagres was for a long time the thorn in the flesh at Panama—it and the mosquitoes. Both often went on violent rampages. One time during the rainy season the Chagres rose forty feet in twenty-four hours, and the flow of it amounted to 170,000 cubic feet a second, or about two-thirds as much as the volume of water that passes over the Horseshoe Falls at Niagara.

After the Americans had looked over the situation—which took much less time than it took to drum into Congress that only a lock canal would be feasible, in spite of the Chagres—they said in effect: "Confound you, Chagres, you've pestered people enough. You've been that mean and obstreperous we'll just make you do most of the work."

So they set to task and built the Gatun Dam between two hills, more than a mile long and half a mile thick at the base, tapering to a hundred feet wide at the top, and made the lower end of the Chagres into a lake 164 square miles in area and eighty-five feet deep. Only 500 feet of this dam will be subjected to the full pressure of

the water, the natural rises of the ground at the bases of the hills lessening the pressure at these points.

About midway of the dam there stood a mound of solid rock, 110 feet above sea level. Through this they cut a channel 300 feet wide and lined it with concrete, and at the head of this channel they built a barrier of solid concrete up to altitude sixty-nine. On top of this they erected piers forty-five feet apart and installed steel gates between them, the elevation of the tops of the gates being eighty-seven feet above the ocean. In this way they harnessed the Chagres.

At the latter part of each rainy season they will close the steel gates at the head of the spillway on Gatun Dam and increase Gatun Lake level from eighty-five to eighty-seven feet above the sea. The total amount of water in this giant reservoir will be sufficient to put fifty-eight ships through the canal every day during the dry season —more than one every hour for the twenty-four.

When the rainy season begins again and the Rio Chagres commences its murmurings of discontent up in the hills, the steel gates on the spillway will be raised and the surplus water allowed to pass out under them, at the rate of as much as 154,000 cubic feet per second.

So minutely have they computed the reservoiring effect of Gatun Lake—and they have had all the French calculations and records for twenty-two years to go by—that in nine hours the greatest known flood of the Chagres would raise the level of Gatun Lake only twelve inches, even though the steel gates on the dam were kept closed and not a drop of water escaped into the spillway.

While your ship lay tied up to the center wall, awaiting to be towed through the first lock at Gatun, you may have noticed a heavy chain stretched taut across the lock entrance. It smacks of time medieval, but at Panama they have profited by the experiences of others, and this chain, the stock of its forgings as thick as your forearm, is but one of several protective devices installed to minimize the danger of having the locks rendered useless through a ship's disobedience to the rules and regulations. Should a vessel ignore the order to stop and tie up at the center wall, but comes on ahead under its own steam, its bows will come in contact with the chain. As it pays out from the hydraulic cylinders placed in shafts in the lock walls, and to which it is attached, this chain is capable of stopping effectually within seventy feet a 10,000-ton vessel moving forward at the rate of four miles an hour. While a ship is being towed through the lock, the chain will be allowed to drop of its own weight, fitting into a groove provided for it in the concrete floor of the lock entrance. For precaution number two, they have erected two sets of gates at the upper and lower ends of the highest lock in each flight,

so that, if a vessel persists in trying to do as much damage as possible and rams the first pair of gates, the second or inner pair will still permit the use of the lock.

But suppose the worst does happen and the vessel breaks the chain, ploughs through the guard gates and rams the inner ones, breaking the barrier between the lock levels and allowing the water to rush down through the lock chamber at the rate of twenty-four feet a second with such a force that some part of the lock would have to give way before it.

In event of just this contingency, they will swing two steel beams out across the upper part of the lock, one from each side and joining in the center. From the lower sides of these beams open-work wickets will be run down into the surging water. These wickets will engage in a grooved sill in the floor of the lock, and, when they are in place, a row of steel plates, specially fitted and resembling flat cars in miniature, will be lowered, one on each wicket. Nine feet of water will be shut off from the lock when the first row of plates has been sunk.

The lowering of succeeding rows of plates will reduce the velocity of the current until, finally, the water above the lock becomes perfectly still, although a certain small amount will seep through between the plates.

When this "emergency dam" has been effectually installed, an electric mule will take in tow a great hollow steel caisson, which, when not in use, will seem to be a section of the lock wall itself as you pass through on a ship. The caisson will be towed to a certain point above the "emergency dam," fitted into sills in the lock walls, and sunk, shutting off the flow of water into the lock completely. The "emergency dam" may then be raised and the necessary repairs made to the locks and gates in safety.

But simply for the sake of the story, we shall assume that this ship of yours has abided by whatever laws have been laid down for passing through Panama. It has tied up meekly to the center wall, it has submitted itself to be fastened to a quartet of ignominious electric mules, it has been towed into the first lock chamber at Gatun, and you have stood on deck waiting for the water to pour up through the cisterns in the lock floor. When this water has reached a sufficient height the upper gates will be opened, the electric mules ahead will start off slowly again, and your vessel will glide over the thirty-foot step into the lock above without even the slightest danger of scraping a barnacle off one of the keel plates. Again the lower gates will be closed and the water from the lake will raise the ship enough to make the second step. One more step, not quite so high this time, and you will sail out into the channel of

Gatun Lake, eighty-five feet higher in the air than when you started through the locks.

For sixteen miles you may steam at full speed down a buoy-marked channel a thousand feet in width, which narrows in the next four miles to 800 feet. Then for two miles farther it will be 700 feet wide, and for the last mile before you enter that nine-mile gash through the Great Divide called Culebra Cut it will dwindle down to five hundred. The Cut itself is 300 feet wide at the bottom, widening at the angles to permit even an Olympic to make the turns with perfect ease.

As this is written, the bottom of Culebra Cut is webbed with seventy-five miles of railroad track; what with the hissing exhausts from forty steam shovels, the pounding and hammering of churn and tripod drills that are busy punching little round holes in the rock, the deafening blasts of dynamite that issue from these same little holes at noon-time after the labor trains, like magnets attracting iron filings, have sucked in most of the workmen to take them to lunch; and what with the rattle of 150 trains of dirt and rock being hauled out through the smoke to the dumps daily, it looks and sounds like a modern interpretation of Dante's Inferno. To-morrow the bed of this nine-mile spur of the Gatun Lake will be forty feet and more under water. Only a comparatively insignificant mound of earth, six miles long at the base and forty feet high at its summit, opposite the town of Culebra, remains to be excavated. A battalion of forty picked steam shovels are pawing and scratching this mound away at the average rate of six tons per bite each, every one of them taking three hundred bites a day. When they have finished their job, within a year, the Cut will be completed, as far as excavation is concerned.

At the southern end of the Cut, after thirty-two miles of steaming, your ship will tie up beside the center wall of the Pedro Miguel lock —Americanized by the men on the Zone to "Peter Magill"—and in fifteen minutes you will be lowered in one step from eighty-five to fifty-five feet above sea level in reverse of the manner in which you were raised at Gatun.

The ship then continues under its own steam for a mile and a half across Miraflores Lake (its bed as dry as a bone as I write), formed by impounding the waters of the Rio Grande, Pedro Miguel and the Cocoli rivers by means of a dam which runs parallel with the lock through which you have just passed. A spillway located at the east side of the lock at Pedro Miguel will take care of all the water which could possibly flow through one of the twin lock chambers in case an accident to the lock should establish free communication between Gatun and Miraflores lakes.

Once across Miraflores Lake your ship will be lowered fifty-five

feet to Pacific sea level over the two mighty steps of the Miraflores Locks.

Then, from the bottom of these locks, you will sail serenely down eight miles of a channel, past little concrete range lighthouses (now incongruously high and dry, with no water in sight), past banks overgrown with tropical vegetation, past Ancon Hill and its stone quarry (now silent and unproductive), past the port of Balboa, past the great fortifications and the long breakwater that stretches seaward between three little islands. Within twelve hours from the time that you left deep water in the Caribbean you will have reached deep water in the Pacific.

What a wonderful sight for them it would seem if Columbus and Gomara and Patterson and Humboldt and Wyse and de Lesseps might have stood together on the observation platform of the Y. M. C. A. building at Culebra and watched your progress!

Yes, passing through Panama will be an experience worth having.

BEIRUT, THE CITY OF SATURN

Old Thirty Centuries Ago, the City has seen Great Developments in World History—St. George and the Dragon—Hot Fires of Hatred and Rebellion

By Lewis Gaston Leary

"And, behold, I am now in Beirut!" The exclamation is not quoted from a letter written while I was revisiting Syria this summer, but from the correspondence of Prince Rib-addi with his royal master, Pharaoh Amenhotep, thirty-three centuries ago. Yet when the "Tell el-Amarna Letters" were sent from Syria to Egypt, Beirut was already an old, old city, which had long been one of the principal seaports of the eastern Mediterranean. According to the ancients, it was founded in the Golden Age by the titan Saturn, the father of Jupiter; but the special patron of the busy port was the sea-god Neptune, who is represented on its coins driving his sea-horses, or standing on the prow of a ship with a dolphin in one hand and his trident in the other.

Most tourists come to Beirut so wearied from their trip through Palestine that they fail to realize that this was a great and prosperous city when Jerusalem was only a Jebusite fort. Rameses II. commemorated his Syrian campaign by an inscription still existing on the cliffs of the Dog River, just north of Beirut, as did also Assur-nazir-pal of Assyria, and Nebuchadnezzar of Babylon. Centuries later Alexander the Great marched his victorious army through the streets of the old seaport. Pompey added the city to the Roman Empire, and Augustus visited here his son-in-law, who was the local governor. Here Herod the Great appeared as the accuser of his two sons, who were thereupon convicted of conspiracy and put to death by strangling. Vespasian passed through Beirut in triumphal procession on his way to his coronation at Rome, and in its great amphitheater Titus celebrated his capture of Jerusalem by a magnificent series of shows and gladiatorial contests. During the First Crusade, Count Baldwin of Flanders wrested the city from the Saracens after a long siege and put the inhabitants to the sword. Seventy years later, Saladin recaptured the fortress for the Moslems. The names of the warriors who since then have fought for

the possession of the battle-scarred city are less familiar to Western readers, yet there are few spots that have had for so many millenniums such intimate association with the very greatest names of history. There is even a local tradition that Christ Himself visited Beirut on the occasion of His journey "into the borders of Tyre and Sidon," and during the Middle Ages there was exhibited here a miracle-working picture of the Saviour, which was said to have been painted by Nicodemus the Pharisee.

The inner harbor, still known as *Mar Jurjus,* or "St. George," is intimately connected with what is perhaps the oldest of all myths, which took on varying forms during the centuries of its progress westward from the Euphrates to the Atlantic. We find it first in the Babylonian Creation Epic, which tells of the destruction of the chaos-monster by the solar-deity, Marduk. When the Greeks took over the ancient Asiatic mythology, it was Perseus, child of the sun-god, who slew the dragon at Jaffa and released the beauteous maiden Andromeda. About the Sixth Century A.D. the exploit was transferred to St. George, whose victory over the sea monster was perhaps an unconscious parable of the overthrow of heathenism by Christianity; and, during the Third Crusade, St. George was adopted as the patron of the English forces by Richard Cœur de Lion.

The saint seems to have been a real person, who suffered martyrdom about 330 A.D., possibly at Lydda, where his tomb is still shown. Since the Sixth Century, this quasi-historic character has been identified with the hero of the dragon story, which still follows the Perseus form of the ancient myth. It seems that a mighty monster had long terrified the district of Beirut, and was prevented from destroying the whole city only by the annual sacrifice to him of a beautiful virgin. One year the fateful lot fell upon the daughter of the governor. When the poor girl was taken to the appointed place, she fell upon her knees and besought God to send her a deliverer. Whereupon St. George appeared and, after a tremendous battle, slew the monster, delivered the maiden, and freed the city from its long reign of terror. Whether, like Perseus, he married the rescued maiden, the story, alas! does not tell. But the grateful father built a church in honor of the valiant saint, and instituted an annual memorial feast which, during the Middle Ages, was celebrated by both the Christians and Moslems of the city. Beside the Dog River can still be seen the ruins of an ancient church and a mosque, both of which probably commemorated the killing of the dragon, and also a very old well, into which the body of the slain monster is said to have been thrown.

This city of the long and warlike history occupies a beautiful situation on the farther edge of a cape which projects five miles westward from the foot of Mount Lebanon. As you stand on the point

of the cape overlooking the Mediterranean, the view stretches southward to the "Ladder of Tyre" and northward to the distant cape which the Greeks called *Theoprosopon*, "the Face of God." The modern Syrians, however, know this as *Rasesh-Shukkah*, or the "Split-off Point," and say that it was torn away from the mountain and thrown bodily into the sea during the fearful earthquake of July 9, 551—which is not impossible of belief. To the west rolls the blue Mediterranean. Inland, to the east, the slender minarets of the city rise above the closely built mass of square white or blue houses; but the greater portion of the cape is a vast sea of silvery green—one of the largest olive groves of the world—bounded at the south by rolling mounds of windswept sand. When Ibrahim Pasha of Egypt visited Lebanon he said that the mountain looked down on three seas—the blue Mediterranean, the yellow sands, and the silvery olive orchards. Last of all—though, indeed, also first and all the time—the splendid background of the picture of Beirut is the great range of Lebanon, rising high above orchards and villages and even dark pine forests to where, during half the year, its summits are crowned with dazzling snow.

More even than most Oriental cities, Beirut is full of contradictions which bewilder the Western mind. This port, whose beginnings are lost in the dim past, is in many respects the most modern place in Turkey, filled with evidences of Twentieth Century industry and culture. Yet still it is the changeless East. Surrounded by scenes of calm, peaceful beauty, it is the thin crust of a boiling volcano of murderous hate.

The traveler from the West is naturally most interested in the evidences of Oriental life and customs; but to one coming hither from Lebanon, or from Damascus, or even Jerusalem, Beirut seems almost a European city. Here is a French gas company, an English waterworks, and an American college; here also are post and telegraph offices and the terminus of a rapidly growing railway system. The best harbor between Egypt and Asia Minor is crowded with shipping, four trolley lines reach out from the heart of the city to its beautiful suburbs, and the cab horses no longer run away at the sight of an automobile. There are a dozen fairly good hotels, newspapers are sold on the streets, big French department stores are supplanting the tiny boxlike shops of the typical Oriental merchant, the streets are plastered with advertisements of moving-picture shows and sewing machines and typewriters and insurance companies, tourist parties by the dozen appear in the springtime, and not a passenger steamer drops anchor in the harbor without being met by the red-shirted boatmen and suave interpreters of the tourist agencies.

So travelers come and go, without realizing that, just beneath the surface of this beautiful, comfortable city, are continually seeth-

ing hot fires of hatred and rebellion. You cannot judge the Orient by its exterior; I have never seen a more benign-looking old gentleman than the Turkish pasha who was responsible for the awful Armenian atrocities of two decades ago. The beautiful autumn day that I first landed at Beirut a prominent Christian was cut to pieces. The day I left, an influential Moslem was murdered. It is a rare week that is not marked by assassination, and a fortunate year that knows no danger of religious warfare; for while the Moslems have behind them the power of the government, they are outnumbered by the Christian population, and just east of the city is the Christian district of Lebanon, whose sturdy inhabitants are always waiting for the opportunity to take vengeance for the awful massacres by the Druses and Moslems of fifty years ago. The recent wars of Turkey and her internal disorganization have added further elements of unrest. In the harbor can still be seen the upper works of the two Turkish gunboats which were sunk by the Italian fleet on that day of terror, last year, when the shells of the Christian gunners destroyed many of the finest buildings by the port and killed some two hundred non-combatants among the citizens of Beirut. During the summer just past, riots and assassinations were frequent, and the city was more than once put under martial law. Yet at last good seems to have come even out of war and revolution; for this time—and I believe that it is the first time in the troublous history of Syria—Moslems and Christians and Jews have forgotten for a while their ancient feuds, and are loyally supporting the efforts of a "Committee of Reform" to wrest from the Turk, whom they all alike hate, a better government for their beloved and long-suffering country.

The most numerous and noticeable class in this turbulent city, however, are not its soldiers or revolutionists, but its students. Beirut has long been notable as a seat of learning. From the Third to the Sixth Centuries A.D. it boasted the most famous law school of the Roman Empire, excelling even that of the capital and numbering its students by the thousand. One of the three commissioners who prepared the great "Institutes" of Justinian was Professor Dorotheus, of Beirut. In the early centuries of the Saracen dominion, also, the city attained much fame for its scholarship, and sent forth from its educational institutions many of the foremost authorities on Moslem law and doctrine. At present it is the greatest educational center in the Nearer East. Besides numerous schools supported by the government and by different native churches, there are institutions maintained—presumably for political reasons—by the Italian and Russian governments, schools of missionary organizations, such as the French Sisters of Charity, Lazarists, Franciscans and Teaching Brothers, the German Deaconesses of Kaiserswerth, the British

Syria Mission, the Church of Scotland Mission to the Jews, and the great Jesuit University of St. Joseph.

Yet in this city of schools and colleges, it is the American visitor who finds most occasion for national pride; for if he tells a coachman to drive to *el-Kulliyet*—"the college"—he will unhesitatingly be taken to the *Ras,* or "Point" of the cape, where lies the campus of an institution which is incorporated under the laws of the State of New York. A short stay here will show why this is acknowledged to be the college of the city. Upon a splendid campus of fifty acres, set high on a bluff overlooking the Mediterranean, are twenty great stone buildings, which house the eight departments of what is really a large, well-equipped university, with eighty instructors and nearly a thousand students, with observatory and library and scientific laboratories and hospitals, with literary, dramatic, musical and scientific societies and its own printing press and monthly magazine. The American spirit of the institution is significantly indicated by its un-Oriental enthusiasm for athletics. Last year there were no fewer than eighteen football teams, besides twelve basketball teams, six hockey teams, a cross-country running club, thirty men who played cricket regularly, forty-seven who held certificates or medals from the Royal Life Saving Society of Great Britain, and a hundred and thirty-seven entries for the various events of the annual field-day. Important things are being learned and being done at the Syrian Protestant College; but what strikes the observant visitor as most admirable of all is the spirit of the institution, a spirit of thoroughness and manliness and loyal fraternity and encouraging optimism. More than anything else in Beirut—yes, more than anything else in western Asia—it is the "S. P. C.," as its students and alumni call it, which stands for culture and manliness and Western civilization and a hope which, lighted first in beautiful Syria, is already beginning to shine on many a land far out of sight of heavenward-reaching Lebanon.

WINTER DAYS IN SWITZERLAND

The Playground of Europe in Its Winter Garb of Ice and Snow—the Joys of Skiing and Sledding Among the Peaks—Exploding the Extreme Cold Fallacy

By Alice Lawton

Switzerland has been well named "The Playground of Europe." For long years its charms have attracted throngs of visitors who have thoroughly enjoyed life amid the snow-crowned Alps, green valleys and the beautiful lakes of the little republic so richly endowed by Nature. The traveler who has quickly learned to love the hospitable little country has found that its joys are not limited merely to the summer season, for Switzerland has of later years been recognized as one of the most delightful lands to visit in the winter time. In many places hotels and pensions are kept open all the year round and are filled with a jolly crowd of lovers of out-of-door sports.

December, January and February are the favorite months for winter visitors and during this time quick through trains from London, Paris or Berlin are run to the principal Swiss cities, whence one may go easily to the place of his choice. Even the mountain railways and diligences run according to a regular schedule at this season.

Many a busy man who can play truant from his office for only a short time hastens to Switzerland at Christmas or New Year's for a week or two of rest and winter sports. This is also the time when the students come for a real frolic and freshening up between terms or before midyears and their days are filled with skiing, skating, tobogganning and even a bit of exciting mountain climbing.

Wintry days among the Alps are not nearly as cold as one might expect them to be and a mid-winter picnic or an out-of-door tea is a pleasure not to be scoffed at by the uninitiated. Most people like to eat in the open air in summer; why not in winter when the sunshine is bright and warm and the air so beautifully clear? After a morning of skiing or bob-sleighing it is certainly a pleasure to sit down with a good, generous sandwich in one hand and in the other a cup of steaming hot coffee or bouillon from the thermos bottle. Everything tastes so good out-of-doors and one has such an enormous appetite that the innermost recesses of the lunch basket are

carefully explored. Then, too, in the midst of an afternoon excursion it is another delight to stop in some particularly lovely spot and have a cup of deliciously hot and refreshing tea and some biscuits!

Of course there must be an occasional stormy day, but rain during the winter months is almost unknown, while a snow storm now and then is welcomed as a pretty sight. Then, when one cannot go out, there is plenty of indoor amusement to be indulged in. One cannot imagine such a thing as feeling bored in Switzerland at any time of year.

The little town of Davos, in the Canton of the Grisons, in southeastern Switzerland, is over five thousand feet above sea level, and its air is pure and dry. More sheltered than many other valleys, Davos receives so generous a share of sunshine that it is possible to stroll about during the midday hours without heavy clothing. In fact, a sunshade is frequently much more to be desired than an overcoat!

It is glorious to start out on a fine, sunny morning, plenty of cloudless blue sky overhead, and walk out of the village along country roads and paths of hard packed snow, all kept up in the best possible condition. Wonderful snow covered—not merely snow capped—mountains surround one, and all the world looks as though it were a huge, delicious, white-frosted plum cake. Those shadowy pine woods over there must be some of the plums poking their inquisitive way through the thick icing! Making our way along the paths of those same forests we do not bemoan the lack of the Alpine flowers which we found there last summer; we are quite too busy enjoying the wonders of the snow piled lightly on bush and tree, the dainty patterns of the frost and the graceful icicles.

Returning from our brisk walk, unless we care to undertake a long climb, we make our way to the skating rink. This is a truly famous place, for here every year European and even world champions strive for supremacy. Davos is very proud of this rink, and well she may be, for it is the largest artificial one on the Continent and covers a space of more than 90,000 square feet. At one end is the modern pavilion, where the guests find dressing and lounging rooms and a most excellent restaurant. Nothing seems to be lacking which makes for a good time. Bands, too, play at the rink, and one has all the pleasure of skating to music.

Various clubs flourish at Davos and have their own individual rinks. Curling was introduced some years ago by Scottish guests, and the curlers here are an enthusiastic set who compete for trophies at their own rink, as do the other clubs. Bandy, or ice hockey, is another favorite game. An International Bandy Club has been formed, and the matches played on its ideal rink are among the eagerly anticipated events of the season.

Bob-sleighing, tobogganing and skiing are very popular sports and

Davos offers splendid opportunities for all, particularly for the latter. Some of the best skiing tours of Switzerland are to be found about this region and there are plenty of chances for fine ski-jumping. Anyone who has been bob-sleighing down that fine new Schatzalp Road will never forget the delight of it nor cease longing and planning to go back for more. Just think of a good coast like that and then the luxury of going back to the starting place by train instead of walking! Then, too, the tailing parties! It is like living one's childhood over again to "catch on behind" on one's sled or toboggan and be drawn—oh, ever so far, and with a lot of other folks doing the same thing. Oftentimes it is better than the childhood fun, because there is no fear of gruff drivers or of parental disapproval.

Davos prides itself on being about as fine a winter resort as is to be found in all Switzerland. Aside from the large variety of winter sports to be indulged in, there are symphony concerts, a little theater, band concerts at the different rinks and all sorts of festivals. Those ignorant of out-of-door games are not neglected; there are teachers ready to instruct them in rinks arranged for their especial accommodation. Guides are also on hand, to take parties on the longer skiing trips or climbs among the mountains. Various well-equipped huts are maintained high up on the mountains so that those who undertake long trips may find comfortable stopping places. Although originally a health resort—and still a most popular one—Davos does not in the least resemble a sanatorium. Young and old, sick and well, are able to engage in some one or more of the many forms of amusement open to them, and the lively little village presents throughout the season a gay aspect of holiday cheer.

St. Moritz, in the Engadine, the great bandy rival of Davos, is another of the most delightful of Swiss winter resorts. Higher even than Davos—the elevation is slightly over 6,000 feet above sea level—St. Moritz has much to offer her guests. The picturesque old town clings lovingly to the shore of the Lake of St. Moritz. In winter, however, the snowy Alps are not reflected in clear, blue-green water. Instead, the lake is frozen over and skaters dart across its smooth surface. Figure skating is a favorite pastime and all who wish to acquire the art may learn, for there is a regular skating school for beginners.

Skikjöring flourishes at St. Moritz and is a most lively and invigorating sport. You should be pretty well accustomed to skis, however, before attempting it. Then what an exciting experience you have the first time you try it! Perhaps some one else will be bold with you. The horse is harnessed, you stand up very straight on your skis—your comrade does the same—you each grasp a rein firmly, then off you go. It is much more exciting than just plain skiing because you have the horse and your companion to reckon with

as well as your skis! Skikjöring admits of tailing also, and a long procession may participate in the exciting sport. Curling and bandy rinks are well patronized and bob-sleighing and tobagganing devotees are continually flying over the runs built for them.

No matter how much one loves the out-of-door good times, days are, unfortunately, quite as short in Switzerland as in less delightful places, and so there are, in the winter time, long evenings to be taken into consideration. Of course, many times the rinks are illuminated and sport carnivals are held at night. Often, too, the bewitching Alpine moonlight entices many out after dinner. Nevertheless, there are evenings when the thermometer falls lower than usual or when the snow clouds fill the air with swiftly falling flakes. Then, when one's mountain appetite has been satisfied it is rather pleasant, after a day of strenuous practise for a curling match, to rest in front of the blazing fire and enjoy the uproariously funny scenes of a little comedy presented by clever amateurs discovered among one's fellow guests. It may be, too, that an evening of music has been arranged, or perhaps a fancy dress ball and cotillion. One is seldom too tired for that.

Engelberg, well named the "mountain of the angels," is another beautiful Swiss town which has become, in the last few years, one of the popular winter resorts. The little town is a quaint old place, rich in tradition which is largely centered about the ancient monastery up on the hillside, whose sweet-toned bells still ring out on the clear wintry air, just as they have done for long ages past. One of the favorite tales of the "Mount of the Angels" is that Saint Cecilia herself, lute in hand, once descended from heaven to look upon the beauties of this lovely highland valley.

Engelberg is near the central part of Switzerland and only a few hours distant from Lucerne. The Alps shut out the high winds and the temperature is comparatively even. Here, too, skating and skiing are almost always among the favorite sports and curling is following a close third.

Entering Switzerland from the region of the Juras—where, as for instance at Ste. Croix, there are some delightful places for a winter vacation—the traveler soon finds himself in the heart of that glorious country known as the Bernese Oberland, the favorite pleasure-ground of many of Switzerland's most enthusiastic lovers. The Jungfrau with Eiger, Mönch and other faithful comrades stands guard in majestic serenity over the wild beauty of the region. Summer and winter throngs of old admirers and new obey the call of the mountains which, unlike the Sirens of earlier times, urge them on to their own happiness. Here it is hard to select the choicest spots; almost every one is equally entitled to first mention.

Grindelwald, high up above Interlaken and Lake Brienz, claims the

distinction of having been the first winter resort of the Bernese Oberland. The climate, remarkably fine in summer, has been proven to be no less so in winter.

As for scenery, the Lütschine Valley below, the Wetterhorn and the Kleine Scheidegg above are constant joys, while the whole sloping countryside with dear, rough little chalets, their stone capped roofs hidden by thick mantles of snow, all delight the eye. Grindelwald possesses real glaciers, too.

The roads are rolled after every snow storm, so there is always good walking. Skis and snowshoes are important factors in the visitor's daily life. There are plenty of fields where novices may learn and practise the new accomplishments and, likewise, many a delightful excursion for the expert on the heights of the Scheideggs and Männlichen. Ski jumping, too, may be indulged in here, for Grindelwald prides herself upon offering the finest ski jump in the Oberland.

On the other side of the Männlichen is Wengen, overlooking the lovely Lauterbrunnen Valley. Enclosed on three sides by a dense pine forest, it is quiet and sheltered. High above, the Jungfrau smiles calmly down.

Walking is a favorite exercise in winter, just as in summer, and the ski enthusiast finds a limitless outlet for his energy. He may go up on the railroad as far as Wengernalp or even to the Kleine Scheidegg and from there ski down to the village. Winter sports amid more glorious surroundings it would be hard to find. The Swiss sky is so wonderfully blue and the Swiss mountains are so dazzlingly white and the pine trees, clad in the winter snows, assume such fanciful shapes that the scenery is always enchanting.

Kandersteg, another high mountain terrace, nestles at the foot of the Blümlisalp at the entrance to the Gemmi Pass. Skating rinks afford much pleasure, but the favorite sport is bob-sleighing. Swiss bob-sleds are not unlike those we use here in America, and every lover of the winter season here knows the joy of jolly friends, a good, strong "bob" and a long, curvy hill. Kandersteg boasts a fine bob-sleigh run a mile or so long and a toboggan run as well. To reach the village one has a two hours' sleigh ride up, up and up from Frütigen, over a road bordered by some of the most fascinating of Swiss chalets. Many of these are rather curiously decorated by their builders. When a Swiss country youth is about to marry he sets to work to build the new home to which he will bring his bride. On a sort of cornice or band about the middle of the house he carves her name and his and the date of building. More elaborate bands are inscribed with a verse or two of poetry, all in German in this region. Little bears, too, are frequently seen in various attitudes of play or grave protection. A strange custom, but pleasing withal.

Like many a larger winter resort Kandersteg has organized a recreation committee whose members are busily employed in arranging races and contests, all sorts of sporting events, as well as other opportunities for social intercourse. Here, too, there is always an orchestra on hand for special occasions. Skaters, curlers, hockey players and ski runners all have their respective innings and Kandersteg is fairly bubbling over with winter activities.

Over across Lake Thun—one of Switzerland's very loveliest lakes —Beatenberg is one of the smaller but equally fascinating places which are worth visiting in winter. Those old pilgrims who, in ancient days, spent much of their time upon its slopes and in caves beneath fully appreciated the beautiful spot and its delightful climate.

Writing of winter days in Switzerland one must not forget the region of the St. Gothard. Andermatt offers as fine a climate as may be found anywhere. This is no place for those who, to use an antiquated expression, "enjoy poor health," for at Andermatt every guest soon begins to sleep well and to discover that he has attained an astonishingly large appetite. One can feel himself growing stronger as he walks or skis or skates in the sunshine, often without a coat at midday, while dwellers in the valley below are wrapping themselves in furs and even then suffering from cold and dampness. There is no such thing as fog in the clear, dry, cloudless atmosphere of Andermatt. And as for sport, the St. Gothard Club has made all sorts possible and arranges annually an international and military meet.

And then there is Pontresina, nearly 6,000 feet above the sea and in a region which for natural beauty is perhaps unsurpassed in all Switzerland. With mountain, peak and valley sparkling white in the morning sun, you start out on skis or snowshoes, or in a sleigh if you will, with anticipations that will be equaled only by the realization.

The delights of Switzerland in winter are the kind that one can talk and write of almost endlessly. Those who already know the pleasures and real recreation of out-of-door sports in the country in winter cannot fail to enjoy Switzerland at that same season, and as for the traveler to whom such pastimes are a novelty, he is likely to become as great an enthusiast as the old-timers. For surely no one can fail to find happiness in a country and at a time when every one makes a business of enjoying life to the utmost, and a "good time" is the legitimate aim of each and every day.

SAN MARINO, THE WORLD'S SMALLEST REPUBLIC

A Unique Survival of the Past, Where Medievalism Itself Still Exists as a Vital Fact—the Founding of the Republic Sixteen Hundred Years Ago—Laws and Law Making

By Albert B. Osborne

In the heart of Italy lies an alien State, a republic, not a kingdom, whose history is not the history of Italy. The 12,000 subjects of San Marino speak the Italian language; at no point within their territory is it possible to be more than six miles from the nearest Italian boundary, and yet laws, customs, government, postage, and all the details that go to make and distinguish a nation are as separate, as distinct and as independent of Italian influence or control as they are of the United States or of China. The term "smallest republic on earth" is often applied to Andorra; but if the word republic is used in the usual sense of an independent nationality, then is its use as applied to Andorra inexact, for Andorra is under the protection of other powers, a protectorate that limits the scope of its independent action, thus stripping it of the attribute of complete and actual sovereignty so inseparably connected with the meaning of the word. Thus Andorra has not a complete but only a qualified national existence because lacking the power of wholly independent action. It cannot, therefore, be compared with San Marino, which can properly be said to be the oldest and smallest republic in the world. Oldest, because it has existed since the Fourth Century of the Christian era; smallest, because its 12,002 inhabitants (census of 1900) live in a territory embracing but thirty-two square miles; republic, because it has ever been and yet remains a self-governing community utterly independent of every other State, kingdom or nation.

Beginning at the Mediterranean and ending at the narrow plain that borders upon the Adriatic, there extends east and west throughout central Italy a range of broken hills that culminates in the great peaks of the Apennines. In the fighting days of old, difficulty and not ease of approach was the deciding factor in the selection of a city site, so we find that these hilltops of central Italy were very early seized upon as natural and appropriate situations for those walled cities which are now known as the Hill Towns. Some of

these cities, like Volterra, were old before there was a Rome, and all of them were originally independent city-states, owning no central authority and often warring with one another, for never until the efforts of Garibaldi bore fruit in the government of to-day can there be said to have been an Italian people, or a united Italy. Even when Rome placed its powerful and quieting hand upon the land, it was merely a government of Rome over the rest of the peninsula, and these cities were really more governed by Rome than made part of Rome. There never was so much a Roman Empire as an Empire by Rome. And with the fall of Rome these cities resumed their independence, and on other hills other towns sprang up, and each helped to make the succeeding centuries one cruel story of interurban warfare that converted all Italy into a battlefield.

A few hours' ride almost due east from Florence, and at a point some fifteen miles inland from Rimini, a fashionable resort on the Adriatic, an isolated outpost of the Apennines rears its rocky crest a thousand feet precipitously from the plain which, from its base, slopes downward to meet the level of the sea, above which the summit of the mountain reaches a total of 2,400 feet. The summit itself is a bare, windswept plateau, utterly inaccessible from every side save one, where by difficult and rock ways it was always possible to reach the top, ways that are now converted into winding roads leading on either hand to the valleys below. In the Third Century, when Roman persecution was sweeping with fire and sword the Christians from the opposite coasts of Dalmatia, Marinus, a humble stonecutter of Arbe, one of the most picturesque of Dalmatian islands, fled from his persecutors and took refuge in central Italy. Preaching the faith, adherence to which had exiled him from his island home, his crude but vivid eloquence gained the ear and finally the heart of a wealthy Roman woman, owner of this lonely rock, and that he might find thereon a place of safety for himself and the converts he was gathering around him she presented him with the mountain for his home. Then on the rocky summit began the beginnings of the town, the independence of which was a legal fact because of the nature of the gift, and a persistent fact because of the impregnability of its situation.

Here gathered many hundreds of believers from all over Italy, and when Marinus finally passed away in the odor of sanctity his memory was a sainted one, and his town became San Marino. But the town, like other Italian cities of the Middle Ages, was not only a city, but a State, with all the forms and attributes of a sovereign government. Other hill towns, like Perugia, extended their power beyond their walls, and their neighbors fell before them. But San Marino entered on no career of conquest, and, secure on her inaccessible heights, a very Gibraltar of Italy, was never conquered. Once Cæsar Borgia

came this way and in 1503 forced his soldiers within the walls, but so brief was his occupancy that it takes no rank as a conquest, scarce, indeed, as an interruption of the long line of elected rulers. Again in 1739 the army of the Pope occupied the city, but when the matter was presented by petition to the Pontiff the invaders were withdrawn.

And finally came Napoleon. Kingdoms and republics fell before him, until upon this little rock remained the only independent government in Italy. Resistance was hopeless, and after 1,400 years of free and independent government the oldest republic on earth waited its doom. I do not know even the names of the men at the head of the State in that fateful time, but they were eloquent and wise and brave, and they sought and won an interview with the great general. It must have been like interviewing destiny. So eloquently did they portray their cause—that of liberty; so artfully did they appeal to the conqueror's vanity—was his mission not to strike down tyranny and preserve freedom?—that Napoleon declared he would rather his right hand should wither than that he should be a party to the destruction of this ancient government of the people. And San Marino was saved.

And later, when all other cities and States of Italy united into that magnificent nation of to-day, San Marino alone held back, and moved by the thought of her historic past, of her vast antiquity, the armies of the new Italy passed her by, and on her mountain top she lords it as of yore over the great plain and looks forth untroubled across the western hills, an utterly strange but living survival of a past that elsewhere is but a tradition and a memory.

But what of to-day? What do you find when once you have followed the long white road from Rimini, have gone the fair country ways, and have climbed to the summit of the great rock?

In the first place, you find Italy on the way, for here lies the heart of the land. As the road leaves the plain all that Italy means to the imagination lies before you, and all that spell of beauty, of half told romance, that has exercised its fascination on all generations and all races of men lays its charm most potently upon you. It has been said that every man has two countries, his own and Italy, and in summer and on an Italian road the truth of the saying is emphasized and you feel an exhilarating passion for the land and the people. An exultant love of life—their life—and deep delight in the beauty of form, of color, in the free blowing winds from the arching sky; the warm scents from the sunburned fields, in the broken notes of bird song, the beauty of lights and shadows on far white villages, the joy and the mystery of the road where something new, strange and always delightful is waiting beyond every turn. Before you are the mountains, dim as the ancient life that came and went upon them. Like ghostly

hints from that life, great white oxen toil their dusty way down to the sea, driven by oval-faced, black-eyed peasants, cheeks a glow of splendid brown and red, and graceful women pass with tall water jars upon their heads, like pictures from an Etruscan frieze. Poplared streams cross the highway under Roman bridges; broken towers of feudal strongholds crumble on occasional hilltops; close built villages, white and still in the hot sun, lie amid the olive groves; between the mulberry trees swing long festoons of grape vines. Noon is on the land, and the road is almost empty; under wayside shade laborers drink their red wine or sleep; little children play half naked in the shuttered streets of little towns. And all the while Italy is singing its song to your heart—a siren song, for, by the fire of our chilly northern spring I close my eyes, and Italy comes back to me, but it is not the Italy of Rome nor of Florence, but the Italy of the white road, of the hot, still noon, of the wind that came from the Apennines, and the perfume of sunburned fields.

After hours of driving you see, misty with the distance, a cliff, a wall, that ends the valley through which the road slopes upward. It is the rock of San Marino, and as you draw nearer it lifts still higher from the plain, a great line of precipice edged with walls, the sky line broken with towers. Two or three miles away you cross a bridge at the frontier and the flag of Italy is superseded by the white and blue of the Republic. Originally confined to the rock itself, it was not until the Middle Ages that the boundaries were extended to their present limits and made to include a number of little villages that had grown up in the shadow of the mountain. There is no custom examination at the border, as, by a reciprocity treaty with Italy, goods are admitted free, and by a further stipulation, all other goods coming through Italy for San Marino are taxed at the Italian custom house of the place of entry, the sums so collected being remitted to the San Marino government, the revenue from this source amounting to about $1,000 a month.

Right at the base of the immense cliff, the summit of which extends for a mile or more of irregular length, is gathered a little village of low, white houses, and in an open space near by is the cattle fair, which is held throughout the summer, and on the day of my arrival packed the grounds with hundreds of huge, white, long-horned creatures. Most of them were shod like horses, for they not only draw the primitive plow, but the heavy wagons along the dusty roads, and even the carts in which the peasant and his family come to town.

Through a massive gate you enter the lower city. A little square is filled with folk from the cattle market. Shouting boys are splashing in the fountain; old women are cooking odd looking messes over charcoal stoves, proclaiming aloud their culinary abilities to the

crowd, many of whom press near to buy. In shady corners and under big umbrellas family groups are at dinner. The rock which forms one side of the square is pierced with caves, and in these shadowy wine cellars are outlined men drinking at little tables, and gambling as they drink. Outside it is a laughing, good-natured crowd, continually moving back and forth in picturesque confusion. Around the corner, stairs cut in the rock lead mysteriously upward and finally, by little levels and narrow lanes, reach the summit and the town. Here the streets run in a perfect network of confusing, narrow ways, plunging for a little space down the mountain side and hurrying back again; ways that seem almost as lonely and as empty as the dream streets of San Gimignano. The tall houses abut so closely and the streets are so narrow that even the daylight seems old and gray, and the shadows reach menacingly up the bare, stained walls that are pierced with but few windows, all heavily barred or shuttered.

The one hotel stands in a quiet square, where girls softly come and go to the cistern, bearing their beautiful pitchers of dull red clay firmly on their great coils of black hair. You enter the inn through a hallway by the café, a twisting stairway of worn stone steps takes you to the dining-room floor, another flight brings you past the kitchen, and on the fourth floor a stone-paved hallway lets out upon a garden, and a lane where an old woman sat by the wall with distaff in hand spinning; so strangely placed are these queer streets. Within the inn the floors are all of stone. At night a boy lights one of the many candles that stand on a table by the door, and precedes you along a dark echoing hall to your room, where he lights another, and in a wavering yellow circle vanishes down the darkness.

Out in the town little is ever doing. Sometimes the loungers along the square in front of the State house (to use our own term) talk politics, for, in spite of the low taxes, there are not a few Socialists in San Marino; and, as ever, where men and women gather, the play of human passions everywhere and at all times the same makes the stories of human interest that women whisper about as they wash at the pool in the lower town, and men laugh about as some slim young chap looks at the moon silently, alone. No newspaper is published here, but when the heavy diligence pauses on its afternoon run from Rimini by the great gate below the hill, and the mail bags have been carried to the postoffice that stands in the square above, then the people delight to gather here where the sunset air comes cool from the mountains, and in little groups they listen as some better reader than the rest tells of the ways of the world outside. Here, too, in the lingering twilight Madonna-faced young mothers nurse their babies unashamed, and older women knit while they talk in soft voices full of music.

In the center of this open space are two enormous cisterns, built 500 years ago, and still in use. No wells are deep enough to pierce the water level, but the frequent rains that drive across the mountains afford a bountiful supply of water for cooking, and everybody drinks wine, anyway. As for washing, that goes on at the fountain in the lower town.

By day the people think they are busy. Great quarries are sunk deep in the flanks of the mountain, and the fine gray stone is shipped throughout Italy. But the men and boys at work here, and the lazy white oxen that draw the stone to the sea, all move slowly in the hot Italian sun, and there are many intervals of rest, when in the shade the white bread and red wine give excuse for ease.

Europe is becoming very modern, very cosmopolitan, so that only here and there does the atmosphere of the Middle Ages still survive. It lingers within the walls of Rothenburg, and in San Gimignano we see the perfect shell, the outward semblance, of this medieval life, but nowhere save at San Marino does medievalism itself actually exist, not as a reminiscence, but as a vital, potent, present fact. For here laws, customs, everything that touches the life of the people, is not of the present, not of the rest of Europe, but comes up out of the past, a unique survival of antiquity. Here, alone among the towns and States of earth, the rights of the people, the affairs of to-day, are still regulated by the ancient law of Rome. Elsewhere the Roman or Civil law may be the basis of codes, as in France and the State of Louisiana, but here it remains wholly effective and almost unchanged, even as Roman lawyers gave it to the land. Here even time itself is of the past, the day being divided into four quarters of six hours each. One o'clock in morning marks the end of the first hour, and when the clock strikes six the first quarter of the day is done; so at seven the clock strikes one again, and so on, no clock in San Marino ever striking more than six strokes. At the quarter, a big bell tolls the hour, and a smaller bell follows with one stroke for the first quarter, two for the half hour, and three for the three-quarters.

The machinery of the government is most curious. Intending to study its strange and ancient form, I had brought letters of introduction to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and I took with me from Venice an interpreter, as I realized that in this remote corner no English would be spoken.

There was no formality in the way of entering the government building. With true republican simplicity the door stood wide open, with a curtain to screen the sun. A boy who sat at a desk in the anteroom of the Secretary took my letters and our cards, and almost immediately the Secretary appeared, and ushered us into his private office. Over his desk hung two large pictures, one of Hayes, the other of Garfield. "No," said the Secretary, "I do not know how they

rame there; they seem to have been always on the wall. Your countrymen come here very seldom. I never met an American before." Then all through the hot summer afternoon the courteous, affable Secretary explained to me with the aid of the interpreter the curious and complex government of the Republic.

"You must remember, first of all," said he, "that you are considering the only medieval government in Europe that now exists; kingdoms and empires preserve their names and their boundaries, but as a matter of fact their forms and laws and customs are all of to-day; only in San Marino are they still of yesterday.

"You speak of a Republic, your Excellency, but is it a Republic in fact?"

"Absolutely. Since the amendment of our constitution in 1905 the distinctions theretofore existing between plebeians and nobles, and the townspeople and those without the walls, that previously had always existed, were abolished, and now every citizen has a right to vote."

"How often do your elections take place?"

"Every six months. You will remember that in all the city republics of Italy, particularly in Venice, whose influence was always very strong in San Marino, the people were ever jealous of individual power, and therefore divided that power whenever possible. From the beginning we adopted, for this reason, the dual form of government. We do not have a President, but two Chief Regents, who are jointly the head of the State, and, that they may not remain in office long enough to assume as personal the prerogative of power, we limit their term to six months and make them ineligible to re-election. This has been the law for centuries, and is the law to-day."

"How is this election held, your Excellency?"

"The people elect a council of sixty, meeting for that purpose in the square in front of this building. The vote is by ballot, and on the day of election there are present a number of little girls dressed in white. If a voter cannot read or write he selects a little girl who can, who prepares his ballot for him. A little girl, *signore,* is the purest thing on earth, and she is sure to practise no deceit on the man who trusts her."

"Is everyone eligible for membership in the Council?"

"Yes, since the constitution of 1905, except that a son is not to be elected if his father is already a Councilman. We do not believe that one family should have two representatives. The members of the great council elect a smaller council of twelve. In this is lodged, with the Regents, the real power of the State. In addition to their administrative duties they act as a court, and although few lawyers are among them they are the court of last resort, hearing appeals, and

having charge of estates. When they sit as a court they call in a lawyer from outside the Republic, who acts as their advisor."

"Why is this lawyer selected from outside of San Marino?" I asked.

"Our population is so small," answered the Secretary, "that every man is necessarily related to many another citizen, and it would be difficult, therefore, for a townsman to be impartial. It is for the same reason that the judge before whom all civil cases are held in the first instance must be a lawyer from without the State. The Regents select him for a term of three years, whereupon he moves to San Marino, where he must remain until his successor is chosen. The judge who hears criminal causes must also be an alien, but he need not live here during his term, as our people are so law-abiding that there is very little for him to do. At present we have only one convict in the penitentiary, and as his term soon expires the place will then be empty."

The Hall of State is well worthy the dignity of the nation. Around the walls are pictures of historic scenes from the day when Marinus first preached on the rock to the incidents of recent times, all done in the soft, warm coloring to which an Italian artist inevitably turns to find his medium of expression.

One evening I walked alone on the great terrace, faced by the palace of the Republic, backed by the old bell tower, and built up on one side by a row of buildings black with age. On the open side a low parapet protects from the vast and twilight spaces that drop away before you. To walk here is worth coming far to do. The dull pink and brown tile roofs cascade sharply down the cliff-like rocks to where, a thousand feet below, begins the enormous sweep of the valley, lifting up again into ridge after ridge of the Apennines that finally melt into the purple shadows of the night. The moon swings around the ancient clock tower and to the east silvers the distant Adriatic, and to the west blends into one dim line the far-off mountains. From the valley, St. Leo lifts its fortress-crowded summit aloft upon its rocky shoulders, and lights from a hundred villages fleck the far flung landscape, and all is just the same as when the world was younger by ten hundred years.

Unparalleled views, unparalleled little State. May the one be as eternal as the other.

AT OMSK AND TOMSK

An Intimate Portrayal of Two Great Siberian Cities—the Social Whirl of the Tomskians—Cleanliness as the Siberian Considers It—the Fine Art of Begging Fully Developed

By Richardson L. Wright and Bassett Digby

One would be inclined to call Tomsk the capital of western Siberia —"Why 'Western'?" add the Tomskians, and greatly exaggerate their population—were it not for Omsk, 600 miles to the westward.

Both are big and thriving cities according to Siberian standards; that is to say, great clusters of log buildings, generally one story high and containing two or three rooms; next to no street lighting or paving; no art gallery; a park; three or four murders a week; a scattering of schools; and two or three shabby hotels, merely a hive of bedrooms and a restaurant among the waiters of which are usually a murderer or two who have served their time in the dread *oblasts* of the frozen north.

Just now the claims of both Omsk and Tomsk are fairly evenly balanced. Omsk is the agricultural center, the hub of 2,000 square miles of fine pasture land: Tomsk is the office of the Altai Mining District, and, with its university and fifty-five other educational institutions, preëminently the educational capital of Siberia. There is a good deal of talk of the huge offices of the Trans-Siberian Railroad, a gem in the crown of Tomsk, being transferred to her rival city. At the best of times there is keen competition existing between the two, and wherever two or three Tomskians and Omskians are gathered together in a Siberian vodka shop there is usually trouble. The market porters of Tomsk nearly tore the clothes off the back of an Omskian boaster one morning during our stay in the city.

Omsk, with a station three miles from the town on the main line of the Trans-Siberian, 1,870 miles east of Moscow, has a population in the neighborhood of 96,000. It was one of the first big bases made by the old-time Russian pioneer. To-day it has a large garrison in continual residence, varying in number from 5,000 to 20,000, according to local condition and season. The garrison reaches its fullest strength during the winter months.

The city has one long shop-lined street and a sprouting of muddy

side alleys, a cathedral of St. Nicholas, three libraries, thirty schools, a large theater and a bad criminal record. The natives point to all of these with pride. Nor do they neglect to show you the old court prison in which Dostoievski, author of "Crime and Punishment," lived during his exile.

Omsk has four principal articles of export—skins and hides, meat and butter. In this respect Omsk is the Chicago of Siberia. To buy a wolf pelt in winter at Omsk, when the skin is in the finest condition, you have to pay three or four dollars. The ermine pelt now fetches two dollars. It could have been obtained for twenty cents less only a few years ago. Hare skins for make-up into spurious furs are in great demand.

Centrally located in 2,000 square miles of excellent grazing land, Omsk is also a great meat and butter market. Last year it exported to Russia alone the contents of nearly 4,000 cold storage cars of meat. Consequently, meat is very cheap for home consumption.

At present Siberia's most important belt commercially is the arable zone. In the midst of it stands Omsk, Omsk with its butter trade, its meat exportation, its wheat shipments, its fur market and its banner of Yermak. In June, 1912, when the Perm-Omsk railroad was opened, the city was given further advantages for transportation. Omsk well deserves the name of the Chicago of Siberia.

The city of Siberia to-morrow, then, will be neither Tomsk nor Irkutsk, but Omsk. The United States Government recognized this years ago and established there her only consular representative between Moscow and Kharbin. The Tomskians also recognize this, but they surrender the laurel to their rival with great reluctance.

Over a day's journey eastward of Omsk lies Tomsk. It is not on the Trans-Siberian. When the engineers who built the road visited the Tomskian city fathers for their contributions they were refused, it is said. Tomsk was the capital of Western Siberia, and the natives should see no reason for the mountain going to Mahomet. The engineers, thus failing to get their graft, pushed the trunk line on, erecting a little junction and calling it Taiga (in the woods!) and condescending to put a sprout forty-eight miles up country for the accommodation of such Tomskians as should care to leave their town.

It is almost worth a special journey across Europe and a substantial section of Siberia to arrive in Tomsk on the Taiga night train. Far ahead through the darkness flares a group of tall arc lamps at a point on the rim of the great bowl in the bottom of which lies the city. As you approach you see scores of rude sledges, mere rafts of birch poles held together with twine, waiting in long rows along the edge of the birch coppice that skirts the station.

From the train we descend into picturesque pandemonium. Shaggy

moudjiks flung themselves upon our baggage and hove out of sight. Deep snow lay under foot, and a heavy snowstorm was sweeping down upon the surging, shouting, cursing, shoving mob of fur-coated passengers and *istvostchiks* and plunging horses.

We found items of our baggage loaded on to three different sledges, and a ruffian with a guileful eye endeavoring to persuade our fox-terrier, Jack, to board a fourth. It is an education to get baggage away from a fareless Siberian sledge driver; but, rather to our astonishment, we found that the enterprise can be achieved without bloodshed.

The sledge swung round, and off we dashed down the long hill through the birchwoods to Tomsk. Soon we arrived at the hotel, within which, though it was just after Sunday midnight, a uniformed band was blaring out a brassy march to the accompaniment of loud bursts of laughter and shouted greetings and the popping of champagne corks. In our fur coats and big felt hip boots we waited in what seemed to be the wings of oldtime Daly's. Around us floated ravishing creatures in high spirits and ultra-abbreviated crimson silk skirts. Sloe-eyed maidens, attired as for the ballet, flitted by to join peroxide blondes in tight pale-blue knicker-bockers; and bewigged fairies in fleshings dived hither and thither in the throng. Every now and again came a crash of broken glass or a prodigious stamping of feet from the long restaurant, the stage at the end of which was given up to vaudeville. We stayed a couple of weeks in Tomsk, and the same sort of thing went on every night.

The Siberian hotel, and, indeed, Russian hotels in general, have no public rooms, no lounge nor smoke rooms, libraries or parlors. There is simply the restaurant and your bedroom. So you find a stay of a week or more inclined to become tiresome.

The bedrooms, which are usually equipped with a big writing desk, a couch or two or three comfortable armchairs, in addition to the usual furniture, have sealed double windows, and nothing but a little aperture about four inches square to represent ventilation. They get horribly stuffy. If you summon the manager and point this out, he will send up a minion with a scent-spray, and the last stage of that room becomes far worse than the first. Warmth is derived from a big oven, half in your room and half in that of your neighbor. It is stoked from the corridor. Rough birch logs are dumped down at intervals along the strip of carpet passing the row of bedroom doors, near the flame-flecked hinges of the ovens, and from time to time, a waiter or a chambermaid comes along to fire up.

Despite lurid tales from previous travelers in Siberia, we did not find a single flea in a Siberian hotel. There are a number of species of cockroach about on walls and floors, but these are harmless and add a pleasant air of animation to the lonely rooms.

The washing facilities of a bedroom in a Siberian hotel are annoying. There is never any pipe water supply. In the corner of the room you will find what at first glance appears to be a nickel-in-the-slot automatic machine. It holds a little basin, usually without a plug to stop the water running away. High up at the back is a triangular water receptacle, holding rather less than a quart of oily and unclean liquid. You espy something in the nature of a tap, but when you investigate its workings you are prone to get a needle-valve jet of water in the face, or you get no water at all.

In the former event, what has happened is that of the two ends of the valve tap you have unwarily turned toward you the one that curls upward. In the other event, you ring the bell and you are shown how to go to work. A maid or a porter strikes a match and exhibits, underneath the affair, a pair of small treadles, like the brakes in an automobile. Preparing for a wash, you have to find these and press on them with your foot. So long as you keep one foot on the treadles, a thread of water spouts from the valve. The basin having no plug, the water stops with the removal of your foot. Cleanliness in a Siberian hotel is not next to godliness; it's next to impossible.

After seeing these crude washing facilities one learns with surprise that the Siberian really does wash. Each city has its public bath and swimming tank. Saturday is the day for universal ablutions. A Saturday visit to the municipal bath is a revelation to the foreigner who considers the Muscovites a race having never known water. Nor is washing confined to the city dweller. Even in the humblest hut one discovers the facilities, crude though they are. The country process consists in heating stones red hot, dashing them with water, and standing in the steam that rises. A general soaping follows, then the entire body is beaten with a bunch of birch twigs dipped in hot water. The foreigner's conception of Siberian cleanliness, however, is possibly justified by the exterior filth of most of the natives; for, after having bathed and scrubbed and soaped and thrashed the dirt off, the native puts on again the same clothes he has been wearing all week—or all winter.

One of the most interesting features of Tomsk is the great market on the bank of the Tom. Its wooden booths are permanent and there are hundreds of them. Here you will see exposed for sale mirrors of shining tin, and stacks of the gaudily enameled treasure chests in which the Siberian peasant locks away all the little knick-knacks that might brighten up their cheerless homes: big chests of paper-covered booklets, chiefly plays of an amateur theatrical *genre*, and the popular crudely-colored wall prints that did so much to keep up the spirits of the peasants when Russia was suffering reverse after reverse in her war with Japan.

There is a print that shows the assault on 203 Meter Hill, a Meter Hill covered—needless to say—with mangled Japanese picturesquely spouting up to the heavens in the lurid whirlwind of an exploding mine; Russian soldiers, nonchalantly holding aloft great boulders of ironstone half the size of a piano, preparatory to hurling them down upon their enemies.

In another print you see a young red-shirted Russian peasant lout, sprawled at his ease on the greensward, who smilingly stretches out his fist and knocks in the head of the Japanese admiral who is perching rather insecurely on the slanting deck of his cruiser. A Japanese battleship is foundering in the foreground, while—happy touch!—Russian ambulance orderlies are pulling very gory and battered Japanese sailors out of the water and attending to their wounds.

If a peasant fancies that he is specially gifted in the field of successful retail commerce, he has a good chance, at Tomsk, of testing his prowess in the market. There are dozens of men and women who preside over an outspread bale of wares that consists merely of a few old lamp burners, a battered picture frame or two, a single boot that has seen better days, and a scrap of frayed oilcloth. Nor are they neglected by the more prosperous passerby.

There are arcades of hides and arcades of fish and butter. Both are frozen. If you want a little less butter or half a fish, it has to be hacked away with a hatchet. A booth had a small deer standing by it. Jack, bent on the chase, was very disappointed to find it happened to be a frozen corpse.

To and fro among the buyers, passed seedy men peddling jackboots, a pair or two over their arm. In a bleak corner overhanging the bank of the Tom, stands the little eating-house of the poor—not the red brick house with the green sign-board, but the humbler plank structure the other side of the pony market. There it is twenty degrees of frost outside, though it is the last week in March, and a keen north wind doubles the cold. Within, past the double swing doors, an overheated barn of seething humanity, a row of three rooms with their dividing wall removed. In the center room, a big iron stove is in the middle of the floor, dogs sleeping around it. Behind the stove, a counter of coarse provisions and an arched passage leading to the kitchen.

At one end of the barn, drinks for nothing—with limitations. In America, we have the free lunch counter, where one can buy drinks and get a lunch for nothing. Here you buy lunch and get free drinks, a nip of burning vodka—the Russian white whiskey—and hot water for your tea-brewing. At the end of a long table stands a great brass hot water urn, the *samovar*. Ranged eight a side are the peasants who have come into market with their rude sledges of produce or logs.

They are very dirty and very happy; their garments are an extraordinary sight. A patchwork pure and simple—a patched medley of sheepskin, rabbit pelt, sackcloth, scraps of grimy linen and flannel and shoddy cloth rags, sewn together with string and frayed twine. The forlornest derelict in a Bowery breadline would be a Beau Brummel among them. They have each a paper of food, which they supplement with the fish and snacks on the counter, and, of course, further rations of vodka.

At the other end of the room, seated at a small table, are the better class customers, hackmen and market porters for the most part, as dirty as the peasants, but dressed in good, if shabby, coats, with gaudy girdles around the waist. Entertaining them are the musicians —a derelict with bandaged stumps where his hands should be, accompanied by a well-dressed little girl of fourteen who plays a discordant harp; a disreputable peasant youth, who also has a harp and plays it even worse; a lad with a one-legged hurdy-gurdy strapped round his neck; and three Jews with an accordion. They are not prepossessing.

An old woman finishes a glass of tea, smacks her lips, and, pulling out a paper of tobacco, proceeds to roll and light a cigarette. She throws a contemptuous glance in our direction. You see, we are smoking briar pipes. Only the lowest Siberian peasant will smoke a pipe; it is the badge of social degradation. If you see a man smoking a pipe you can place him at once.

The little girl sings a song, accompanying herself on the harp. Her papa goes round with the hat. The hurdy-gurdyist has his turn. Then there is a squabble between the three Jews and the youth, who is not a Jew. The company sees to it that the latter prevails. He produces a familiar yet elusive melody that in time one realizes with a start is a gallant attempt at "La Tonquinaise." He follows it by "Yip-Ai-Addy"—a strange and pathetically distorted "Yip-Ai-Addy," but recognizable.

The Jews lead off with, of all tunes in the world, "Two Lovely Black Eyes." We discovered subsequently that "Two Lovely Black Eyes" is a universal favorite throughout Siberia. Wherever you pause to listen to a group of peasants enjoying a little accordion concert, there you will certainly hear this ditty.

The beggars are an interesting feature of the market eating-house of Tomsk. The swing doors fling open, and in they stride. After warming their hands at the stove, they walk to the counter and cross themselves. Instantly the bartender hands over a large lump of bread —not stale bread nor crusts; perfectly good new bread. No remarks pass on either side. The beggar drops the gift into a tattered rent in his garments, crosses himself and departs to the next eating-house. It is an eminently business-like transaction.

There are other beggars one likes less, blue-cheeked shivering little mites of girls, bare-legged, their skirts in rags, who have only just enough strength to push back the heavy door. Often they have no coat nor cloak, and the snow is their only shawl. They go direct to the counter, too chilled to heed the inviting glow of the stove. The numb little fingers make the Sign of the Cross, and then, hugging the precious slice of bread to their bosoms, the children turn and shuffle away, out into the snows.

And there was a plausible old ruffian who slid a folded slip of paper under our saucers, and strolled away to the other end of the room. At first we thought he was a local betting tout with a "sure thing for the three o'clock" to throw away for a dollar or two, for it is a cosmopolitan type. We unfolded the paper and brought to view the label of a medicine bottle. You cannot mistake a medicine bottle label in Siberia. By the requirements of the law it is a big coffin-shaped label that you see, if we remember rightly, in "Struwelpeter," illustrating the doctor's call of Cruel Frederick after he had been "kickin' th' houn' aroun'," with disastrous results.

Presently the old man came back. We made our contribution. He received the twenty-kopec piece without a word of thanks, took back his label, folded it up again, and slipped it under someone else's saucer, strolled to the window, gazed out into the snow for a while, returned and collected, and picked out another philanthropist. Enough money was collected in that poverty-stricken eating-house to buy a number of bottles of any old medicine. Then the afflicted one took his departure. We met him later in the day in the brick restaurant. He was doing even better there.

Tomsk is the home of the only university in Siberia. Founded in 1880 and opened seven years later, it now has a very creditable attendance, which has been considerably underrated, by the way, by writers on Siberian affairs. The private scholarship endowment fund in 1911 stood at $2,500,000. The library contains 110,000 volumes.

Nominally quite a separate concern, but practically affiliated with the university proper, is a great Institute of Technology, a school of mines. Like the university, it is government-built and subsidized. It is divided into three departments, mechanics, chemistry and civil engineering, and furnishes a five-year engineer course of ten terms, as compared with the four-year course to be found in the United States and Britain. The year opens in September, with the enrollment of some 1,700 students, but by January a couple of hundred have usually dropped out for some reason or other. Many students have to leave on account of home bereavements and straitened circumstances, though the attendance fee is only $25 a year. A hundred students come in free every year, with government scholarships.

Now, where do all these students come from? Curiously, quite a

large number from the faraway Caucasus, in Southern Russia. The Caucasians are splendid warriors, but poor students, prone to indolence and a lack of alacrity in catching the drift of what technical text books have to say. The entrance examinations to Russian universities are often too difficult for them, but those of Tomsk are easier.

CAIRO, OLD AND NEW

The Largest City in Africa as it Really is—the Wily Dragoman, a Useful Adjunct to the Foreign Visitor—Through the Arab Quarter—Bargaining as a Fine Art

By Horace Wyndham

"He who hath not seen Cairo hath not seen the world," confidently declares the compiler of the Arabian Nights; and he is perhaps not very far wrong in his assertion, for no city on the face of the globe contains within its area and immediate surroundings so many sights and objects of interest. To gaze on the Pyramids alone is worth making the expedition (even when the thermometer stands at 100 degrees), while the number of mosques, tombs, palaces, bazaars, and so on, claiming the attention of the visitor from Europe or America, is so great as to be positively embarrassing.

The city, which is rapidly growing, covers an area of rather more than twelve square miles. It is thus the largest town in Africa, and has a population of three-quarters of a million. The European element, numbering some 40,000, includes various nationalities, such as English, French, German, Austrians, Italians and Greeks, the two latter being in the majority. The British garrison, known as the Army of Occupation, consists of three infantry battalions, a regiment of cavalry and some artillery. The remainder of the British military force in Egypt is quartered at Alexandria and Khartoum.

Before actually reaching Cairo, the traveler will find it useful to acquire a smattering of Arabic, if only for the purpose of driving off the hordes of beggars and *back-sheesh* claimants who pester the new arrival with their unwelcome attentions. The most useful phrases for the purpose are *Imshi,* ("Go away"), *Aywa* ("Yes"), *Mafeesh* ("No," or "Nothing"), and *Karn* ("How much?"). An expression that may be employed with great effect in getting rid of a too persistent donkey-boy or guide is *Rooah fil Shaitan!*—meaning "Go to——" well, a person not generally mentioned in polite society. All the Cairo shopkeepers, however, and most of the cabmen and donkey-boys have a smattering of English; and French and Italian are also usually understood. Still, the traveler who can speak their own language is spared a good deal of extortion.

The best way to see Cairo is to employ a dragoman or guide. Accompanied by such a person, one can penetrate into the many interesting places which are sternly closed to the tournist who is doing his sight-seeing by himself. Another advantage to be derived from the services of these people is that of being spared a good deal of the extortion that is shamelessly practiced on the "Frank," as the stranger is always called by the natives whenever he tries to go anywhere unattended.

Writing on the subject of dragomans, a certain ever instructive guidebook makes some rather caustic comments at the expense of these gentry. Thus, it says they are "inclined to assume a patronizing manner towards their employers, while they generally treat their own countrymen with an air of vast superiority. The sooner this impertinence is checked the more satisfactory will be the traveler's subsequent relations with his guide." As may be imagined, the publication of the remarks very nearly led to the calling of an indignation meeting among the individuals concerned.

Dragomans in Egypt form a class by themselves. The men constituting it are all Arabs, and speak English more or less fluently. A number of them are attached to the different hotels, but plenty of others are to be met with in the streets as well. Those connected with the various big hotels are the aristocrats of their order and charge comparatively high fees for their services. The men who ply for hire in the streets are more modest in their demands. They make up for this, however, by the persistence with which they seek employment. Should a tourist appear in public, unprovided with an escort he is promptly surrounded by a throng of natives bellowing for the honor of conducting him round their city. "You come with me, sah," shouts one. "Me quite high class guide." "Him no good—him dam rascal, sah!" exclaims a second, forcing his way through the crowd; and, "Me tee-total chap—me have fine recommendation," declares a third. To attempt to discriminate between the claims of the rival candidates is a mere waste of time. The best thing to do is to make a bargain with the first one encountered, and trust to luck that he knows his business.

In the roadway outside every Cairo hotel—and as near the entrance as the doorkeeper will permit—is always to be found a long line of donkeys and their attendants, all clamoring for patronage. Donkey-boys in the City of the Caliphs indeed appear to be almost as numerous as cabmen in London or New York. As soon as a visitor shows his nose out-of-doors he is instantly surrounded by a swarm, all vociferating the merits of their steeds at the tops of their voices. "My donkey run like——, sah!" "You come with me, sah!" "Me spik English—my donkey spik English, too," they bellow in

chorus. Then, having secured a patron, they all start belaboring the poor animal's flanks, while the owner twists its tail (which he appears to regard as a rudder) and off they trot. The legal tariff is two piastres (ten cents) an hour; but a good deal more is expected, especially of the inexperienced visitor. At any rate, give a donkey-boy his legal fare, and see what happens! The experience will be instructive.

A popular excursion, to be made either by donkey or camel, is to the Pyramids. These are situated at Gizeh, about ten miles from Cairo. The journey, however, can also be performed by electric tram. On reaching Gizeh a picturesquely garbed Arab sheik will tell off three brawny sons of the Desert to assist the traveler in the ascent. A couple grip his arms, and haul him by main force from step to step, while the third pushes and prods the most prominent portions of his anatomy from behind. As if, however, this is not enough, a small boy attaches himself to the group, and following at a respectful distance, shouts encouraging messages—"Cheer up, sah! Horray! On top dam soon!" When the summit is gained, this last individual demands more *backsheesh* than anybody else.

From the summit of the Great Pyramid, a magnificent view, and one well worth the labor of making the climb, presents itself. To the north lies the vast domed and minaretted city, overlooked by the rugged Mokottam hills, which once rang to the footsteps of Herodotus, and centuries afterwards to those of Napoleon's soldiers. To the south, as far as the eye can see, stretches mysterious illimitable desert, shrouded in a constant haze, and shimmering in a trackless ocean of sand. To the east rises another rampart of hills; while to the west, only a couple of miles distant, the placid waters of the Nile sparkle gently in the glowing sunshine. The fertile valley through which it wanders is dotted here and there with groves of stately palm trees, and half a score of pyramids raise their heads in the neighborhood, silent yet eloquent witnesses of Egypt's historic past. The perspiring tourist, however, probably has thoughts for nothing but iced drinks.

Perhaps the most famous building in Cairo is the one known as the Citadel. This dates from the time of the Emperor Saladin. To a certain extent, it is to Egypt's capital what the Kremlin is to Moscow. Thus, it is a city within a city, its walls containing an arsenal, military barracks, storehouses and several mosques. At present it forms the headquarters of one of the British regiments in the garrison. The gateway is ever memorable as having been the scene of the massacre of 1811 of the Mameluke Beys by Mehemet Ali. On the eastern terrace of the fortress is the spot from which Emin Bey is reported to have leaped over the battlements, in order to escape

the general slaughter to which his faithful followers were subjected.

Overlooking the blood-soaked ground where this terrible massacre occurred is the mosque which Mehemet Ali subsequently caused to be erected. With its stately proportions and graceful minarets it is one of the most beautiful buildings of its kind in existence. Near at hand is a deep shaft, penetrating the solid rock to the depth of about 300 feet, which the Arab guides and donkey-boys swear by the Beard of the Prophet was the well down which Joseph was lowered by his brethren. In return for further *backsheesh* from credulous tourists they will even undertake to exhibit the identical coat of many colors which got poor Joseph into so much trouble.

From the ramparts of the Citadel fortress a wonderful panorama is presented. The whole of Cairo is spread out beneath walls; and as far as the eye can see are mosques and palaces and gardens, with the gleaming Nile and the trackless desert beyond. In a great waste of yellow sand, at the end of a long palm-bordered road, the Pyramids of Gizeh, and the Sphinx, lying lonely, vast and mysterious, are clearly visible, with the fashionable suburbs of Heliopolis and Helouan to the left.

Perhaps the best as well as the most comfortable way of making a round of the various mosques of Cairo is to hide a carriage and drive to each in turn. For those who like more active exercise a donkey ride is to be recommended. A dragoman is also necessary; otherwise a good deal of valuable time will be wasted. The usual payment for the services of such men is about a dollar and a half a day, but they will ask at least twice this amount. Another unavoidable outlay is for an order of admission to enter the mosques. These tickets cost ten cents each and the money derived from their sale is applied to the restoration fund of the building visited. A third expense is entailed by the hire of a pair of slippers on entering the mosque and a gratuity to the custodian. In return for this the recipient will engage to remember the donor in his prayers for the rest of his life.

To get some idea of the real Cairo, it is necessary to avoid the fashionable hotel and residential districts and penetrate into the Arabic quarter. Such an excursion is full of interest, for the world that exists there is quite another world—a world of curious men and women leading curious lives.

The visitor's first sensations are probably of a bewildering noise. Everywhere is tumult. The snarling of camels, the shouts of donkey-boys, the bleating of goats, the bellowing of cattle and the shrill cries of itinerant beggars and peddlers fill the air. The peddlers are especially enterprising. They rush to and fro, offering a mixed assortment of figs, grapes, dates, tomatoes, onions and sweets to anyone who will buy. Water carriers bid one quench one's thirst;

and restaurant keepers proclaim in stentorian tones the superlative merits of their fresh fish and Arab bread. In narrow alleyways sit dozens of native women gossiping together, while scantily-clad children swarm in the gutter beside them, and their lords and masters look on impassively and smoke cigarettes. The women are not much troubled by the delicacies of fashion, since a single garment is all they require. Their chins and chests are faintly tatooed and most of them have silver bangles round their wrists. As for the children, they wear little beyond a broad smile. Scores of street musicians are also to be met. The favorite "stand" of these worthies is just outside a cafe or verandah of a hotel, where they reap unmerited harvests of *backsheesh* from generous tourists. In fact, quite a living is to be secured by hiring a monkey and an organ, and making a sufficiently unpleasant disturbance.

The native, as apart from the European, quarter of Cairo, is known as the Muski. This is the main thoroughfare of the old town, and is extremely oriental in appearance. Along the narrow crowded roadway passes an endless succession of Arabs, Soudanese, Levantines, Greeks, Turks and Albanians, all wearing the most picturesque costumes imaginable, and looking as though they had stepped straight out of the pages of the "Arabian Nights." Part and parcel of the jostling crowd are negro water carriers, sweetmeat vendors, white turbaned priests, fortune tellers and money changers, with a sprinkling of closely-veiled native ladies, beggars and itinerant musicians, accompanied by performing monkeys and donkeys. Moving with stately deliberation through the throng are strings of camels from the desert, loaded with merchandise of every description, followed by droves of donkeys and mules. At either side are still narrower alleys, leading into the bazaars. These, as is the case in Constantinople or Damascus, are to a great extent associated with particular industries. Thus, one is given up to the jewelers; another to the coppersmiths; another to the booksellers, and so on. The average artisan is an industrious individual, and one who knows nothing (and cares less) of trade unions and strikes. He is perfectly content to sit in the sun and follow his business. Many of them establish their work-shops in the streets themselves. Cobblers, tailors and blacksmiths ply their calling in the open air, and stitch and hammer away, without paying the least attention to the noise and traffic.

The Cairo tradesman who has set himself up in a bazaar generally regards the tourist as his legitimate prey, delivered into his hands by Allah. Fixed prices are practically unknown, and the would-be purchaser is asked in the first instance a sum out of all proportion to what will eventually be accepted. Bargaining, even with the assistance of an interpreter, is a slow and difficult process. The intending purchaser, for example, takes up a common brass bowl, and

inquires the price. "One hundred piastres" (five dollars), is the reply. "Nonsense, I'll give you a quarter," returns the other. Thereupon the vendor swears by the Beard of the Prophet that to abate a single fraction of a piastre would be tantamount to robbing his starving family. The experienced tourist hears him unmoved and prepares to depart. As he reaches the door, however, the shopkeeper calls him back, and expresses his willingness to take a few cents off the price. As the new figure amounts to nothing worth considering, the offer is rejected. An amount of argument then ensues that would almost suffice to conclude a diplomatic treaty. At last, however, a sum is named (probably equal to ten times the value of the article) that meets with acceptance and the sale is effected.

Where a large amount is involved, several days are often occupied over the transaction. The passing of every twenty-four hours, too, witnesses a striking reduction in the price originally demanded, and if one could only wait long enough goods could really be purchased quite cheaply. Still, the tourist who thinks he can pick up bargains easily in Cairo soon finds that he is mistaken. As a general rule he can buy such articles as carpets, embroideries and lattice-work much cheaper in Europe. As for the antiquities (or "antikkas," as their vendors call them), sold in the neighborhood of the Pyramids, these are almost invariably sham. A dirty but picturesque Bedouin, for instance, will produce a rusty coin, which he will swear on a box full of Korans was among the identical ones paid to the builders of the Sphinx, but which in reality has been imported from Germany for the purpose. There is a well-founded story, too, of a trusting traveler who purchased a mummified cat which he himself saw dug up from the sand surrounding the Sphinx. He would have proudly presented it to the British Museum had he not accidentally dropped it and discovered, on picking up the broken pieces, that it had been stuffed with a month-old American newspaper.

Modern Cairo offers a very different picture from Old Cairo. Here one gets a slice of Paris, London and New York grafted on to an Eastern setting. All is animation and color. Handsome buildings, first class hotels, stores and clubs flank tree-bordered boulevards, along which dash automobiles, driven by dusky chauffeurs, and well-appointed carriages drawn by Arab horses. When the occupants of the latter happen to be local big-wigs, their carriages are preceded by bare-legged and gorgeously uniformed *saices*—that is, runners—who rush ahead, brandishing sticks and bidding everyone clear the way. The motor car is much in evidence in modern Cairo, and has been adopted by natives as well as by Europeans. The more advanced Pashas like to be "in the movement," and the veiled beauties of their harems may often be found taking an airing in a car of the latest pattern.

Towards the cool of the evening the smart world foregathers on the terrace of the big hotels and restaurants. Elegantly gowned women, officers of the garrison, important civilian functionaries and tourists, together with a sprinkling of Egyptians, assemble there to chat and listen to the band. The Cairo hotels, indeed, are world famous, and the accommodation they provide is second to none. Some of them are historic, and round them centers much of the social life of the city. To put up at a leading establishment is in itself a passport to the flood of balls, dinners and receptions at the Abdin Palace, the British Agency, and the various consulates and regimental messes that are held during the winter months.

In the matter of out-door relaxation, the visitor to Cairo is well catered to by the Khedival Sports Club. At Gizeh, just across the Great Mile Bridge, the club committee has a large stretch of ground, within the borders of which are a race course and golf links. Here, too, are abundant facilities for tennis, croquet, football and cricket, as well as for polo. The tennis and croquet lawns are much patronized by ladies. Many of them, however, prefer golf. Race-meetings and gymkhanas are looked after by the Turf Club. When they are held they always attract a considerable gathering, headed by the Khedive himself, who, with a bevy of court officials and diplomats, occupies the grand-stand. Outdoor fêtes of various descriptions are also of frequent occurrence, and contribute much to the social life of Cairo. As a rule they are held in the Esbekiyeh Gardens, near the center of the town. With their beautiful flower beds, and abundance of trees and shrubs, the Gardens furnish a delightful oasis from the heat and noise and dust of the clamoring city. At nightfall the illumination of countless colored lamps converts them into an oriental fairyland. Indeed, as one sits smoking in a sheltered nook, listening to the band playing a langorous waltz under the palms, Cairo—with its swarming streets and general air of activity—seems very far away.

MADEIRA, AN ISLAND OF ENCHANTMENT

Intimate Glimpses of a Tropical Playground—Bullock Carts for Taxicabs—Traveling in the Rede—Funchal, an Attempted Monte Carlo—Tobogganing in Mid-Summer—Porto Santo

By Katherine Verdery

An old Fourteenth Century story, hanging somewhere between romance and fact, tells of the elopement of two lovers—Robert Machin and Anna d'Arfet—who took ship in England with the purpose of fleeing to France. Why they were forced to run away is not told, but it is certain that their troubles did not end with the weighing of the ship's anchor. Whatever opposition they had left behind was transformed into the enmity of the elements, for storms drove the ship far out of its course, and when at last land was sighted it was not the shore of France that loomed up out of the sea, but a group of unknown little islands. Beautiful they were, and thickly wooded except where their rocky sides rose sheer from the water. An almost uniformly warm climate, and the humidity from the moisture of the sea had produced a semi-tropical vegetation that must have seemed peculiarly charming to the eyes of the wanderers. On one of these islands they landed, and together with the other members of the ship's company lived out their lives, leaving a meager record of their history cut in wood.

Nearly a century elapsed before high winds again drove a ship to these shores. It flew the flag of Portugal, and carried no lovers, but only seamen. They made no long stay, but hurried home with the tale of their adventures, and a year later the islands were formally taken into the possession of the Portuguese crown, colonized, and the largest one given the name of Madeira—meaning wood.

The island offers to the traveler of to-day the same picturesque features that it presented to those early explorers. In Area it is about four times as large as Nantucket, but instead of the flat marshes and low sand dunes of that island, Madeira is possessed of a steep and rugged shoreline, which marks the beginning of a rise in the interior to peaks of a volcanic formation five and six

thousand feet high. Between these lie deep gorges threaded by turbulent little streams which constantly burst into waterfalls.

Steamers stopping at Funchal, the island's capital and only city, find a place of some 50,000 inhabitants that is beautifully situated against a background of terraced vineyards. These were established from vines brought from Crete and Cyprus soon after the Portuguese took possession, and from that time until the present much toil has been expended on their cultivation.

Each incoming steamer is greeted by rowboats containing one or more expert divers, for even the Neapolitans do not excel the natives of Madeira in the management of their lithe bodies under water. They exhibit their skill by leaping into the sea after coins thrown to them, and dart through the water like big fish in pursuit of minnows, to reappear in a flash, sputtering, with the coin held in triumph between their lips.

The landing of Funchal is made in other small boats which ply between the ship and the shore, depositing passengers at the foot of a flight of curious stone steps lapped by the sea and leading to an old quay, where a score or more of natives are usually grouped in an unconscious stage picture. These are the descendants of the early settlers, and are swarthy, mournful-eyed people of medium stature, retaining for the most part the original Portuguese type, although they show in scattered instances some slight infusion of African blood.

Odd, funnel-shaped woolen caps of dark blue cloth, surmounted by a jaunty button of a contrasting color, and gay, yellow, hide boots, with loose, wrinkled tops, for all the world like those worn by the "Puss in Boots" of our nursery picture books, for the unique parts of the native costume, a costume that is startling enough to the stranger.

Near the landing are the Governor's house, and the simple, old-fashioned stucco cathedral—the main buildings of the town. In addition, there is a post-office, looking more like a barn than a public building, and apparently so undisturbed by the presence of man that one drops letters into the rude slit cut in the door with a feeling that they are about as apt to reach their destination as the letters children send up the chimney to Santa Claus.

An alluring little street, paved with highly polished cobble-stones and lined with sycamore trees, beckons one, and by a magic as mysterious as that which led Alice through the looking glass one steps backward across the centuries.

Surely these are toy houses—these little, two-storied dwellings of pink, blue and cream-colored stucco, with their flat, slate roofs! Usually the upper floor serves for the family life, while the ground floor (which is literally on the ground) is fitted up as a shop, where

are displayed the native wicker, embroidery and drawn work. The arrival of a liner at the port creates much excitement among the tradespeople, for there is great poverty in the island, and consequently the souvenir purchasing tourist is a boon. It is with difficulty that one extricates oneself from importunities to buy, but equally urgent solicitations to see the town afford a means of escape.

In lieu of hansom or taxicab a bullock cart is offered for hire. One almost questions its actuality, so bizarre is its appearance—a rude affair of wicker seats and curtained canopy set on big runners in place of wheels and drawn by two great, unkempt oxen. Their speed of two or three miles an hour is accomplished by much prodding from the ancient goad of scriptural times, plied by the driver as he walks beside his animal. Now and again he throws in front of the runner a huge, grease-soaked cloth to facilitate his progress. He announces his approach to sharp corners by a weird cry, heart-rending in its long-drawn cadence, and apparently as terrifying to the pedestrian as the "honk! honk!" of the motor car to the people of another and different world.

But while the motor is scarcely a name in this far-away isle, the sensation of "speeding" may be obtained for a few coppers. The toboggans of Madeira have become so well known through description and pictures that they are, as a rule, most promptly sought by travelers. An alien-appearing incline railway serves to jerk passengers up the mountain to the church of "Our Lady," where a prayer for a safe descent may be offered and an enchanting view of the harbor beneath obtained.

When comfortably placed in the wicker seat of the toboggan, the word to start is given, and the flying craft dashes down the hill, steered by two stalwart youths, who rush alongside until the increasing speed requires them to stand on the back of the runners. From this precarious perch they steer skillfully with ropes as if on a sled. If the way is clear, a distance of two miles may be covered in three minutes, landing the passengers at the base of the hill, breathless, elated and always safe.

It is a novel sensation thus to coast down a declivity ablaze with flowers, instead of with the snow that we of a colder latitude associate with the sport. Hedges of giant heliotrope and geranium, trumpet vines and honeysuckle that climb to the tops of the houses line the roadway. Palms, oranges, lemon and banana trees rival the vineyards in luxuriance, and children (much the same the world over) take a mischievous delight in pelting the tobogganing stranger with bunches of flowers, as do our street gamins with snowballs.

For those of less adventurous spirit sight-seeing may be done from the *rede*—a cushioned hammock swung on a long pole and carried on the shoulders of two men. It is very comfortable, and its

gentle swinging motion produces a sense of laziness in strong contrast to the excitement of the toboggan.

But whichever mode of conveyance is employed, one is confronted at every turn with some charming vista, or attractive scene. Olive-skinned women with bright-colored kerchiefs tied over their heads and around their shoulders bend over the running stream to wash the clothing, and trustingly leave it to dry unguarded on the bank. Old men, wearing the curious native cap, sit in low doorways, patiently weaving wicker. Wistful-eyed children look wonderingly at the stranger—just such children as must have looked with equal amazement at young Columbus, when he came here in 1473 to marry Meinina Perestrello. Her pretty face had caught his fancy while she was at school in Portugal, and it was after settling in Funchal as her husband that the study of charts belonging to his seafaring father-in-law fed within him the flame to travel far over strange seas.

The place seems to have undergone few changes since that time. Municipal affairs are supervised by a governor appointed by the Crown, and under him is a military officer commanding troops to the extent of a battalion of infantry, a detachment of artillery and some militia. The law of the mother country is administered by four chief judges, each of whom has under his control a separate section of the island. These judges try both civic and criminal cases with a jury, and minor affairs are decided by magistrates appointed by the people.

Outside the Funchal the population is scattered, the interior of the island being almost uninhabited. Here and there near the coast and usually at the mouth of some ravine, may be found a small village or an isolated hut. But unless an extended stay is made in the place these outlying districts are not often visited by the tourist. Neither are the other four isles which go to make up the Madeira group. Of these only one is inhabited—Porto Santo—a barren spot destitute of wood and lacking a good water supply. Its 1,750 inhabitants are chiefly located in one place, known as the Villa, and they are dependent on Funchal for supplies. The two places keep in touch with each other by means of small sailing vessels.

The remaining three isles, known as the Desertas, are merely precipitous rocks, forming a picturesque scene, and homes for innumerable rabbits and goats.

Of recent years a good hotel has been opened on a hillside overlooking Funchal, where those seeking escape from a northern winter may forget blizzards and while away the sunny days in dreamy contentment.

At one time an effort was made to make of Funchal a second Monte

Carlo, and to this end a Casino was built, but the capital of Monaco found no rival in Madeira's gaming tables. Sometimes, when a steamer is in port, a dance is given at the little Casino, and a limited amount of desultory roulette is played. But the interest in this lazy gambling is usually smothered by the greater interest and novelty to be found in the essentially characteristic part of the place.

To come out from a more or less conventional dance, clothed in one's familiar evening dress, and be met by a horde of shouting, torch-bearing bullock cart drivers, gives one a sensation not to be had every day. The flaring torches throw Rembrandt-like shadows on the rugged faces of the men. The oxen crowd each other and occasionally lock horns. One steps over the side of the cart and tucks one's slippered feet in a mass of straw, which has been put in the bottom of the car for protection from the night chill.

The drivers shout and swear at each other and gesticulate in a way to make it seem that they are on the point of murder. Then the clumsy vehicles slip and slide upon their way down into the sleeping town.

Is it possible that this is the Twentieth Century? The question is answered as the cart drags past the cable office, in which a light still burns. But notwithstanding such modern links with the outer world, the little island preserves its distinctive personality with marvelous tenacity, and the sea seems to form about it a rampart, which holds, as in amber, its curious customs, ideas and manners.

IN THE SHADOW OF THE MATTERHORN

Mountain Climbing in the Heart of the Alps—the Ascent of the Aiguille de la Za—the Riffelhorn and Other World-Famous Peaks—a Narrow Escape From Death

By George D. Abraham

Avalanches are usually considered the mountaineer's grimmest enemies. Yet it is not always so. I owe the discovery of the grandest approach to the heart of the greatest Alps to one of these calamities.

It was early summer time, and a party of three of us was bound for Zermatt, that little village which reposes so snugly at the foot of the glorious Matterhorn. As our train threaded the intricacies of the Rhone Valley the official on board came along to inform us that the Zermatt Railway was carried away for some considerable distance by a newly-fallen avalanche. This apparently meant a day's delay. Thus a companion's suggestion to leave the train at Sion in order to explore the recesses of the Evoléna Valley and then cross over the intervening peaks to Zermatt met with universal approval. We acted accordingly, and the next few days had practically no dull intervals.

After some delay we secured at Sion a prehistoric-looking carriage, with a horse to match, to convey us as far as the road permitted into the heart of the mountains. First of all came a long hill nearly two thousand feet high, which let out of the Rhone Valley. Regard for the welfare of our steed, and perchance the recollection of seeing a motor car run backwards down a mountain road a few days previously, made us gladly walk up the steep, dangerous-looking gradient. An hour and a half later we entered the more level upper valley, and were able to avail ourselves of the discomforts of our carriage. The apology for a road trended gently upwards along the right hand side of the narrow, gorge-like valley, with beetling crags above and a torrent-filled chasm a thousand feet deep below. At the most dangerous parts the wobbly wheels of the ramshackle conveyance came suggestively near to where the roadside dipped over into space, and we had uninterrupted views of the shortest ways down to the torrent. We were all nervous except

the driver, and he comforted us by pointing out the place where a carriage had fallen over and hung suspended above the precipice by catching in a tree. However, in the early evening we reached Evoléna safely, and gazed with pleasure on the great peaks looming grandly in the twilight above pine-encircled chalets and a welcome hotel. The huge spire of the Dent Blanche, bathed in the last gleams of the Alpine afterglow, towered proudly over the lower slopes; its cruel-looking outline seeming to recall that terrible calamity of 1899 whereby the greatest of English rock-climbers, Owen G. Jones, lost his life, with three local guides.

Early next morning we walked up a still higher branch valley to Arolla, and on the way scrambled up to the right of the track to climb the Dent de Satarma. The ascent of this curious pinnacle proved somewhat of a gymnastic feat, and on the upper part the situation was distinctly thrilling because of the scarcity of hand- and foot-holds. The great cliff on the right slanted straight down to the pine-clad pastures in an impressively sensational manner, and, this being our first climb of the holiday, we clung almost too carefully to the small hand-holds which were just large enough to make one realize that he had a life to lose. The descent safely completed, we scrambled down across the slopes until the hotels at Arolla were within hail, and after the usual commissariat details, present and future, had been dealt with we retired to rest.

Arolla is situated about 7,000 feet above sea-level, with splendid peaks on every hand. It is a favorite resort of those English who prefer guideless climbing; in fact, it might well be called the Englishmen's playground, continental climbers being conspicuous by their absence. The Pigne d'Arolla (12,471 feet) and Mont Collon, only a few feet lower, are the popular snow-climbs, while the Aiguilles Rouges, the Dents des Veisivi, and the Aiguille de la Za provide the favorite rock-climbing problems. It was our intention to attack this latter famous Aiguille on our way over to Zermatt by the Col d'Hérens, and we engaged a porter to assist in the transit of our camera and other heavy luggage to the Bertol Hut, where we proposed to spend the ensuing night.

We were a merry party that June morning, but Old Sol gradually scorched our enthusiasm, and lack of training made us perspire copiously. Above the snow-line the conditions were distinctly sloppy, and later in the day the surface of the glacier below the hut was in a dangerous condition. There were several snow-covered crevasses to negotiate, and our heavy porter, with a great load of luggage on his back, unintentionally explored the interior of one of these. He fell through the soft snow so suddenly that two of us were nearly pulled along with him into the chilly depths of the glacier. Being next on the rope I involuntarily had an appalling view into the

blue-black depths of the crevasse where the unfortunate porter dangled, yelling for help and, sad to relate, swearing volubly in German, French and English. His rescue proved somewhat difficult, but by lowering a spare rope on which he was able to pull, and all hoisting with a mighty heave on the rope around his waist, we landed him safe but sore out of his trying position.

After continuous floundering through the soft snow we reached the hut in a soaked condition, so we hung our wet garments out to dry on the hot rocks, and took a prolonged sun-bath. The rest of the afternoon was spent in photography and enjoyment of the magnificent views and wonderful glacial features to be seen around the hut.

The Bertol Cabane, to give it its full title, is the highest hut in Switzerland. It is perched on a small island of rock, which peeps out of one of the biggest glacier systems in the Alps. In the evening, thick, heavy clouds shut out the sunset, but a rosy gleam pervaded the vaporous veil, and the weather prophet promised a fine day for the morrow. We were astir at two o'clock next morning, and gazed somewhat disconsolately on the black, mist-shrouded solitudes; but the barometer continued to rise and our spirits followed its example. Half an hour later we had disposed of breakfast by lantern light, and clambered down the rope which has been placed to facilitate the descent from the hut to the glacier. The compass bearings had been carefully taken the previous evening, so, after roping together, we set off confidently across the vast, trackless snow-field, which was now frozen hard and firm.

In a short time we reached the base of an intervening ridge of the rock, and in the dense gloom scrambled up a long snow-filled gully, where the dislodgment of some loose rocks kept the tail-end of the party very much alive, to judge from the vigorous wagging of their tongues. Ere long we emerged on the higher snowfield, and a weird, grayish light augured the approach of dawn. Onwards and upwards we trudged, skirting the edges of black, fearsome crevasses, and at times taking flying leaps across the narrower rifts, a somewhat eerie proceeding in the uncertain light. Just when a heated discussion was in progress as to our whereabouts, rays of pale sunlight filtered through the mist, and with astounding suddenness the great cloud curtain sank downwards and our wondrous surroundings were revealed in all their glory.

Straight ahead, and apparently close at hand, our objective, the Aiguille de la Za, rose like a huge church spire, its weathered, slabby sides slanting upwards to a slender, mist-wreathed summit in a way that appealed irresistibly to our rock-climbing instincts. Away to the right and behind us the scene was so magnificent that adequate description is impossible. The Dent Blanche reared itself like a great, black monster in the track of the rising sun, and

fleecy wisps of mist hovered gracefully over the fields of ever-lasting snow, with the unmistakable peak of the Matterhorn now and again pushing its tapering crest through the vanishing clouds. Far away beyond stretched a veritable sea of mountains, and for several minutes we gazed speechless on the scene outstretched about us.

After a short second breakfast we scrambled up to the great cockscomb-like ridge which rose above us and evidently led to the actual base of the Aiguille. On arrival we found the crest of the ridge narrow enough to require considerable care and attention. There was a fine sense of lofty exhilaration as we slowly climbed and crawled along the rocky ridge-pole of the mountain, with the sunny precipice on the one hand and on the other the deep, dark abyss of the Arolla Valley, where night still lingered. Fleecy clouds floated lazily upwards, and now and again the specter of the Brocken flickered faintly amidst the vapor. But these wonderful effects were soon forgotten in the excitement of the ascent. The last 500 feet of the Aiguille were almost vertical, and the small hand- and foot-holds were often masked in ice. Up and up we went, now gripping the narrow ledge, with its knife-like edge, now wrestling with some overhanging buttress or clinging affectionately to the great, exposed precipice, with thousands of feet of airy space between us and the tiny chalets of Arolla far below.

The ascent of the final section was enlivened by an exciting incident. I had reached the shattered rocks close to the summit cairn, and was carefully taking in the rope while the second climber picked his way slowly up the steep precipice. Suddenly there was a surprised cry of warning, and at the same moment I felt a violent pull on the rope. Fortunately this was minimized by the friction on the rocks over which the "life-line," in the truest sense of the word, passed, and I was able to peer over the edge at the cause of the trouble. There my friend hung, practically in space, with a great mass of rock tilted forward from the cliff and resting on his shoulder and arms. He clung to the mass with the strength of desperation, for our two friends directly below were in dire peril. They quickly realized that absence of body is even as useful as presence of mind in such a dilemma. Without stopping to argue the point they moved along a narrow ledge to the left out of the line of fire. Then our long-suffering companion let loose the piece of the Aiguille, and it went crashing down upon the very ledges they had recently vacated, to disappear finally over the great precipice, whence arose the tumultuous roar of the augmenting avalanche.

When we had recovered out equilibrium after such a narrow escape, we scrambled steadily upward and foregathered on the summit. The view was somewhat spoiled by the clouds, which increased rapidly with the warmth of the morning sun. Now and

again the peak of the Matterhorn thrust its cruel-looking crest through the vapor, and even more impressive seemed the snowy peaks of Mont Collon and the Pigne d'Arolla when disclosed to our appreciative gaze.

The descent was achieved without incident, and in the afternoon we trudged across the vast snow-fields and over the Col d'Hérens, with the tooth-like arête of the Dent Blanche on the left and the Dent d'Hérense on the right, while the stupendous cliffs of the Matterhorn dominated all in magnificence and grandeur. The setting sun saw us threading our way through the pine woods near the Staffel Alp, and Zermatt with its aggressive smells and other signs of civilization was reached before darkness set in.

The following morning the view from our bedroom windows embraced only a mist-swathed valley. We appreciated, and in this case approved, the fickleness of Alpine weather, for after the hard work of the previous day we were ready for a day of rest. At sunset prospects brightened, our old friend of a previous holiday, the Matterhorn, standing out sharp and clear in an almost cloudless evening sky. Accordingly we made arrangements to tackle next day one of the most difficult climbs in the district, the Riffelhorn by the famous Matterhorn Couloir. Much snow had fallen on the upper rocks, and the guides smiled negatively when we suggested that one of them should join us. They looked on our task as hopeless. Their discouragement made us all the keener for the fray, and a somewhat wide experience of difficult rock peaks under bad conditions made us hopeful.

Early next morning Zermatt was far below; we were busy threading the intricacies of the great ice-fall of the Gorner Glacier, which afforded the most interesting approach to the foot of the couloir. The shattered ice was twisted and riven into a maze-like system of crevasses, where the glacier pushed itself through a gorge between the peaks and over a small precipice. Now we were down in the depths of some yawning crevasse, and anon clinging to its slippery slope or crawling across a frozen snow-bridge that spanned the blue-black depths of some icy gulf. The Riffelhorn towered over our heads four times the height of St. Paul's, and a vertical rift in the huge precipice split the peak practically from base to summit. This was unmistakably our route, and we soon fell, or rather rose, to work in real earnest.

The climbing was more difficult than that usually encountered in the Alps, for hand- and foot-holds were hard to find, and in some places the rocks overhung. One section, about two-thirds of the way up, is indelibly fixed on my memory. The bed of the couloir had become so steep that we could scarcely find holding room in its

recesses, and a great bulge of overhanging rock just above us made it necessary to leave the friendly crack and climb the giddy, exposed precipice on the left or beat a retreat. I well remember pushing carefully out on to that almost holdless cliff and crawling like a fly on fly-paper, if a companion's homely simile may be pardoned, up the huge, firm rocks. These favorable conditions altered fifty feet higher, and I found myself confronted by a smooth impossible stretch about twelve feet high. Defeat seemed certain, but my brother boldly offered to come up to me and hoist me to where handholds could be gained.

Then followed some exciting moments. Fortunately my human footstool was not weak in the head; but hob-nailed climbing boots are stubborn facts on the hardest of heads, and it may truthfully be said they leave a good impression behind them. To add to the sport a sudden snow-squall enveloped us, but it had at least the merit of blotting out the thousand-foot drop to the surface of the Gorner Glacier away below. At last I was able to grasp the firm holds and swing up to good ledges which led back to the couloir above all serious difficulty. Aided by a slight assistance from the rope the others scrambled up brilliantly. The ascent was completed in quick time, for near the summit the storm cleared and we had a splendid climb up the interesting rocks which formed the final section. After a halt to enjoy the glorious prospect, with Monte Rosa and the Matterhorn dominating all in magnificence, we rattled down the comparatively easy side of the mountain and reached Zermatt in time to conform to the laws of dinner-time respectability.

Settled weather then ensued for many days, and we made successful attacks on the Gabelhorn, Monte Rosa, the Rimfischhorn and the Rothhorn. The latter peak was our final expedition, and it nearly proved to be the finale in another sense. We had with us to carry our camera a youthful Zermatt porter, who seemed to have an utter disregard for the value of human life. At the outset he surprised us by refusing to be roped to the rest of the party. It was impossible to take his refusal seriously, for to look upon his healthy, perpetually-grinning face was a continual feast of humor. Even when he disappeared bodily in a snow-ridden crevasse he was able to shout "Courage, messieurs!" and after lowering our rope we hauled him out of his dangerous dilemma along with "the smile that won't come off." However, after this he was more amenable to discipline, and came on to the rope; and all went well until we were descending the fairly steep snow-slope leading to the lower rocks above the Trift Glacier.

Here, before we realized the danger, our porter took a mad jump onto the slope and set off glissading downwards. Being roped we

had perforce to follow. All traveled gloriously for some distance, but suddenly an icy section intervened and the slope steepened. Then the porter, who was leading the wild rush, lost his balance and went flying downwards in a confused heap. We all followed suit ignominiously, and would doubtless have accompanied the smiling one down a thousand-foot precipice to the glacier had not some softer snow fortunately intervened, where the amateurs braked the party by means of their ice axes. Then we stopped and gazed gaspingly below. Another fifty feet and nothing could have saved us, and we should have shared the fate of two German climbers who were flung over the precipice and perished there a few days later. Several lives have been lost on that slope, which looks so harmless from above, and not very long ago a party of Englishmen repeated our narrow escape. However, save for a few bruises we were no worse, but only the wiser for the escapade, and even our own Zermatt friend behaved himself reasonably during the rest of the descent.

ON THE NORTHEAST TIP OF ASIA

A Barren Land of Cold and Cruelty—Seal Hunting With the Mezinkas—a Raw Fish Diet and an Occasional Feast of.. Seals' Eyes—Peculiar Social Usages

By Harry S. Waterman

On the map, the northeastern and northwestern extremities of Asia and America seem very close together—close enough to make most convincing that impressive situation of Eugene Sue's, where the "Wandering Jew" on Cape Prince of Wales waves across to his sister wanderer under the trees on East Cape. It is ungrateful to pelt richly-robed romance with hard, cutting facts, but in reality the two Capes are some fifty miles apart; moreover, they are nearly always shrouded in fog, and there are no trees.

Siberia is the most desolate, stricken corner of the earth. As you fearfully approach its eastern point that separates Bering Sea from the Arctic, and the great bare table-land that only gulls have ever seen the top of looms up grim and forbidding through the mists, with cruel white ice floes nagging incessantly at its Arctic and Pacific bases, a desperate sense of loneliness grips you and will never let go until you have put a thousand miles between you and the nightless East Cape.

We had spent a whole week coming from Nome, our last stop, and only about 175 miles away; for this distance, like the whole trip through Bering Sea, was one long fight with immense ice floes drifting back to the North Pole. At times we crashed bravely through them, only to be held fast and compelled to anchor for fear of being carried into the Arctic—the fate of the "Portland" a few years before. At other times we had to steam hundreds of miles out of our way to avoid them.

The immense, unexplored, absolutely barren country that lay before us—a tract as large as our Washington and Oregon combined—is called the Tchoukotsk Peninsula. Its coast is inhabited by the "Good Men" and its interior by the "Deer Men," each group numbering about 5,000 souls, and each having distinct manners and occupations. The Deer Men look after the great herds of reindeer, and the coast dwellers catch seals. But, naturally, there is not much to

be done in either line in a region where paralyzing cold reigns supreme most of the year, and where the very short summer is principally heavy rains. While the thermometer keeps above twenty degrees below zero, there is always a powerful wind sweeping down from the Arctic; but when the mercury takes a further drop down to sixty, the wind ceases and there is an intense, weird quiet over the land. One almost prefers, to this deathly stillness, the continuous blizzards of the milder (?) weather, even though they do rip up great chunks of ice daily and pound them against the sides of his house.

Lying across Bering Strait from the famous gold-producing region in our own continent and consisting, so far as was yet known, of the same shale and slate rocks, it seemed reasonable to presume that an equally rich find might be made in this Tchoukotsk Peninsula.

Being used to Alaskan Eskimos I had expected to see the same type here. However, except for the outward and visible question of color there is no resemblance—inwardly and spiritually they are utterly different—wild, treacherous, thieving, immoral. But they share the Alaskan's scorn of death—exceeding him, in fact, in this phase of bravery. To me their high cheek-bones and slanting eyes suggested the Japanese, though the Mezinkas were all taller; but a noted explorer, who was stranded for several months among them, claims that they are of Arabian origin, and he has discovered a striking similarity between many words of the two languages. It is noticeable that men and women speak different—that a man will say *karum* for *no,* and a woman will say *katzum.* This female substitution of the *tz* sound for the male *r* is consistently followed in every sentence, besides other changes; and the effect is at first most confusing. These differences seem to come naturally to even the smallest children. If you ask them the reason for it, they look surprised and answer "But it means the same thing."

The Mezinkas, or, as the Russians call them, the Tchouktchis, are the only tribe in all Siberia which has not yet been subjugated by Russia. They alone pay no tribute and are naturally proud of it, as well as of the fact that not a single member of the two expeditions sent against them about a century ago ever returned to report to the Czar of all the Russias.

Since those expeditions came, and were so summarily disposed of, practically no white man save the spring whalers who stop there to trade had ever set foot in the country till a mining company came to work its concession. In all the coast villages we went to we could always find a native or two who had accompanied some American whaler on a cruise and had thus picked up a little English. These linguists were willing to vouch that we were not sent by the Czar like the Kamchedows, or bad Cossacks scattered over the interior to keep up a semblance of authority. On this assurance the natives would

become most friendly. One old man, known as "I-hope-so," from the similarity of his native name to this phrase, remembered very vividly the first whaler that ever came to these shores. He must have been 100 years old. He himself could not compute by years, but admitted cheerfully that he had come to "dying-time." I did not know, till hearing his son tell the story some months later, what a horribly literal truth was in his words. But the next spring when we got back to the place and asked for the interesting old "I-hope-so," we were calmly informed that he had been killed according to the custom of the people—that he had met his death bravely, and his son had dispatched him neatly.

Of course the impulse was to turn, shuddering, from such inhuman monsters; but what was the use? In that bleak, sterile land, where every mouthful of food is so dearly won, there is no room for the old or helpless. When men are too old to hunt or women to sew skins, they must make way for the younger members of the tribe. Old folks take this as a matter of course, and stoically prepare for death. The whole village assembles for a feast, and the victims, first choosing between stabbing, shooting or hanging (performed usually by the eldest sons) will deliberately drink themselves into a frenzy with alcohol, in which condition they are dispatched. Besides the aged "I-hope-so" three others, not nearly so old, were killed that winter in the village.

If the Tchouktchis used a bit of common-sense in husbanding their meager supplies, this revolting patricide need not exist. But instead, whenever they are lucky enough to catch a few walruses or seals, the whole village sits down and gorges till it cannot move; then it goes hungry until the next catch, which may not be for another fortnight. Their improvidence is most marked in spring, when the salmon swarm into the little creeks. All the natives have to do is to take them out, and this they do unstintingly, even wastefully; yet it never occurs to them to dry a supply for the winter, though they know that, should the season be unusually severe, many of them may starve to death.

When it is not salmon time—and that means most of the year—food is not so easily obtained. Each family has its own boat plying constantly in the immediate waters for seal or walrus. The craft are wonderful examples of the skill evolved from sheer necessity. Made from picked walrus skins sewn together and stretched over a frame about fifteen long, they are so thoroughly watertight that we never discovered a drop leaking into one of them. The oldest man, usually the grandfather, sits in the stern to guide, while the boys and the squaws do the paddling. As a great honor, I was allowed a place with the lookout, keenest-eyed of all the family, who sits in front with his gun, watching for the seal that puts no more than his shiny nose above water, and that is never nearer than thirty yards. The

lookouts are all good shots with a heavy caliber Winchester, as they needs must be to hit from a rolling boat a tiny dark spot more than thirty yards off. As a seal sinks almost immediately after the bullet pierces his brain, amazingly rapid work is necessary to get one into the boat before he goes down.

I confess I saw nothing myself; but when my seatmate began to give a queer whistling call, taken up by all the boat, I knew the seal had been sighted—for this was the usual way of arousing his curiosity to such a point that he will reappear to investigate.

The moment found me half frozen and also rather sick from the objectionable smell of my fellow passengers, yet I forgot all my troubles in the enthusiasm of boating the prey. But the instant the glossy black mass lay at our feet, disgust again overpowered me, for the squaws began fighting to see who should first gouge out its eyes. These are considered the greatest delicacy a Mezinka palate can ever hope to know and the two victors on this occasion sucked and sucked their prizes with horribly audible relish.

When it is a walrus that is sighted shooting him is much easier, for his whole broad back shows above water. But securing him is even more difficult, for his greater size and weight make it impossible to haul him into the boat. So a number of inflated seal bladders, always on hand for the purpose, must be quickly attached to float him. This done he is towed ashore and the gorging commences. I have never heard the natives tell of a walrus attacking them.

It is not merely this matter of raw fish diet that keeps you forever wishing that no Mazinka could get within twenty feet of you; it is their whole way of living. Inside the big walrus-skin hut or *yarak* is an area about eight feet square allotted to sleeping, with its own thatched roof about four feet high and its own walls, made of heavy reindeer-skin curtains. This little boudoir is kept warm by a tub of seal oil that feeds a number of lighted wicks. No air enters or leaves except through a tiny peep hole. Unlike the rest of the *yarak,* where beaten earth (frozen hard in winter and soggy in summer) serves as the floor, the bedroom has a thick carpet of reindeer skins, and on these men, women and children throw themselves promiscuously for the night. If one could imagine being invited into the steaming-room of a Turkish bath after decayed seal meat had been kept in it for a week, he could get a fair idea of how a Mezinka bedroom impresses a white man. Two of us were sick for hours after lifting the wall curtains one morning to arouse a tardy guide. The habits that result from Mezinka ways of living are necessarily immoral and their persons dirty beyond description.

The whole hut is about thirty feet in diameter and twelve to the top of the peak. What is not devoted to the bedroom is a general workshop. Women crowd in it, all busy tanning skins, sewing them

together with deer sinews, or chewing them together, and then making them into garments; or in the case of walrus hides, getting big sheets of them ready for a new *yarak*. Clothing is made entirely of hair-seal and reindeer.

The men wear tight sealskin trousers tied under the instep. In summer the bare foot is thrust into the shoes, while in winter deer socks are worn with "the hairy side in" like Brian Boru's breeches. The only upper garment is a deer shirt. The women wear a combination suit of deerskin—a sort of immense bulky bloomers tied under the knees. The shape and size of these bloomers cause the wearers to waddle along like ducks. A calico shirt-like apron is worn over the skin suit, and when warm the women slip one arm and shoulder out of the heavier garment, which then hangs down to increase their awkward bulk.

Thus far the articles of clothing enumerated are comparatively easy to construct; but in the making of the impervious shoes, or *mucklucks,* comes a difficult and cruel process which in time costs nearly every woman her front teeth; for the only watertight way they know of joining soles to uppers is to chew and chew the two tough parts into a thoroughly amalgamated pulp and then let them dry into an inseparable whole. It is a piteous sight to see them chewing away all day—and it must be careful chewing, too, on thick, obstinate bits of hide.

The men, meanwhile, if not out in the boats, putter around with their guns a little inland, or make ivory trinkets to sell to whalers. These whalers, by the way, provide many of the fine specimens of Siberian work exhibited in our large museums. When eating time comes, men and women congregate around a greasy block in the middle of the *yarak,* where some old woman, too old to chew *mucklucks,* has chopped into large chunks whatever raw frozen fish, seal, walrus or whale skin they may be lucky enough to have on hand. Cooking, unknown before the advent of the white man, is seldom resorted to. Fuel is scarce, and is used only for making tea and frying flour. It is good to know that at least "the cup that cheers" has found its way to far-off, frozen East Cape.

Mazinka marriages are merely barters. A successful young hunter buys his bride from her father for tusks and skins. If he has none of these to offer, he enters into bondage for five or six years and becomes the drudge of his future father-in-law. Very rich suitors—exceptionally lucky huntsmen—buy three or four wives at once, returning any not up to the mark to their father, who then tries to sell them again at reduced figures—there are bargains even in the Tchoukotsk Peninsula! Men generously lend their wives to each other; but a poor wife discovered lending herself, unknown to her lord, has her

nose bitten off by the offended husband. This is his legal right, and I grieve to say that the number of dis-nosed ladies is large.

All this does not sound like an easy life for the inhabitants of the Tchoukotsk coast, nor for the sojourners among them. Yet the natives of the interior, the "Deer Men," as they are called, have a much harder time of it, and it was with them that most of our time was spent—the long, hard, desolate, almost speechless year after our six months on the coast. At last spring came. It is practically light all night long in April and May, and natives began to gather from as far as 1,500 miles up the Arctic coast. This is the sign for all who can of the Deer Men to hitch up their deer or dog teams and join in the journey coastwise to greet and trade with the first spring whalers.

We went, too; and I shall never forget that May day when a lifting fog showed us twenty miles off the thin column of black smoke from the whaler Belvidere, which was to carry us away from this forbidding land.

MACAO, THE MONTE CARLO OF THE ORIENT

A Portuguese Island Settlement Near Hongkong Where Gambling Is a Fine Art—Fan Tan, the National Game of China—Betting Via Baskets and Cords

By "Circumnavigator"

The strange little settlement of Macao, on the very threshold of China, is not one of the famous show places of the Orient, for it is comparatively unknown to the globe-trotting public. But for new sensations and new sights, for a glimpse into the intimate life and amusements of the Chinese as well as of many of the European residents in that part of the Far East, this Portuguese city, founded more than 300 years ago, has peculiar advantages.

The retention of Macao by Portugal has long been a grievance with the Chinese Government, and especially with the Provincial Government of Kwantung (Canton). I do not know, though, whether in what is the equivalent in China of the Statesman's Year Book, Macao is claimed as an integral portion of the Chinese Empire, as is the case with Spain and Gibraltar, where, in the official annual, Gibraltar is gravely described as "a Spanish fortress temporarily in the possession of His Britannic Majesty!"

Curious and interesting is this Portuguese city, which, though a decaying and almost moribund settlement from the commercial point of view, is the seat of a highly lucrative gambling industry, over a score of licensed gambling houses paying a tax in the aggregate of some $170,000 a year to the Government.

Macao is built on a tiny peninsula on a little island twenty miles in area, at the mouth of the Canton River, and is some three hours' journey by steamer from Hongkong. It is connected with the mainland by a causeway which at high water is covered by the sea.

The settlement is, of course, potentially of great strategic importance, and has for centuries been a thorn in the flesh of the Government of the Celestial Empire, as owing to its position at the mouth of the Canton River it commands the chief avenue of approach to the great city of Canton. After all, it is of very little value to the Mother Country, as it yields no profit, while the trade is nearly all in the hands of the Chinese—indeed, there are under 4,000 Portu-

guese on the island, while the Chinese population exceeds 60,000. Notwithstanding its limited area, it is thickly populated by Chinese, with about 4,000 Europeans, chiefly Portuguese, and at the present day the inhabitants number between 70,000 and 80,000.

In the good old days of the East India Company, whose ships used it as a seaport for their trade with Canton, which consisted chiefly in the importation to China of opium, and (before the northern treaty ports were open) in the exportation of tea and silk, Macao was a place of some mercantile importance. It is unlike any of the European settlements in the "Flowery Land." Indeed, it bears a striking resemblance to a seaport on the Riviera. Macao is a little out of the beat of the ordinary tourist, for the China of the globe-trotter is even more restricted in area than most portions of the world included in his comprehensive itinerary. As a rule his knowledge of the Celestial Empire is confined to a hurried trip to Canton from Hongkong and a hasty call at Shanghai en route for Japan. Only a small minority of leisured travelers see anything of the now accessible inland cities of Nanking and Hankow, or even Macao, although so easily reached from Hongkong.

The chief industry was formerly the Chinese coolie emigration—in plain English, slave-dealing—painfully analogous to the Queensland Kanaka traffic, fortunately now put an end to by the Commonwealth Parliament. It was here that the needy natives were bribed by small *douceurs* of money and magnificent promises of future employment to leave the mainland. They were housed, or rather herded together under lock and key in dark, unhealthy, prison-like buildings, called "barracoons," and were starved and ill-treated until Portuguese ships arrived to take them to Brazil, where they got employment, and were, as a rule, in a state of semi-slavery—their original purchasers or bribers reaping a large profit by what was practically their sale to the employers at their foreign destination. However, this iniquitious traffic was suppressed in 1873.

There is a large civil and military establishment at Macao, and considerable pomp and ceremony is observed in both branches of the service in spite of their being ill-paid and ill-housed. The Governor's house reminds one of the pasteboard castles one sometimes sees on the stage of a third-rate provincial theater. A band plays daily in the public gardens, which are crowded by the civil and military employes—the former wearing, even under a tropical sun, ill-fitting evening dress, white ties, roomy white kids, patent leather boots, and shining *chapeaux de toilette*. These gentlemen contrast unfavorably with the Chinese ladies, so called, who are allowed to promenade in the garden, and who, after a few years of single blessedness passed with European "patrons" in Hongkong, retire on a modest competence or allowance into quiet respectability at Macao. These ladies

wear the usual loose-fitting and not altogether unbecoming pajamas, with costly silken upper garments of bright blue, pink, or yellow reaching to the knee; but having acquired in some degree European tastes, from association with foreigners in Hongkong, they indulge in the daintiest Paris bronze boots for their pretty little feet (not the "golden lilies" of North China), while their tiny, well-shaped hands are encased in the best Paris white kid gloves, oftentimes embroidered down the backs with gold and silver in the English fashion of some fifty years ago.

Up to a few years ago there was a large Roman Catholic cathedral, picturesquely situated on the lofty plateau in the center of the peninsula, and possessing some architectural pretensions; but it was burned down a few years ago, and only the shell remains. Portuguese ladies, closely veiled in their funeral-like mantillas, worn for this occasion only, may be seen trooping in considerable numbers to the daily low mass at six o'clock in the morning.

There is one great name associated with this moribund colony, for the celebrated Portuguese poet, Camoens, was exiled here from 1556 to 1558, and there still exists in the public garden his myrtle tree, under whose shade it was his custom to sit; and a sepulchral-looking memorial (called Grotta de Camoens), surmounted by a bronze bust of the Dante of Portugal, now marks the site of the poet's refuge; and here local tradition avers that the first six books of his great work, *The Lusiads* (The Lusitanians), were written. But Macao has been and is still chiefly celebrated for its Fan Tan gaming tables, which are crowded by Chinese and Portuguese, and from Saturday to Monday by Britishers from Hongkong.

The gambling dens are in the Chinese quarter, and are by no means attractive as regards exterior or interior. They are, of course, licensed by the Portuguese authorities—indeed, the taxes imposed on them constitute one of the principal sources of revenue of the city. There is naturally no difficulty in obtaining admission, for which no charge is made, foreigners, especially English, being welcomed. These gaming houses are usually of one story only, and on the ground floor (which you enter at once from the street, there being no hall or anteroom) you will find an ill-lighted and ill-ventilated room, some thirty feet by fifty feet, the sole furniture of which is a table about six feet square and four feet high. Before the croupier, usually the proprietor, is a small pile of cash. In the middle of the table is a large slab of zinc divided into four sections, numbered 1, 2, 3 and 4. The punters place their stakes on one of the sections, but the richer players are careful not to indicate the amount of the stake, and wrap their money up in rice paper, though even the most skillful croupier would find it difficult, with so many eyes watching his manipulation of the cash, to add to his legitimate profits by cheating. The ground floor

room is crowded with lower-class natives and a sprinkling of foreigners, but in the balconies which surround the gambling hell are collected the members of the Chinese *haute monde,* mandarins and other functionaries, who can join in the game unperceived by the common herd below.

They send down their stakes to the croupier in small reed baskets, which are lowered and raised by a cord. When all the stakes have been laid down—and the zinc tablet by this time is quite concealed by little heaps of coins, and little pill-like pellets which contain the stakes of the more cautious gamblers, suspicious of the dexterity of the croupiers in manipulating the cash—the croupier calls out the Chinese equivalent of *"Messieurs, le jeu est fait."* He indicates this as well by covering his own heap of cash with a brass bowl, and begins slowly and deliberately to draw out four cash at a time, with a chop-stick in each hand. His movements are purposely deliberate, so as to impress the punters with the fact that "there is no deception." Ultimately the heap is reduced until one, two, or three cash, or nothing remains. The winning stakes are at once paid in the proportion of three times the stakes (less the banker's commission of ten per cent.) to those who have backed the winning numbers 1, 2, 3, or 4, the latter number only winning when no cash remains in the heap after the division. It may be added that there is no zero—the modest proprietor being satisfied with his ten per cent. on the winnings.

This, then, is the national game of Fan Tan. Hardly any known form of gambling, except, perhaps, the Italian game of Morra, could be more simple and rudimentary. Its only principle is indicated by its etymology—*fan,* number of times, and *tan,* to divide.

There are some modifications of staking, however. For instance, you can play *en traverse,* as at Monte Carlo, placing the stakes on the dividing line between any two numbers, when, if either of these numbers wins, twice the stake is handed to the player.

For those who consider these recognized combinations commonplace, an ingenious modification, called Ching-tow, is often played. If one cash is left at the close of the division the Ching-tow player receives an amount equal to his stake; if two or three, he gets his stake back; but if four wins, he loses his stake altogether.

In the more important establishments no coin may be staked, but, as at baccarat in French *cercles,* only tickets representing the money are actually staked on the table. These tickets are bought of an attendant, and as a safeguard against forgery on the part of the players, this functionary, who is surrounded by an armory of pots of vermilion and other paints and brushes of all sorts and sizes, marks each ticket bought, as well as its duplicate, with certain mystic characters.

At Singapore, Fan Tan is often played with dice instead of cash

or cowries. The dice has half of each side painted red, and after the box is shaken, is planted on a square marked out in the center of the disc; then the number section wins to which the red points.

Some people assert that, by espionage or otherwise, the croupier, before he commences counting the cash, knows exactly which contains the lowest stakes, and, it is said, so skillful is he in taking the handfuls of cash out of his drawer and placing them on the table for subdivision into four heaps, which he does with a kind of chop-stick, that he generally contrives by skillful manipulation so that the one heap of cash which he counts (one heap only is used for each game) has left at the end when counted out one, two, three, or four cash corresponding with the section on which the smallest stake has been laid. If, however, he fails in this, it is said that the cash are so made that he can split with his chop-stick what appears to be one cash into two or more, and thus accomplish his aim. Some of the native gamesters acquire such skill in calculation that they, as well as the croupier, can usually tell, at all events two out of three times, the winning section, and stake accordingly; but these gentlemen are in the end detected by the croupier, and are then bribed to keep away. This public gambling is prohibited in Hongkong, as it is also, at all events nominally, in all the British settlements in China and the Straits Settlements; and thus it is that the Chinese and Europeans come down to Macao for the Sunday—when it is not mail day—to "makee play along that Fan Tan gallah."

THE SPIRIT OF THE FRENCH CAFÉS

Some of the Famous Restaurants of Paris—the Rive Gauche and Its Atmosphere of Camaraderie—Life Along the Grands Boulevards—the Origin of the Café Habit in Paris

By L. Hubbard

The cafés of Paris! What a wealth of history, romance, life, is called to mind by those four simple words! He who has ever been to Paris can never again think of that gay and fascinating city without having before his eyes a vision of the hosts of cafés with their small, round, marble-topped tables and their little rush-bottomed chairs pushing impudently out quite into the center of the crowded sidewalks of the big thoroughfares. It is difficult to imagine Paris, France, a Frenchman if deprived of these public places for conversation, for they are a result of the character of the people, who, disliking solitude, must eat, drink, love and be amused in public. There is something within them which seems to crave an audience as a kind of stimulus to their wit, their appetites and their pleasures; hence we find the cafés, by the hundreds, on every corner in every quarter.

The café habit was first introduced in Paris through the influence of Solomon-Aga, ambassador from the Sublime Porte to France during the reign of Louis XIV. An Armenian named Pascal hired a small booth in the great fair of Saint Germain de Près, where he installed himself and served his coffee, wine and other drinks on small tables placed in the open air, after the manner of the Orient. This first adventure, however, was not a great success; but in 1774 Procope, the father of French cafés, opened his establishment on the Rue de la Comédie, now Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie, in front of the Comédie Française, then on the left side of the river. This place straightway became the headquarters for various of the literary lights of the Eighteenth Century. The same old café still exists to-day; but, alas! it is no longer the rendezvous of wit and brains, for the *belles lettres* circle of Paris has long since drifted northward and taken up its abode in the vicinity of the Montmartre quarter.

So came the cafés into Paris, a direct importation from the Orient, from the land where all day long one may sit sleepily sipping his coffee and dreaming strange dreams, while the Bosphorus ripples

away in the sunshine. From that land, where it is so easy to think and so difficult to act, they came, and destiny apparently decreed not only that these cafés should play as important a part in the land of their adoption as in the land of their birth, but that they should as well keep many of their former characteristics.

Most of us arrive in Paris with a budget of certain preconceived notions as to what a French café is and why it exists, and, like many other preconceived notions, they are usually false, but difficult to change. Possessed of these ideas, however, we are no sooner there than out we start to prove them true. We run to Maxim's; we take a trip to Montmartre; we spend our money; we drink the champagne of the Abbaye, the Bal Tabarin or the Moulin Rouge; we smile and say, "It is Paris;" and ten to one we write a homily on Frenchmen and their lives, convinced that we have caught the true spirit of the land and have seen them as they are at play.

To a certain extent this is all quite true, and no one will, I suppose, deny that the Abbaye, the Bal Tabarin and other like resorts exist; but—and in that "but" lies a whole history—they exist in great measure for the benefit of the Americans and other foreigners, in order that they may have the opportunity of proving to their entire satisfaction the truth of all their theories. As a matter of fact, many a Frenchman has not only never crossed their thresholds, but is not even familiar with their names. It almost seems as though the French, with their quick wit and their love of satire, were playing a practical joke on the foreigner by showing him true French life as it is not.

The history of the cafés as used by the French people is a history of classes and quarters which remain separate and distinct, due to the fact that they are to all intents and purposes so many public clubs; and if one wishes to know them as they really are, he must know the classifications and visit them with that idea in his mind.

A stroll along the boulevards about eleven o'clock in the morning will show these hundreds of cafés already quite filled with men drinking their sweetened absinthe and engaged in a serious conversation, a sight which may well give credence to the belief that the Frenchman has nothing to do but sit all day and gossip and drink. Did one but know it, it is here at this time and in these places that much of their business is transacted. A man coming out of his office and meeting a client or a friend—and possibly coming for the purpose of meeting them—promptly sits down on one of those inhospitable-looking tin chairs and indulges in a drink or a conversation. Thanks to his peculiarly effervescent nature, he discusses better, sees things more clearly and is infinitely keener when seated in the midst of a scene of animation, which may permit of his making a few witty sallies, than if he were penned up in a dingy office behind four blank walls. All

French conversation, like their cooking, is highly seasoned, and even the dry facts of business must be served up with a *sauce piquante*. Here on the great boulevards, watching the passing throngs stream by, he argues, discusses and achieves his ends by ways impossible for the cooler tempered, more practical minded Germanic races to understand; for to them business is life, while to the French business is business.

Every café in Paris has its own particular clientèle. For example, the Café Riche—not inaptly named, by the way—and the Café de la Paix are the haunts of high society and, consequently, popular with the true Parisian. Here every night, after the theater or the opera, one will find the well dressed world of fashion, eating the usual foods and drinking the usual drinks of the class. Save for the dancing, which now and then is a bit bizarre, there is but little difference between this and any one of our fashionable restaurants at home; certainly not in the size of the bill.

There are other cafés which belong preëminently to the world of business; a café for each and every type, even for the rag pickers and small professional thieves; and—though this I cannot vouch for—it is claimed that the champagne and old vintage wines found at some of the last named retreats are such as would delight the palate of an epicure. Strange to say there seems to be an unwritten law which says, "He who is thief let him go here; he who is merchant let him go there."

In some ways Paris is most progressive. In accordance with this law the cafés along the Boulevards Montmartre and Poissonière are exclusively patronized by merchants of large foreign interests, who make of them headquarters in which to receive and entertain their foreign buyers. The chief of these cafés is the Café Marguery, whose cuisine is unexcelled in all Paris, for they are wily men, these merchants, and know that a well fed man may be the more readily fleeced. If one is in search of the best and truest of French cooking, at genuine French prices, he should not miss a visit to Monsieur Marguery and a dish of his famous sole.

Near the Bourse, as a natural sequence of events, the clientèle of the cafés is composed entirely of brokers. Rue Lafitte is distinctly for the jewelers, while the vicinity of the Gare du Nord and Gare de l'Est is the camping ground for the farmers from the isles of France who every Wednesday morning descend on Paris in flocks to arrange about the sale of their grain.

Again, if one wishes to catch a glimpse of the soldiers and officers of France—and their uniforms make this well worth while—he has but to go any afternoon in the week, between the hours of five and six, to the Avenue Bosquet near the Ecole Militaire, where, in the Café Glangof, he can study and observe at will the finest specimens of military France. Opposite the Glangof on the other side of the

street are the cafés for the men and others for the petty officers; all separate and distinct—like oil and water, never mixing.

In fact, in the cafés as in all things else, Paris is a city of specialties and one must always go to one particular place for one particular kind of food, merchandise, pleasure or instruction.

From the days of Socrates down cafés or their prototypes have been the salons of Democracy. Much of the former glory of the French café has passed away, for during the Eighteenth Century they were almost without exception the small cafés which first heard the eloquence of the then unknown poets, writers and orators. It was at the Mouton Blanc that Boileau, true child of the French *bourgeoisie,* first uttered his words of stinging satire, which the world has never since forgotten; and it was in the company of the same White Mutton that Racine wrote the greater part of his Plaideurs.

It was at the Café de Foy, in the Chestnut Walk of the old Palais Royale, that Camille Desmoulins, inspired by wine and patriotism, made his famous speech to the people two days before the taking of the Bastille. That old café, which owed its situation to the fact that the regent Louis Phillippe was enamored of la belle Madame, wife of the proprietor, has now disappeared, vanished from sight with the romance and the *duc.*

Gone as well is the gay old Maison Doré, haunt of Edward Prince of Wales and scene of many a rollicking, jovial banquet. Its place to-day is occupied by the most prosaic and dingy of post-offices.

The Café Regence, in the Rue St. Honoré, was once the favorite rendezvous of the great wits and chess players of the day. It also was started during the period of the regency of Louis Phillippe, duc d'Orleans, from which fact comes the name, boasted in its prime such guests as Voltaire, Diderot and Emperor Joseph II. Even to this day is shown the inlaid table upon which General Bonaparte was wont to exercise his skill. Now, though still the favorite resort of many a famous actor of the Comédie Française, it shines because of the more plebian reputation of being the one place in Paris where one can get good beer on draught.

It is in the cafés of the Rive Gauche and the Latin Quarter that to-day one finds more of the old-time spirit of *camaraderie.* No section of any city has, I suppose, ever been more thoroughly written up and romanced about than this same celebrated quarter, until at last it has come to be a worn-out hackneyed theme; yet, true it is that here is the nearest approach to the café life of fiction and history.

There is, for example, one simple, unpretentious rendezvous where artists, sculptors, writers and students gather to discuss their trials, their pleasures and their futures. A small cup of coffee or a glass of *café au lait,* costing the modest sum of ten cents, entitles them to spend the entire evening reading, talking, writing or listening to the

strains of a violin played by a master who has depth of feeling and a love of his art which would surely enable him to take his place among the greatest musicians of the fashionable concert world. But this simple life and the quick appreciation of his audience, most of whom he knows personally, are worth more to him than the glory and the gold of that larger world.

It is a queer, homelike place, full of that indescribable something called atmosphere which lures one back again and again until one becomes in time a habitué along with the rest. And in addition to the music and the atmosphere, there is as well a restaurant, *tres renommé,* and no visit to the modern quarter is now complete which does not include one evening spent at Lavenue's.

From here to the Boulevard Saint Michel, familiarly known among those acquainted with this side of French life as Boul Mich, is a walk of about fifteen minutes. This is the very heart of the student quarter, old and new. The Sorbonne and the Pantheon loom stately on one side, the gardens of the Luxembourg decorate the other, and between them the great, busy avenue stretches away to the river. Night is a lively time, and then the students are out in force at all the cafés. It is at the d'Arcourt that one finds most of what remains of that old life of Bohemia. It is a bright, gay, attractive spot. Artists are there with their soft black ties and the typical corduroy trousers, busy sketching any head or any feature which happens to strike their fancy. Here are models of every description—pretty, hideous, young, old—and students by the score. An orchestra in bright red coats and little green monkey caps plays gaily in the corner, with no attention paid to them; a striking contrast to the quiet which reigns among the guests at Lavenue's at the first note of the violin.

A fascinating and beguiling life it is, this café life in Paris, but the brightest and most amusing time in which to see them is the night of Christmas Eve, the Réveillon. Then the scene is really brilliant. All the tables at the big cafés are engaged at high prices a week or more in advance; there is music, dancing, a Christmas tree, and the great and fashionable of the *grande monde* and the *demi-monde* are quite in evidence elbow to elbow. The great boulevards are brightly lighted and lined with countless small booths, for which special permits have been obtained by the noisy hawkers in order to occupy a place upon the pavements during the week between Christmas and New Year's. These booths are filled with the most absurd and impossible articles for gifts and their untiring owners eagerly pursue the unwary and entrap him into some regrettable purchase sooner or later. Day and night they are always on the alert, and, being true Parisians, seem never to feel the need of sleep.

Formerly the Frenchman—good or otherwise—fasted on Christ-

mas Eve; went to mass, then to supper, and the great churches of St. Augustine and Notre Dame were filled to overflowing by the crowds which now flood the cafés of the boulevards. Mass is still sung, the churches are still famous for their well trained choirs, but —well, times have changed and the café has the upper hand.

So it goes, and no matter what the season, what your allotment of time, no visit to Paris can be really complete without a certain knowledge of the café life, guide-books to the contrary notwithstanding. If you are there in the spring, you will not omit a visit to the Bois, the Pré Catelan and the Café Madrid, where all Paris drinks wine, dines, or takes afternoon tea. The Madrid is a wonderful renaissance mansion, approached by a perfect driveway smothered in roses. To dine there makes you feel quite that you are of the elect and are being entertained by some *grande chatelaine,* instead of paying a terrific sum for a dinner in a public restaurant. But the feeling of exclusiveness is quite worth the price, to say nothing of the delectable viands.

There are thousands of other cafés—some famous for their wines, some for their cuisine, some for the brilliant attire of their guests. But wherever you go, into whatever corner you stray, you cannot but submit to their charm and influence; for their gaiety and wit sparkle like the foam on the country's wine and all are intent upon the serious business of amusement, pleasure and naïve good fellowship.

LIFE AMONG THE KIKUYU

A Warlike Tribe of Black People in British East Africa—Superstitions and Sacrifice—Expectoration as a Polite Social Usage—the Kikuyu as Dancers

By John Boyes

[*The career of John Boyes, soldier of fortune, has hardly a parallel in history. His early days and first adventures with the Kikuyu tribe, his tactful dealings with this savage people and his assumption of the position of king read like pure romance. Following is the first of two articles on his daily life among the Kikuyu.*—Editor.]

The Kikuyu begin their day's activities early. Everybody turned out, as a rule, about six A. M., and while I had my morning cup of tea and biscuits, or possibly a dish of porridge made from *mawhalie* or *umkanori* flour, with fresh milk, the men turned out and cleaned up the camp thoroughly. This over, the men were formed up for a couple of hours' drill and rifle exercise—a training which every man, whether one of the *askaris* or not, had to go through, so that, in the event of my losing a few *askaris,* I always had trained men ready to take their places. At first, of course, I had to undertake this daily drill myself, but after a time the native sergeant and corporal became proficient enough to relieve me of everything but superintendence of the parade. Drill was over about ten o'clock, and then I held a court for the trial of any serious cases of crime, or met the chiefs and elders in consultation with regard to measures for the general welfare of the people. By the time this was over it was time for lunch, which was my first real meal of the day and generally consisted of a dish of mutton—the native mutton is some of the best in the world. This was sometimes varied by European tinned provisions, of which I always kept a fairly good stock at my headquarters. The afternoon was spent in overseeing the work of the men in my shamba, attending to the repair or rebuilding of any of the huts that were in need of attention, or carrying out improvements in the camp —unless any of the chiefs had come in to see me, in which case the afternoon would be given up to interviewing them. Dinner was served about seven o'clock, in European style, as I had been for-

tunate enough to get a really good Swahili cook who could turn out a most appetizing meal at very short notice. Of course, I had to dine in solitary state, being the only white man in the country, and about eight or nine o'clock I would turn in for the night. This, of course, was the day's program at headquarters, though when out on *safari* I made a point of following the same routine, as far as the circumstances allowed. One day in each week I had a big dance at my place; and this day was practically a holiday, the dance taking precedence of all ordinary work.

The daily life of a chief in times of peace does not present much variety, and the following account of a day out of the life of my friend Karuri is a fair sample. He was not quite such an early riser as myself, usually putting in an appearance to count his cattle and other stock when they were let out to graze, which, owing to the fogs and damp generally prevailing at that elevation in the early morning, was not generally done until about eight o'clock. There was no regular morning meal among these people, who were in the habit of indulging in a sweet potato or a few bananas whenever they felt hungry.

Having finished counting his stock, the greater part of the day would be spent by Karuri in settling disputes and hearing minor cases, which, owing to the native love of argument, were often of interminable length. The old gentleman took no interest in the working of his *shambas,* which he left entirely to his wives, of whom he had some sixty or more. As the hearing of the cases was accompanied by much drinking of *njohi,* both judge and litigants were apt to be in a somewhat foggy condition by the time court adjourned for the day, which did not generally take place until the time for the evening meal, which, as I have mentioned, is really the only regular meal of the day for the Kikuyu. Sometimes the cases were not closed even then, but as soon as darkness came on judge and litigants would adjourn to a hut and continue the discussion over the sweet potatoes until it was time for them to turn in, which they usually did about nine o'clock.

One not infrequent interruption to the ordinary routine of Karuri's day was the sacrificial meal of a sheep, in honor of their god, Ngai, which took place sometimes as often as twice or thrice a week. Whether the old chief's fondness for roast mutton had anything to do with the frequency of his offerings I cannot say, but he certainly never seemed to neglect any opportunity which served as an excuse for one of these meals. As I was present on some of the occasions, it may be worth while to give some description of the ceremony, for which no extra preparations were made on my account, as is sometimes the case when white men are to be present at any of their functions.

At the time appointed, Karuri, accompanied by any others who were to take part in the ceremony, went out into one of the "sacred groves" in the bush, taking with them a sheep which, on arrival at the spot where the sacrifice was to take place, was killed by strangling, its throat being cut directly it was dead and the blood caught in a calabash and put on one side. A sort of wooden gridiron was then made, by planting four upright sticks in the ground and laying others across them, under which a fire was lighted, and the sheep, having by this time been cut up, was roasted on this. While the cooking was going on, the blood, which had been placed at one side, was put into the stomach, thus making a sort of black-pudding, which was then roasted and eaten after the meat. The meat was eaten in the Abyssinian fashion, each man taking up the joint and biting hold of as much as he could get into his mouth, the mouthful then being severed from the joint with his sword and the joint passed on to his neighbor, who did the same. I managed to introduce one or two slight modifications into the manufacture of the black-puddings, by getting them to cut up some of the fat and mix it with the blood, and boil the ingredients instead of baking them. No women or children were ever allowed to be present on any occasion when the men were eating meat, as, like the Masai, the Kikuyu do not allow their women to touch meat, and therefore, to keep them out of temptation, never allow them to see the men eat it.

How much religious significance this ceremony had I should not like to say: the fact that it was always held in one of the sacred groves would seem to imply that it had some connection with their religion. But as there was no further ceremony than I have described, I always had a lurking suspicion that it was simply an excuse for a good meal of roast mutton, and that the groves were chosen for the meeting-place as being more likely to be secure from interruption from the women and children.

While on the subject of sheep-eating, it may be worth while to mention another of their peculiar superstitious practices, much encouraged by the medicine men, which was known by the somewhat unpleasant name of "vomiting sin." When a man was sick, and went to the witch doctor to be cured of his illness, he was very often told that his illness was due to the anger of God at some sin he had committed, and that, if he wished to recover, the only thing to do was for him to go through an extremely unpleasant ceremony, which I will describe. If he agreed to do so—and I do not think that the man who refused would enjoy much good health afterwards—he brought a sheep to the witch doctor, who, having killed it, wound portions of the entrails round the patient's neck, wrists and ankles, and went through a variety of unappetizing ceremonies until he was violently

sick, when the sin was supposed to be got rid of and the patient would go away expecting to be quite well in a short time.

On my asking one of these old frauds what became of the sheep, he explained that he would eat it himself, for if any one else ventured to touch the meat he would die at once. When I said that I should have no objection to eating a leg, and was certain that no ill consequence would follow, he replied: "Of course you could eat it quite safely. You are a great witch doctor like myself; but if any of these savages ate it, they would die at once!"

In the meantime, I made friends, through Pigasangi, with those natives with whom I had tried, on my first journey through the country, to make arrangements for that ceremony and who said at the time that they would wait. This enabled me to open up fresh food stations, and altogether my enterprise in that direction was progressing very satisfactorily. The only people who now caused me any trouble were the Kalyera, with whom I had always to be cautious when passing the borders of their country, as they were continually on the war-path and I heard that they had lately extended their operations into close proximity to the railway, where they had been giving a lot of trouble by robbing and killing the Indians engaged in its construction.

Living, as I did, in close touch with the everyday life of the natives, I became well acquainted with their manners and habits of living, and I also managed to learn a good deal of their genealogy. I found that the Kikuyu tribe was divided into a number of clans, or *mahirriga,* each of which bore a distinctive heraldic sign on their shields. The origin of these clans was wrapped in mystery, none of the natives with whom I discussed the question being able to tell me how they originally came into existence, or what was their real purpose. The word "clan," as we understand it, suggests unity and combination; but this certainly was not the interpretation of the term accepted by the members of these Kikuyu clans, the members of which were mixed up indiscriminately and scattered all over the country. They all knew to which of the clans they belonged, and there the connection seemed to end, so far as I could gather. The only similar instance of such "clans" that I can call to mind is the "clan" system which formerly existed among the Red Indians of North America, where men of different and often hostile tribes might belong to the same "clan," the clans being known by the names of various animals, such as bear, wolf, fox, etc.

All the Kikuyu worship a god called Ngai, and I was given to understand that they had also another god, whom they called Ngoma, though this latter appeared to correspond more to our idea of the devil; for example, when a native went into a fit of hysterics at one of their war-dances, as was frequently the case, they said that it was Ngoma who had entered into him and caused the trouble.

I noticed, in various parts of the country, quite a number of large trees which had been left standing alone and which I took to have been left as landmarks when the ground had been cleared for cultivation. They were usually to be found on the top of a hill, and stood out prominently in the landscape. I found on inquiry, however, that these trees were looked upon as sacred and had some religious or superstitious significance.

The natives had many other curious beliefs, and practices, and had numerous ways of seeking the favor of their god Ngai. Some of the chiefs, when things did not go right, were in the habit of killing a sheep, which they then took into the bush and left there as a sacrifice to Ngai; and when a sheep had been sacrificed in this way, none of the natives would go near it for fear of offending the god. When I remarked that Ngai did not eat, and therefore did not require food, they replied, "Oh, yes; in the morning everything is gone." I took the trouble to find out what became of the sheep, and, as I expected, saw that the hyenas came during the night and ate it; and to prove this, I shot a hyena one night while in the act of devouring the sacrificial sheep. But when I told them that this was the Ngai for whose benefit they were making these sacrifices, it did not alter their belief. Some of them told me that Ngai lived on the top of Mount Kenia; but others said that his habitation was on a mountain in the Kedong Valley, not far from Lake Naivasha. This mountain, on the summit of which is the crater of an extinct volcano, called Longanot, is known by the name of Kilemongai, which means "the mountain of God." It was said by the natives that any one going up this mountain would never come down again, as they were bound to die up there. This piece of superstition probably originated when the mountain was active, and there was every probability that any one going up would have but a poor chance of getting down alive.

When going down to Naivasha I had on various occasions noticed that the natives when they crossed certain streams used to leave a little food at a particular place, generally a few sweet potatoes broken up—sometimes it was left in the bush; and when I asked why they had done that, they gave me to understand that they were performing some religious rite, but I never managed to get any satisfactory explanation of it.

Still more curious, to my mind, were some huge heaps of stones to be seen at certain places as we passed along the caravan track. When we came within sight of one of these heaps a native would pick up a stone—or he had, perhaps, been carrying one for some time in anticipation of coming to the spot—and cast it on the heap, at the same time muttering some prayer to Ngai, as it was on these occasions that he would ask Ngai for anything that he was in need of. It struck me as very remarkable that in my later travels in Abyssinia I should

come across the same kind of heaps of stones, while some of my Abyssinian followers went through a similar performance of adding to the heap. When I questioned an Abyssinian as to the meaning of the performance, he would reply by pointing in the direction of a church, which stood on the top of a hill away in the distance, and tell me that, not being able to go to the church to make his devotions, he threw a stone on the heap as a substitute for the performance of his religious duty; and I noticed that while putting the stone on the heap he would bow towards the church. The Abyssinians are, of course, members of a branch of the Coptic Church, and it struck me as possible that the idea had in some way traveled from them to the Kikuyu, who copied it, not knowing precisely what it meant, but understanding that it was some form of worship of Ngai.

The practise of spitting plays a large part in many of the Kikuyu customs, and I also found that the same thing prevailed among the people in the district up towards Lake Rudolph; in fact, it was the custom with the majority of the people up towards the north, as I found when I came in contact with them in my later travels. It might seem to Europeans a vulgar thing to enlarge upon, but it was by no means regarded in the same light by the inhabitants of East Africa, amongst whom it was considered as the highest compliment you could pay a man if you spat on him, or better still, on his children. On my first introduction to the big savage chief Wagombi, he asked me to spit on his children; and among both the Masai and Kikuyu a friendly introduction was not complete unless spitting had entered into it. They very seldom speak of their children without spitting and I concluded that the practise denoted respect.

The Kikuyu had a great variety of dances; some were for men only and some for women only, while there were some in which it was the custom for both sexes to take part. There was also one particular dance, which was taken part in by all the young boys before they were circumcised, in which all the participants were painted white from head to foot, while each wore a kind of toy shield on the left arm and carried, in place of the usual spear of the warriors, a white wand decorated with white goat's hair. This band of white-washed young savages went from village to village performing their dance, which they did very well, keeping remarkably good time, and as the postures were gone through each time in exactly the same way and in precisely the same order, it was evident that they had some recognized rule and method in their dancing.

Although the Kikuyu are fearless fighters when their blood is up and will slay their enemies without the slightest compunction, they have a most extraordinary fear of the dead, and would not on any account touch a corpse, for which reason they never bury their dead. I have known a few instances of particularly wealthy or important

natives being accorded the honor of burial, but, as a rule, when a native dies, if he happens to be in his hut, the body is left there and no one ever enters the hut again. If a poor man, or a man of no particular standing, happens to fall sick and they think he is likely to die, he is carried into the bush at some distance from the village, a fire is lighted, and a pile of wood placed handy so that he can replenish it, and he is then left to die.

The Kikuyu, like nearly all other African tribes, are polygamous, and the general rule seems to be that any ordinary individual may have three or four wives, though, as marriage is simply a question of paying so much for the woman, the number is apt to vary with the man's wealth, some of the bigger chiefs having as many as twenty or thirty. They do not, of course, regard women in the same way that we do, but look upon them more in the light of slaves, the value of a wife being reckoned at about thirty sheep. The women have to do all the work of the family and house, the man himself doing practically nothing. They build the huts, cultivate the *shambas,* and do all the field work, though at certain times of the year, when new ground has to be cleared for cultivation, the men condescend to take a share in the work. Each wife has her own separate hut, where she lives with her family, and, if her husband is a big chief, he may have a hut for his own individual use; but, as a rule, he resides with his different wives alternately. They have very large families and the children begin to take a share of the work at a very early age—the little girl of three years of age relieving her mother of the care of the baby of one year. As they grow older, their share in the work increases in proportion. The very young boys have their share in the work, too, and may be seen at a very early age tending the herds of cattle, sheep and goats. This practise, prevalent almost throughout Africa, of making the woman support the family while the man does little but loaf or fight, is at the root of the often openly expressed desire of the (so-called) Christian natives that the Church should allow polygamy among her African converts—a desire which has been quite as strongly expressed by the "civilized" and educated natives on the West Coast as among the more primitive tribes of the East and the interior.

LIFE AMONG THE KIKUYU

The Dangers of Traveling in the East African Jungle—Earrings a la Mode Kikuyu—Handicrafts and Blacksmithing Among the Savages—Stalked by a Lion

By John Boyes

[*The career of John Boyes, soldier of fortune, has hardly a parallel in history. His early days and first adventures with the Kikuyu tribe, his tactful dealings with this savage people and his assumption of the position of king read like pure romance. Following is the second and concluding article on his daily life among the Kikuyu.*—Editor]

On the whole, the Kikuyu seemed to lead a very happy and contented life. They are almost vegetarians in their manner of living, their staple food being sweet potatoes, although they include a variety of other articles of diet, such as yams (which they call *kigwa*), matama, beans, Indian corn or maize, and a smaller grain called *mawhali,* besides bananas, sugar-cane, etc. They also have a very small grain like canary seed, called *umkanori,* which they grind into flour by means of a hand-mill, composed of two stones—a large one at the bottom, on which they place the grain, and a smaller one on top—with which they grind it after the fashion of the mills described in the Bible as being in use in the East thousands of years ago. With the flour made from the *umkanori* seed they make a kind of porridge, which I found very palatable. The natives call it *ujuru,* and it combines the properties of both food and drink, being left to ferment until it somewhat resembles *tywala,* or Kafir beer, and is very nourishing. When the natives are going on a journey which takes them any distance from their homes, or out to work in the fields, they take a calabash of *ujuru* with them, a smaller calabash, cut in half, being used as a cup into which the liquid is poured for drinking.

The Kikuyu appeared to have no regular hour for eating, except in the evening, when the day's work is over. Then everybody, men, women and children, could be seen sitting round a huge calabash, cut in half to form a kind of basin, all helping themselves from the contents of the vessel, which would, perhaps, consist of sweet potatoes, or Indian corn, or perhaps bananas, roasted. In connection

with this custom of the evening meal, I may here make mention of the open-handed hospitality which is the rule rather than the exception among all the native races of Africa; in fact, I make bold to say that any man who is willing to work at all cannot possibly be stranded in Africa, unless it may be in one of the larger towns. I have often noticed a native come into a village at the time of the evening meal, walk up to the circle and sit down and help himself to sweet potatoes or whatever there might be; and on my remarking to the headman on the number of his grown-up sons I have been told, "Oh, that is not one of my sons; he is a stranger." When I asked where he came from, I was told that they did not know; they had not asked him even his name and knew nothing whatever about him. He would settle himself by the fire for the night and go on his way the next morning without his host being any the wiser as to his name or where he came from. This is only one of the points in which the ignorant heathen so often set an example worthy of imitation by some of the so-called civilized Christians.

They grow a calabash which serves them for almost every household purpose, such as storing liquid, carrying water, or as a drinking vessel. For carrying grain or other purposes of that kind they make a bag from the fiber which they obtain from certain trees, and which varies in size according to the purpose for which it is required; while for cooking or for storing large quantities of water they use earthenware pots, which are made in certain districts of the Kikuyu country in practically the same way as our pottery was made in the early days in our own country, being fashioned out of a particular kind of clay and then burnt to harden them. The method of cooking is very much the same throughout Africa, a small fire being made within a triangle, composed of three large stones. An old camp may always be recognized by these three stones, which show where the fire was made for cooking, although all other traces of the camp may have disappeared under a luxuriant growth of grass several feet high.

The Kikuyu make all their own weapons—spears, swords and arrows—from the iron which is found in various parts of the country, and which they smelt in the old-fashioned way. I found that the style of bellows used by them was the same as those I had seen in other parts of Africa, being made out of a sheepskin fashioned to a pointed bag, which, when opened, admitted the air and expelled it again when pressed down. Two sets of bellows were worked together, one with each hand. The native blacksmith uses a large stone as an anvil, and possesses a variety of hammers, some of them being simply ordinary pieces of stone, while others are in the form of a dumb-bell, which he grasps in the middle when striking with it.

Singularly enough, the tongs which he uses to hold the heated iron are practically the same as those used by the English blacksmith. As the smith is, of course, paid for his labor in kind, he charges one sheep for a spear, while a sword may be had for the same price. I found that a lot of the iron wire which I brought into the country was worked up into swords and spears, possibly because it entailed less labor than the working up of the native iron. In addition to the fighting weapons, they make iron rings and chains, which were worn as ornaments.

Speaking of ornaments, one very characteristic feature of Kikuyu adornment is the enormous size of their ear appendages—they cannot be called earrings. When the children are quite young a hole is made in the lobe of the ear, similar to the fashion in Europe of piercing the lobe for earrings. But they are not content with the comparatively small ornaments that satisfy the vanity of European women; their ambition is to have the ear ornament as large as they can possibly manage; so the hole in the lobe of the ear is distended by means of a series of wooden pegs, gradually increasing in size until it is large enough to allow of the insertion of a jam jar or condensed milk tin, which are by no means unusual ornaments for a native to be seen wearing in the ear. And very proud they are as they go about wearing these extraordinary adornments, which one would think must be decidely uncomfortable for the wearers; they certainly appear so to European eyes, but the natives do not seem to consider them so and are quite satisfied with the effect.

I do not think that I have mentioned that the Kikuyu cultivate a large amount of tobacco from which to make snuff, for, although they do not smoke, all the men take snuff. Many of the other tribes grow tobacco, but not to such an extent as the Kikuyu, who know better how to cure it than any of their neighbors; in fact, the Kikuyu tobacco has such a reputation in the country that to my surprise I found that the natives about Lake Rudolph, and even right round as far as Abyssinia, were inquiring for Kikuyu tobacco.

The most striking incidents of my life at this time while I was living among the Kikuyu were occurrences which took place on some of the journeys down to Naivasha with the caravans taking in food. On two occasions while marching down I had people killed by elephants, which were fairly numerous in the bamboo forest at certain times of the year. With a *safari* of a thousand men the long line of porters extended for about five or six miles, winding through the forest like a huge serpent and tailing away into the distance; and occasionally, when an elephant crossed the path, one of the stragglers in the rear would find himself suddenly encircled round the body by an elephants trunk and hurled several feet in the

air, to be trampled to death under the ponderous brute's feet when his body crashed to the ground again. The porters nearest to him would then set up a shout, which was repeated all along the line until it reached me, when I would immediately rush back as quickly as possible, only to find, when I at length reached the spot, that the elephant had been lost in the forest long before I got there, the bamboos growing so thickly that it could not be seen for any great distance. Incidents of this sort happened on two occasions on the road to Naivasha.

The forest was full of animal life, including a fair number of bushbuck and some specimens of a very rare kind of buck known as the bongo. The bongo has horns like those of the bushbuck, but very much larger, curving backward with one or two spiral twists and ending in a point tipped with white. The hide is reddish in color, with a very narrow white stripe. There are a few of the species to be found at the Ravine. Among the other inhabitants of the forest I have seen wart hogs and wild pigs, while the colobus monkey makes his home in the bamboo forest and is regarded as sacred by the natives, who, as far as I could understand, were in the habit of placing sacrifices in the forest, which these monkeys came and ate. The skin of the colobus monkey is greatly prized, the hair being very long, while the upper of the body is jet black, with a white stripe down each side, widening towards the tail, which is also white. The result of this peculiar arrangement of the two colors gives the animal a very curious appearance. Guinea-fowl were very plentiful; and I also saw some partridges, but was never tempted to shoot any. At times we had great difficulty in getting through the forest, in consequence of the elephants having pulled down a number of the bamboos and thus blocked the path, and we frequently had to make a new path before we could proceed on our journey.

I had some personal experiences with animals in the forest, which added a little excitement to the journeys. On one occasion as we were going along some of the boys pointed into the bush, saying, *"Yama,"* which is the Swahili word for meat and is applied indiscriminately to any animal. It was getting dusk, and, peering into the bush, I could see something dark moving, but not being able in the half-darkness to see what it was, I thought that the best thing to do was to try the effect of a bullet on it. I had no sooner fired than the animal charged out on me, and I saw that it was a huge rhinoceros. Having only soft-nosed bullets, my shot had not injured it, and as it was only about ten paces from where I was standing I had only just time to spring out of the way before it blundered past me. Immediately every man dropped his load and sprang up the nearest tree, while the rhino, after passing me, slowed down and

began sniffing about among the loads which the porters had thrown to the ground in their hurry to get to places of safety. Although I knew that unless I could hit him in a vulnerable spot it was no use firing, I gave him a few shots at random, which had the effect of driving him off.

One night we had a peculiar experience with a lion. With such a number of porters it was impossible to provide tents for all the men, so we used to bivouac at night either on the edge of the forest or in some deep ravine where we were sheltered from the wind. On the particular evening of which I am writing we were settled for the night in a ravine, and I was suddenly aroused from my sleep by shouting, howling, and the waving of firebrands, while at the same moment a huge boulder came crashing through my tent. Thinking that it was at least an attack by the Kalyera or Masai or some of the other natives, I rushed out of my tent to find that what had really happened was that a lion had come prowling round the camp, and was in the act of springing on some man sleeping below when he dislodged a boulder from the overhanging ledge on which he was crouching for the spring, which had dropped on my tent. The noise made by the porters and the stone slipping from under its feet must have scared the animal, as he made off just as I came out. There were quite a number of lions on the Kinangop Plain and near Naivasha, so we always made big fires at night to guard the camp and never had the bad luck to have any one taken. One day a Masai reported that a lion had been into the kraal and had killed thirty sheep, every one of which had been killed by a tap of his paw, but none of them had been eaten.

I was told of a remarkable occurrence which had taken place at Naivasha. One of the officials there had a white horse and one night a prowling lion sprang on his back. Hearing the noise, one of the soldiers fired and, although it was too dark to take an accurate aim, he was fortunate enough to hit the lion, which dropped off the horse's back dead, while the horse was none the worse save for a few scratches from the lion's claws. Of course, it was purely a chance shot, as it was much too dark for the man to see clearly, and that was probably how he came to kill the lion—negroes being, as a rule, atrocious shots with a rifle.

When going into Naivasha, the country around there being considered practically safe, I often used to gallop on ahead of the caravan on my mule, taking only a couple of boys with me, to let them know that the *safari* was coming and to make arrangements for it on arrival. On one of these occasions, when crossing the Kinangop Plain, I had a rather lively experience with a leopard. After being cooped up in the hills for so long it was a pleasure to get a good gallop

over the open plain, and I was riding along, thoroughly enjoying the exercise, when, chancing to look round to see how far my gun-bearer was behind, I saw a leopard following me at a distance of about thirty yards. I at once pulled up, when the leopard immediately followed my example, and, after looking at one another for a minute or two, the animal began walking slowly up and down, swishing his tail about and looking for all the world like a big cat, but it did not offer to approach any nearer. This went on for some time, until I at last saw the boy coming into sight, carrying my gun; but directly he saw the leopard, which was between us, he was afraid to come any farther, and though I waved my hand to him to make his way round to me, he would not move. The leopard still continued to march up and down, until presently it saw the boy and appeared to hesitate, as if wondering which of us to attack, though my mule had evidently been the first attraction. The animal seemed to be puzzled at seeing me on its back, and apparently did not quite know what to make of it. Seeing that the boy was too scared to come to me, I made a detour—the leopard still following me at about the same distance—and as soon as I reached the boy I dismounted quickly and taking my gun from him, fired at the animal and evidently hit him, for he gave a bound and cleared off. Whilst he was making off as fast as he could go I managed to get two more shots in and followed him until he disappeared into some bushes. Knowing that one does not stand a chance with a wounded leopard in a bush, I hesitated to follow, but I did not like to leave it; so I tried, by throwing stones and in other ways, to find out whether it was still alive and likely to be dangerous or whether I had actually finished it. Hearing no movement, I plucked up courage, after some maneuvring, to go into the bush. Moving as stealthily as I could, not knowing whether the animal might not spring out on me at any moment, I worked my way cautiously in, but I had not gone many yards before I found it lying stone dead.

A wounded leopard is one of the most dangerous animals in the world to tackle, and two of my friends were lamed for life as a result of following up leopards which they had only wounded. One was a man named Hall, and the other a hunter named Vincent. The latter had wounded a leopard and was following it into the bush when the animal sprang at him suddenly and tried to seize him by the throat, and a hand-to-hand fight ensued. Vincent managed to throw the animal off and fired at it, but it flew at him again and the struggle went on until he had emptied his magazine into the brute's body, having fired ten rounds into it. The leopard had managed in the struggle to fasten its teeth in his knee and to bite him very severely. As the result blood poisoning set in, and Vincent was laid up for several months and was lamed for life.

On another occasion, when we were traveling at night because of

the heat of the day, a lion attacked one of our donkeys which was running free beside the road. A lucky shot caught him in the shoulder, and with a savage growl he gave a jump into the air and began tearing up the ground in a great rage. Then he made off, but I found him in the morning.

IN THE COUNTRY OF THE DYAKS

To Kuching and Inland among The Natives of Sarawak—The Boa Constrictor as a Household Pet—The Sea Dyaks and Their Curious Dwellings—Kayan Cruelty

By Harry de Windt, F.R.G.S.

No one now visiting Kuching, the largest town in Borneo, would ever believe that it consisted, only fifty years ago, of a score of palm-leaf huts on a mud bank. For two days now bring the traveler here from Singapore in a comfortable liner, which steams up twenty miles of river to a town of several thousand inhabitants, with all the accessories of modern civilization even down to the telephones and artificial ice. As the steamer anchors abreast of the town, he will see on his right hand Fort Margherita and the Rajah's Palace, the latter, a handsome stone and marble structure, embowered in beautiful gardens, and on the opposite side of the river, Kuching, with its public buildings, crowded wharves and streets ablaze with Oriental color; while beyond them, on the outskirts of the city, are garden-girt European bungalows dotted amongst the grassy slopes and somber foliage of the surrounding hills. Farther afield, a vast expanse of forest, everywhere terminating in picturesque mountain ranges, combines to render this one of the most attractive spots in the Indian Archipelago.

Presently the vessel dips her ensign to the fort and moves up to her wharf, from which you walk into the main street, a miniature Rue de Rivoli of arcades and busy shops, mostly owned by natives, but where European goods of all kinds are on sale, from ready-made tweed suits and gramophones down to a ship's anchor. Most of the buildings are essentially Chinese, with red-tiled roofs and facades of brightly colored porcelain, although the acacia trees lining the street would be suggestive of a French boulevard were it not for the brilliant blue sky, palm trees and pagodas, typical of the "Gorgeous East." And here you jump into a 'rickshaw and drive off to the club where, if known to any member, you will find luxurious board and lodging. Your way lies past the handsome Courthouse and Government offices, the markets, hospital and jail—all imposing

stone buildings—the esplanade, with its gardens and bandstand, and beyond it the Catholic and Protestant Cathedrals, their mission houses and schools. And there is everywhere such an impression of order, security and commercial activity that you look instinctively for the Union Jack, only to find the yellow, black and crimson banner of Sarawak flying over the town.

Kuching contains about 20,000 native inhabitants (Malays, Indians and Chinese) and under a hundred Europeans—mostly Government officials and those connected with mercantile houses, who are somewhat hampered by the fact that they are as yet unconnected by cable with the rest of the world. Of European ladies there were when I was there under a score, and both sexes formed a cheerful little community where hospitality and good fellowship replaced the scandal and squabbling seemingly inseparable from Anglo-Indian towns or cantonments. I always found plenty to do, what with tennis, golf and cricket by day, and cherry dinners, impromptu dances and moonlight rides and drives, although there are as yet only about thirty miles of carriage road in Sarawak, and those immediately around Kuching. Nevertheless, the town now has its race course and the yearly meeting is well patronized by owners from the Straits and China. Indeed, the "Sarawak Derby" is now an important event in the Far East.

A good deal of state is kept up by the Raja, who succeeded his uncle in 1869, although his palace is built less with a view to outward display than coolness and comfort. It has beautiful reception rooms, a large dining hall and well-stocked library, while the gardens around it are extensive and artificial lakes add to the beauty of the tropical surroundings. There is also a model farm with pedigree stock imported from England, and large dairies by which the town is chiefly supplied with milk and butter. It has been said that parts of Borneo are unhealthy but the present Raja himself affords a living example of the salubrity of his kingdom, for he has lived there practically all his life, and though now in his eighth decade hunts five days a week when in England, and still goes with the best of them! The heat, during six months of the year, is of course excessive, for the place is on the equator; but only at noon, for the nights are always pleasant, and a day seldom passes without a squall of wind and rain towards evening, which cools the atmosphere. In 1906 the maximum average temperature was 91.6 degrees and the minimum 71.2 degrees Fahr. I found mosquitoes and sandflies the worst evils, also rats, which are a ubiquitous curse of this country, for no house is free from them. To keep this vermin down a boa constrictor is sometimes kept between the roof and ceiling of a bungalow.

And now for a trip into the interior, where you may now visit almost any portion of the English Raja's dominions in safety, al-

though as much cannot be said for North British or Dutch Borneo. We shall not linger by the sea shores, inhabited chiefly by uninteresting Malays and Chinese, but make straight inland to the home of the wild Dyak indigenous to the island. Bornean travel generally entails little physical exertion; for rivers and streams are the highways of Sarawak except immediately around Kuching, and almost everywhere else land travel is rendered impossible by dense jungle and swamps. Rickety native paths are formed by trees felled in the required direction over marsh, torrent, or dizzy height, but only the agile, bare-footed Dyaks can negotiate them. Rivers are therefore our roads, and our conveyance a roomy, comfortable native boat propelled by paddles, roofed over with palm-leaf awnings and having a walled-in space amidships wherein sits or reclines the traveler on the mattress and pillows which form part of his personal outfit. And here you eat, drink and sleep, sometimes for days without landing, for a river bank has few attractions when it consists of clinging black mud and impenetrable jungle, with the addition of myriads of bloodthirsty mosquitoes.

And thus did I make my first extended Bornean journey up the great Rejang River, over 600 miles in length, to the land of those once dreaded head-hunters, the Sea Dyaks of Sarawak, for the Land Dyaks—an inferior tribe, both morally and physically, which occupies the districts near the capital—do not here concern us. The latter led, before the Brooke accession, a life of abject slavery, which may account for their dissemblance from their brethren of the sea, who remain what they have always been—born fighters, utterly reckless in warfare and intolerant of anything approaching either European or native oppression. The races inhabiting the Rejang district vary from the wild and wondering Ukit of Central Borneo to the Chinese and Malays of the sea coast. But the Sea Dyaks are certainly the most important, as well as the bravest and most powerful tribe in Sarawak. They number about 120,000, and although once notorious pirates and marauders, have become peaceable and fairly well behaved, for crime is now very rare among them and they are scrupulously honest in their dealings with Europeans. The Sea Dyak's language resembles Malay, and his religion consists of a belief in a Supreme Being—one "Batara"—and evil spirits who inhabit the woods and mountains. Sickness, death and other misfortunes are attributed to the latter, while Batara is the accredited author of every blessing. But here, as with most savage races, the "Medicine Men" possess great influence, and these queer old creatures, who dress as women and possess all their privileges, are to be found in nearly every village.

The Sea Dyak is of light copper color, short in stature, but wiry,

muscular and capable of enduring any amount of fatigue and hardship. In time of peace the men wear a waistcloth, and on wet days a course, dark cotton jacket, while the head-dress is a gaudily colored handkerchief; brass or shell necklaces, bracelets and leg rings complete the costume. The women wear a short petticoat of cotton woven by themselves, always of a dark color and reaching from waist to knee, and above this a number of slender brass rings around the body as high as the breasts. The arms and legs are also adorned with ornaments of brass, silver or gold, according to the wealth of the wearer. Many of the young girls are quite pretty, or would be but for the disgusting habit of dragging down the lobes of the ears with heavy metal rings until they almost reach the shoulders. I once saw an old woman who could pass her hand with ease through the aperture, while each of her earrings weighed one pound. Some of the women file and insert bits of gold into their usually dazzling white teeth, by no means an improvement.

Our first destination is a native town called Sibut, the headquarters of the Europeans in charge of the great Rejang district which is reached after a two days' journey from the capital. Fort Brooke, which stands on the island off the town, is of whitewashed timber, a sloping roof reaching to within two feet of the plank walls.

The next day we resumed our journey to Kanowit, about a two days' journey from here up stream and a typical example of a Sea Dyak village, which does not consist of separate dwellings, but of one huge wooden erection, hundreds of feet long, with a palm-leaf roof and supported on rough poles thirty to forty feet in height in order to guard against sudden invasion. Our native boat was now exchanged for a steam launch, which made but slow progress against the powerful current, while ponderous snags, swirling wildly past our tiny craft, kept the steersman well employed. Although dense forests still lined the banks, the undergrowth here was less dense, with occasional patches cleared for rice cultivation by the Dyaks, who stared open-mouthed at the "fire-ship." At last we sighted the drab-colored village and little white fort of Kanowit, and were greeted by three war canoes which paddled swiftly toward us, manned by sturdy, fierce-looking Kanowits.

Unlike most Sea Dyaks, these people were tatooed from head to foot with intricate patterns of beasts and birds interwoven so closely over the body that some of them appeared, at a distance, to be of a light blue color. The Chief wore a gaudy turban from which streamed a profusion of wiry black hair, while his wild appearance was heightened by a boar's tusks thrust, point outward, through his ears. A waistcloth was his sole garment, and a murderous-looking *parang,* its handle bedecked with human hair, dangled from his waist. As we entered the fort, this and all other weapons were

left at the door, for no native is permitted to bring arms into a Government station.

We then visited the Chief in his "village," which towered overhead on posts thirty feet high and was entered by the usual wooden pole with notches and no guard-rail—an acrobatic and perilous feat with boots on! Dyak houses are in semi-darkness even on the brightest day, for the palm-leaf roof slopes nearly down to the floor level and there are no windows of any kind. It was therefore some time before I discovered that the structure was divided by a plank partition, separating the dwellings of married people from the living hall common to all, including dogs, cats and poultry. Over this again was a dark upper story reserved for unmarried girls, arms and valuables, while outside the building and running its entire length was an open veranda used for drying nets, cooking, rice-pounding and other domestic duties. The young men of the tribe seemed proud to show us around their dwelling, but it was necessary to move with caution, for the flimsy bamboo flooring had given way in many places, disclosing glimpses of a sea of mud and filth many feet below. On our arrival beautiful mats were spread and betel-nut produced, and I could scarcely realize that we were engaged in friendly conclave with people who, only a few years ago, were perhaps the most intractable and bloodthirsty savages in Borneo. And even on this occasion we sat under a bunch of human heads, which the Resident was eagerly assured were all "old ones," the practice of taking them now being strictly prohibited except on a Government expedition. I closely examined these trophies, which are so preserved by smoking over a slow fire as to retain an almost life-like expression. This fact renders a head feast a truly ghastly ceremony, the heads being handed about and bits of tobacco, rice or betel-nut stuck into their mouths—not with any disrespect, but merely to propitiate the late owner's spirit and avert a revengeful disaster.

In time of peace, when engaged in rice-planting or collecting jungle produce, the Dyak is less imposing than some other savage races, for he is under the average height. But on the warpath he becomes a barbaric and picturesque figure, with the plume head-dress and long war jacket with loose flapping feathers, which, with his light, stealthy tread, give him the appearance of some huge bird. For these are the most graceful people in the world, and their dances, accompanied by gongs resembling a musical chime of bells, would create a sensation even in London. They have no fire arms, but fight with shields, spears, blowpipes and the terrible *Parang Ilang*—a short heavy sword, with a convex and concave bade which, in cutting a hard substance, must be used from left to right, for if wielded in the contrary sense it will surely fly back and inflict a nasty gash, as I myself can testify.

Kapit, a couple of days above Kanowit, was our final destination, although our little launch could now scarcely make headway against the rushing stream. And the scenery hourly increased in grandeur, as we forged slowly ahead between the beetling granite cliffs on either side of the narrowing river, so clear that every pebble was distinguishable some fathoms under the keel. Towards evening on the second day the sound of many gongs presaged the end of our journey, and, nearing Kapit, we entered a dark, precipitous gorge where the water rushed through with a deafening roar and ugly black rocks peered here and there above the seething foam. The dreaded Mukum rapid, where many have lost their lives, is only a few miles above this spot. Presently a large war canoe shot out from the bank, while a renewed clamor of gongs and tom-toms was heard ashore. The weird, barbaric sound, combined with the darkening dusk and wild surroundings, had a somewhat disquieting effect; for these people had only recently been taking heads, refusing to pay taxes and otherwise defying the Government, and this demonstration might, for all we knew, be anything but friendly. But all doubt was removed when the Chief ranged alongside with a friendly gesture, boarded the launch and was received with due solemnity by the Raja's representative.

Many strange races surround the Fort of Kapit, each of which had sent a emissary to greet the Resident; and as some of them had never seen a white man, we were objects of some curiosity. The most powerful tribe are the Kayans, who extend from here for hundreds of miles, even to the Northern Sultanate of Brunei; and the lowest in the social scale are the Ukits—a primitive, timorous race, who fly from all but their own people, and are therefore rarely met with. The Ukits, moreover, possess few permanent dwellings and are regarded, even by Dyaks, as very poor specimens of mankind. The Kayans, on the other hand, in many ways resemble the Sea Dyaks, than whom they are rather taller and lighter in complexion. The dress is very similar, although the Kayan wears no turban, his course black hair being fringed across the forehead and falling below the waist. The Kayans are all tatooed and are perhaps a shade more civilized than the Dyaks, building finer houses and manufacturing their own weapons with iron extracted from native ore. But the Kayan, although brave, is cruel, and their cold-blooded treatment of captives recalls that of the Apache. Impalement is a common punishment, and the women are more ingenious than the men in devising torture. Only a few years ago some young Sea Dyaks, after being lost in the jungle, arrived in a starving condition at a Kayan house, and, asking for food and shelter, were taken inside, bound, and their legs and arms broken, after which the women hacked them slowly to death with small knives. I should add, how-

ever, that Kayans who have come under Sarawak rule no longer indulge in these amiable practices, and though these people seemed to regard us with a less friendly eye than our Kanowit friends, this perhaps arose less from ill favor than shyness. I was greatly struck with the facial resemblance between the Kayans (of both sexes) and the Tchuktchis of Siberia.

THE SUPERSTITIOUS EAST INDIAN

Some Strange Beliefs of the Hindus—the Omnipotent Mantram—a Sword Swallowing Snake—Human Sacrifices to Mighty Manicksoro

By Edgar Thurston

There seems to be no nation on the face of the earth which has not its own abundant store of superstition. Not alone the ignorant, but often the highly cultivated as well trust to a greater or less extent in certain omens which, innocent enough in themselves as most of them are, yet are endowed in the popular mind with powers to result in developments favorable or otherwise to human beings.

Naturally, the most primitive peoples as a rule have the greatest number of superstitious beliefs. The native Africans perform numerous ceremonies in connection with their strange voodooism; there is the well-known rabbit's foot omen of the Southern negro; our own North American Indians possessed an almost infinite number of superstitious beliefs, most of which are based on the actions of birds, beasts and natural phenomena.

But perhaps no race places greater reliance in this matter of superstition, folk-lore and omens than the natives of India. The simplest actions of certain birds and animals are to them charged with portent of good or evil, and many are their methods of influencing the results by means of ceremonies, devotions and the like. It is to give some conception of these strange beliefs that the following examples have been collected from a mass of tradition and folk-lore that is almost unbelievably great.

If an owl takes refuge in a house, the building is at once deserted, the doors are closed and the house is not occupied for six months, when an expiatory sacrifice must be performed. Brahmans are fed, and the house can only be re-entered after the proper hour has been fixed upon. This superstition refers only to a thatched house; a terraced house need not be vacated. Ill-luck will follow should an owl sit on the housetop or perch on the bough of a tree near the house. One screech forebodes death; two screeches forebodes success in any approaching undertaking; three, the addition of a girl to the family by marriage; four, a disturbance; five, that the

hearer will travel. Six screeches foretell the coming of guests; seven, mental distress; eight, sudden death; and nine signify favorable results accruing to the inhabitants of the house.

A species of owl, called *pullu,* is a highly dreaded bird. It is supposed to cause all kinds of illness to children, resulting in emaciation. At the sound of the screeching, children are taken into a room to avoid the bird's furtive and injurious gaze. Various propitiatory ceremonies are performed by specialists to secure its goodwill. Amulets are worn by children, as a preventive against its evil influences. To warn off the unwelcome intruder, broken pots, painted with black and white dots, are set up on housetops. In the Bellary district, the flat roofs of many houses may be seen decked with rags fluttering from sticks, piles of broken pots, and so forth. These are to scare away owls, which, it is said, sometimes vomit up blood, and sometimes milk. If they sit on a house and bring up blood, it is bad for the inmates; if milk, good. But the risk of the vomit turning out to be blood is apparently more feared than the off chance of its proving to be milk is hoped for, and it is thought best to be on the safe side and keep the owl at a distance. The Kondhs believe that if an owl hoots over the roof of a house, or on a tree close thereto, a death will occur in the family at an early date. If the bird hoots close to a village, but outside it, the death of one of the villagers will follow. For this reason it is pelted with stones and driven off. The waistbelt of the Koraga whom I saw at Udipi, in South Canara, was made of owl bones.

The crow is another bird that seems to be associated with ill-luck in the minds of ignorant people of many nationalities. In parts of India, for example, if a crow comes near the house and caws in its usual rapid, raucous tones, it means that calamity is impending. But should the bird indulge in its peculiar prolonged guttural note happiness will ensue. If a crow keeps on cawing incessantly at a house, it is believed to foretell the coming of a guest. The belief is so strong that some housewives prepare more food than is required for the family. There is also an insect called *virunthoo poochee,* or guest insect. If crows are seen fighting in front of a house, news of a death will shortly be heard. In some places, if a crow enters a house, it must be vacated for not less than three months and, before it can be re-occupied, a purification ceremony must be performed and a number of Brahmans fed. Among the poorer classes, who are unable to incur this expense, it is not uncommon to allow a house which has been thus polluted to fall into ruins.

There is a curious story current concerning the sacred vultures of Tirukazhukunram. The Ashtavasus, or eight gods, who guard the eight points of the compass, did penance, and Siva appeared in person

before them. But, becoming angry with them, he cursed them and turned them into vultures. When they asked for forgiveness, Siva directed that they should remain in the temple of Vedagiri Iswara. One pair of these birds still survives and comes to the temple daily at noon for food. Two balls of rice cooked with *ghi* (clarified butter) and sugar, which has been previously offered to the deity, are placed at a particular spot on the hill. The vultures arriving simultaneously appropriate a ball apiece. The temple priests say that every day that one of the birds goes to a pilgrimage to Benares, and the other to Ramesvaram. It is also said that the pair will never come together, if sinners are present at the temple.

Naturally, in a country where venomous serpents are as numerous as they are in India, we would expect to find the snake story in its most ornate and gloriously fantastic development. It is recorded by Canter Visscher that, "in the mountains and remote jungles of this country [Malabar] there is a species of snake of the shape and thickness of the stem of a tree, which can swallow men and beasts entire. I have been told an amusing story about one of these snakes. It is said that at Barcelore a chego (*Chogan*) had climbed up a cocoanut tree to draw toddy or palm wine, and as he was coming down both his legs were seized by a snake which had stretched itself up alongside the tree with its mouth wide open, and was sucking him in gradually as he descended. Now the Indian, according to the custom of his country, had stuck his *teifermes* (an instrument not unlike a pruning knife) into his girdle with the curve turned outward; and when he was more than half swallowed the knife began to rip up the body of the snake so as to make an opening, by which the lucky man was most unexpectedly able to escape." Though the snakes in this country are so noxious to the natives, yet the ancient veneration for them is still maintained. No one dares to injure them or drive them away by violence, and so audacious do they become that they will sometimes creep between people's legs when they are eating and attack their bowls of rice, in which cases retreat is necessary until the monsters have satiated themselves and taken their departure.

The safety with which snake-charmers handle cobras is said to be due to the removal of a stone, which supplied their teeth with venom, from under the tongue or behind the hood. This stone is highly prized as a snake poison antidote. It is said to be not unlike a tamarind stone in size and appearance; and is known to be genuine if, when it is immersed in water, bubbles continue to rise from it, or if, when put into the mouth, it gives a leap and fixes itself to the palate. When it is applied to the punctures made by the snake's poison fangs, it is said to stick fast and extract the poison, falling off of itself as soon as it is saturated. After the stone drops off,

the poison which it has absorbed is removed by placing it in a vessel of milk, which becomes darkened in color. A specimen was submitted to Faraday, who expressed his belief that it was a piece of charred bone which had been filled with blood then charred again.

There is in Malabar a class of people called mantravadis (dealers in magical spells) who are believed to possess an hereditary power of removing the effects of snake poison by repeating mantrams and performing certain rites. If a house is visited by snakes, they can expel them by reciting such mantrams on three small pebbles and throwing them onto the roof. In cases of snake bite, they recite mantrams and wave a cock over the patient's body from the head towards the feet. Sometimes a number of cocks have been sacrificed before the charm works. The patient is then taken to a tank or well, and a number of pots of water are emptied over his head, while the mantravadi utters mantrams. There are said to be certain revengeful snakes which, after they have bitten a person, coil themselves around the branches of a tree and render the efforts of the mantravadi ineffective. In such cases he, through the aid of mantrams, sends ants and other insects to harass the snake, which comes down from the tree and sucks the poison from the punctures which it has made.

The harmless tree-snake (*Dendrophis pictus*) is more dreaded than the cobra. It is believed that, after biting a human being, it ascends the nearest palmyra palm and waits there until it sees the smoke ascending from the funeral pyre of the victim. The only chance of saving the life of a person who has been bitten is to have a mock funeral, whereat a straw effigy is burned. Seeing the smoke, the deluded snake comes down from the tree and the bitten person recovers.

Some of the fish, too, come for their share of wonder-working. It is recorded that "Matsya gundam" (fish pool) is a curious pool in the Macheru near the village of Matam, close under the great Yendrika hill. The pool is crowded with mahseer of all sizes. These are wonderfully tame, the bigger ones feeding fearlessly from one's hand and even allowing their backs to be stroked. They are protected by the Madgole zamindars, who on several grounds venerate all fish. Once, the story goes, a Brinjari caught one and turned it into curry, whereon the king of the fish solemnly cursed him, and he and all his pack-bullocks were turned into rocks, which may be seen there to the present day. At Sivaratri, a festival occurs at the little thatched shrine near by, the priest at which is a Bagata (Telugu freshwater fisher), and part of the ritual consists in feeding the sacred fish. The Madgole zamindars claim to be descended from the rulers of Matsya Desa. They are installed on a stone

throne shaped like a fish, display a fish on their banners, and use a figure of a fish as a signature. Some of their dependents wear earrings shaped like a fish. It is well to be rather circumspect in your actions when traveling about in Southern India, or somebody may think you are harming them or theirs by the power of your "evil eye." A friend once rode accidentally into a weavers' feast and threw, his shadow on their food, and trouble arose in consequence. On one occasion when I was in camp at Coimbatore, the Oddes (navvies) being afraid of my evil eye refused to fire a new kiln of bricks for the new club chambers until I had taken my departure. On another occasion I caught hold of a ladle to show my friend what were the fragrant contents of a pot in which an Odde woman was cooking the evening meal. On returning from a walk, we heard a great noise proceeding from the Odde men who had meanwhile returned from work, and found the woman seated apart on a rock and sobbing. She had been excommunicated, not because I touched the ladle, but because she had afterward touched the pot. After much arbitration, I paid up the necessary fine and she was received back into her caste.

In Malabar, a mantram which is said to be effective against the potency of the evil eye runs as follows: "Salutation to thee, O God! Even the moon wanes in its brightness at the sight of the sun, even as the bird chakora disappears at the sight of the moon, even as the great Vasuki (king of serpents) vanished at the sight of the chakora, even as the poison vanished from his head, so may the potency of his evil eye vanish with thy aid!" In Malabar fear of the evil eye is very general. At the corner of the upper story of almost every Mayar house near a road or path is suspended some object, often a doll-like hideous creature, on which the eye of the passers-by may rest. To avert the evil eye matrons make the faces of children ugly by painting two or three black dots on the chin and cheeks, and painting the eyelids black with lamp-black paste. It is a good thing to frighten any one who expresses admiration of one's belongings. For example, if a friend praises your son's eyes you should say to him, "Look out! There is a snake at your feet." If he is frightened, the evil eye has been averted. It is said that "you will cause mortal offense to a Hindu lady should you remark of her child "What a nice baby you have!" She makes it a rule to speak deprecatingly of her child and represents it as the victim of non-existent ailments, so that your evil eye shall not effect it. But, should she become aware that in spite of her precautions you have defiled it with your admiration, she will loose no time in counteracting the effect of *drishtidosham*. One of the simplest methods adopted for this purpose is to take a small quantity of chilies and

salt in the closed palm and throw it into the fire, after waving it thrice round the head of the child, to the accompaniment of incantations. If no pungent odor is apparent, it is the indication that the dosham has been averted. All will then be well."

"The failure of a criminal expedition of the Koravas is said to be generally attributed to the evil eye, or the evil tongue, whose bad effects are evinced in many ways. If the excursion has been for house-breaking, the house-breaking implement is often soldered at its sharp end with *pancholokam* (five metals) to counteract the effect of the evil eye. The evil tongue is a frequent cause of failure. It consists of talking evil of others, or harping on probable misfortunes. There are various ways of removing its unhappy effects. A mud figure of a man is made on the ground, and thorns are placed over the mouth. This is the man with the tongue. Those who have suffered walk around it, crying out and beating their mouths; the greater the noise, the better the effect. Cutting the neck of a fowl through and allowing it to flutter about is considered to be effective, while if the cock should crow after its neck has been cut, calamities are averted."

In addition to the observance of penances and fasting, Hindus of all castes, high and low, make vows and offerings to the gods with the object of securing their good-will or appeasing their anger. By the lower castes, offering of animals, fowls, sheep, goats, or buffaloes are made, and the gods whom they seek to propitiate are minor deities. The higher castes usually perform vows to Venkateswara of Tirupati, Subramanya of Palni, Viraraghva of Tiruvallur, Tirunarayana of Melkote, and other celebrated gods. But they may, if afflicted with serious illness, at times such as the leaf festival at Periyapalayam, seek the good offices of minor deities. Mantrams, or consecrated formulæ, are supposed to be very powerful, and by their aid even gods can be brought under control. They are *inter alia*, believed to be efficacious in curing disease, in protecting children against devils, in warding off misfortune consequent on marriage with a girl who has an unlucky mark, in keeping wild pigs from the fields and warding off cattle disease. For the last purpose, the magical formula is carved on a stone pillar, which is set up in the village. They are divided into four classes: mantrasara, or the real essence of magic; yantrasara, or the science of cabalastic figures; prayogasara, or the method of using these for the attainment of any object; tantrasara, or the science of symbolic acts with or without words. Mantasara includes all mantrams, with their efficacy for good and evil, and the methods of learning and reciting them with the aid of the *guru* (spiritual preceptor). They are said to be effective only when the individual who resorts to them is pure in mind and body.

The Kondhs of Jeypore have a god, Manicksoro, to whom they make human sacrifices. The victim is tied to a post by his hair, and a grave is dug beside it. Then the unfortunate fellow's feet are seized and lifted from the ground so that he hangs above the grave. The sacrificial officer then hacks at the victim's neck until it is severed.

ALEXANDRIA AND THE NILE DELTA

The City that Alexander The Great, its founder, never saw—The Fertile Delta and its debt to Archimedes' Screw—The Discovery of The Rosetta Stone

By Arthur Stanley Riggs, F.R.G.S.

The sun—that glorious African sun which combines all the heat and mystery of Muhammad's angel—was high when I awoke. The stubby German steamer was still. That is, *she* didn't move. But everything and everybody else moved, like the figures in a motion-picture film when the operator is in a hurry to get away to see his best girl. I looked out my port-hole, and the wharf where we lay struck me dumb. Had my eyes tricked me—could it really be that Alexandria was so surprised by the coming of the steamer with live people in it that the good citizens had rushed to meet us in night-gowns? I mean, not ours! Yet there they were, dancing, howling, gesticulating figures in flowing white, with red fezzes, a lunatic asylum loose, to all appearances.

And this was Egypt, the "Borderland of Eternity"—this was Alexandria!

I went on deck as quickly as possible. Where was the mighty Pharos that lighted the beacon of other days for the galleys of the Ptolemaic Pharaohs; where was Pompey's Pillar; where was the entrance to the Catacomb; where were the other things we had come to find and approve with all the supercilious assurance of Americans traveling? An elderly New Yorker grabbed my arm nervously, thrust a cigar at me—he had previously given me more than a hundred of the priceless Havanas his friends had filled his cabin with, and which he hesitated to try to smuggle!—and said vaguely: "Think we'll get through? I've given away all but two hundred cigars, and half of that—er, medicine," he added more cheerfully.

I answered like a good Mohammedan. "Allah is very great and Mohammed is his prophet. Exterminate the infidel!"

His face clouded, and he sighed. "If that's the way they look at it I'm sure exterminated. And I suppose there isn't a thing fit to smoke in the country," he added peevishly.

A howl from the nightgowns, sharp staccato cries of *"La! La!"*

(No! No!) from an interpreter on the shore, drew our attention, and truck after truck of our baggage crept slowly across the company yard to the customs guard-house at the gates. My friend groaned. So did I. All the trucks halted. "I've heard they're frightfully stiff on duties here," he murmured, and wandered off to breakfast with his "dry smoke" still firmly imbedded in one corner of his grizzled mustache.

I did not see him again until we met in that familiar foyer in the hotel that looks like a rejuvenated temple of the First (Egyptian) Empire—and he was still comically angry.

"Swindle, sir! Swindle! Cook rolled those blessed trunks right past the customs guards, and nobody looked at 'em twice! I'd like to—. Say," he snapped off, "think of the cigars and the whiskey and champagne I gave away by the quart! And not a trunk opened!" He strode off, still abusing the courteous laxity of Egyptian "customs," and before a week was over he was very glad to be offered some of the choice cigars he had so gaily inveigled us aboard ship into accepting with many misgivings.

Most travelers desert Alexandria as quickly as possible for the streets of Cairo and the dubious delights of pyramid-climbing, in the belief that the ancient Greek city has been stripped of most of its interest through the fierce consuming ambitions of plundering Governments, archeologists and other licensed pirates. But is it not worth while to linger here, if only to consider the historical associations?

At the height of his Egyptian campaign Alexander the Great of Macedon, who inaugurated the policy of the Big Stick and the strenuous life some years before they were tried in America, decided that here, in the rich and fertile Delta of Father Nile, was an ideal site for a city which should link Macedonia and Greece with the increasingly important Egyptian dominion the conqueror had just added to his empire. So behind the little island of Pharos, just off-shore, protected from the Mediterranean in winter and far enough to the west of the Canopic mouth of the Nile to be free from the dangers of being silted up, Alexander's architect Deinokrates began laying out the city the conqueror was never to see, though his body came there to rest after his only defeat—by Death.

Alexander's will divided his scattered empire among his generals, as a father to-day divides his property among his children, and to General Ptolemy Soter fell Egypt. Fortunately, Ptolemy was a constructive ruler as well as a good soldier, and under his wise care Alexandria built up rapidly. He connected the mainland by a huge dyke seven *stadia* (1,400 yards) long, called for that reason the Heptastadium, and began the construction of the lofty Pharos or lighthouse—it was finished by the second Ptolemy, Philadelphus,

at a cost of about eight hundred talents ($960,000!)—the prototype of all the lighthouses in the world. Rising more than 400 feet high, its tremendous size and proportions made the ancients regard it one of the "Seven Wonders," and guided by its flaring beacon, the daring little galleys of Greece fought their way through the uncertain Mediterranean to safe harbor. Cæsar passed its mighty signal centuries later. Mark Antony, in his idle hours with Queen Cleopatra, must have gazed often from the palace windows at night and seen its ruddy warning tinting the sky like the dawn goddess. Carthage itself could boast no such mighty flambeau—Alexandria, indeed, was the larger and busier of the two. And she had, by Alexander's foresight, fallen heir to the trade of the entire Mediterranean, taken over the prosperous commerce of desolated Tyre, and become the greatest Jewish city in the world, as well as a center of Hellenism and a metropolis that bowed only to imperial Rome.

It was the first Ptolemy, too, who founded the famous Alexandrine Library, containing, when completely stocked, something like 700,000 works. To-day even its location is uncertain, and not a single parchment escaped the bigotry of the Caliph Omar. When the Arabs under Amru took Alexandria in 640, that enlightened general wished to preserve the Library, and asked Omar if he must destroy it. The Caliph delivered a characteristically Muslim reply: "If these writings of the Greeks agree with the book of God (the Quran), they are useless and need not be preserved; if they disagree, they are pernicious and ought to be destroyed." So for six months the priceless manuscripts were distributed among the 4,000 baths of the city and kept their fires burning steadily. One feels as if the almost total abstinence of the Alexandrines from water to-day—if one may judge by their appearance, at least—is a sort of perpetual penance for that wanton Vandalism.

And the Delta is surely worthy of exploration. Here for millennium after millennium Father Nile has been storing up the fat Abyssinian mud filched thousands of miles to the south among the misty Mountains of the Moon, building a million and a half acres of the richest agricultural land imaginable, and filling it with hundreds of thrifty villages—847 of them, in fact. Though of the seven original great rich mouths of the river in antiquity only two remain, the Rosetta and the Damietta, the Nile water is checkered through the whole Delta in canals, and the supply, instead of being lavish and wasteful for a few short weeks, is now economic and useful the year around. And everywhere the sides of the irrigation canals are dotted with duplicates of the "screw," invented by that gifted Sicilian engineer Archimedes. His "screw" is literally a screw, and the most ingenious impossibility that ever worked, if I may be allowed such a paradox. About a straight shaft winds an inclined plane, the contrivance exactly

resembling an enormous wooden bit. When the crank at the top is turned, revolving the whole apparatus, the water is compelled literally to break the law of gravity, run up hill, and add to the revenues of the Egyptian peasant whether it will or no.

Alexander was not the only great captain to dream of empire here, for only fifteen miles east of Alexandria, at Abukir, the ancient Bukiris, Napoleon saw a vision, too. But his dream proved a nightmare, for Nelson crushed his fleet in 1798, three years later his army was defeated, Egypt was evacuated forever by the French, and his scheme of conquest and empire was wrecked in embryo.

Near Bukiris was the seaside resort Canopus, supposedly named for Canobus, the helmsman of Menelaus's ship, a city in which the pleasure-loving Alexandrines left such a name for dissipation that it still endures. Most of the city's treasures, and they are many, lie to-day in the Alexandria Museum and tell pithily of the wealth and refinement of the Mediterranean city ages ago. Thirty miles farther east along the coast is Rosetta, with its fruity gardens.

The most vital of all Egypt's monuments, so far as the present world is concerned, has wandered from Fort St. Julien, in Rosetta's outskirts, where one of Napoleon's engineers, a Captain Bouchard, found it in 1799, to the British Museum. That single tablet, the Rosetta Stone, proved the key to all Egypt's treasures of art and history. The archeologists, in despair of any solution of the mysterious carved and painted pictures which make the handwriting on Egypt's walls and monuments, recognized in the tri-lingual inscription on the stone—hieroglyphic, demotic and Greek—a means of solving the puzzle that had baffled men for centuries. With its aid they deciphered little by little the story that began almost with Babel. Temple wall and hewn obelisk were no longer riddles. The dumb stones in beauty and power, telling in wonderful language of the pride and place of Egypt when Greece was as yet unborn and the Seven Hills of Rome had never known the foot of man. The lines on the Rosetta Stone form a decree of the priests in the year 196 B.C., in honor of Ptolemy V., Epiphanes, and tell sonorously of the might and titles of the king—

1. On the twenty-fourth day of the month Gorpaios, which correspondeth to the 24th day of the fourth month of the season Pert, of the inhabitants of Ta-Mert (Egypt), in the twenty-third year of the reign of HORUS-RA the CHILD, who hath risen as King upon the throne of his father, the lord of the shrines of Nekhebet and Uatchet, the mighty one of two-fold strength, the stablisher of the Two Lands, the beautifier of

2. Egypt, whose heart is perfect towards the gods, the HORUS of Gold . . . the sovereign prince like RA, the King of the South and the North, (Neterui-merui-atui-aua-setep-en-Ptah-usr-ka-Ra-

ankh-sekhem-Amen), the Son of the Sun (Ptolemy, the ever-living, the beloved of Ptah), the god who maketh himself manifest. . . .

10. . . . Now behold he is like unto a God, being the son of a God (and) he was given by a Goddess, for he is the counterpart of Horus . . . and behold His Majesty

11. possessed a divine heart which was beneficent toward the gods; and he hath given gold in large quantities, and grain in large quantities to the temples and he hath given many lavish gifts to make Ta-Mert (Egypt) prosperous, and to make stable (her) advancement. . . .

And as the Rosetta Stone has gone, so also "Cleopatra's Needles," those famous obelisks from Heliopolis—the City of the Sun—dragged by Roman whim from their original pedestals and set up in Alexandria—the City of the Greeks—have wandered far. Towering above the smoky, foggy Thames, one rears itself on the Victoria Embankment, London. The other of the twins, more fortunately situated, leaps toward the sun from a rose-embroidered mound above the East Drive in Central Park, New York. And from the peeling ironic faces of both, partly obliterated hieroglyphs tell of the glories of the two greatest kings Egypt ever knew, Tehutimes III and that grim old Pharaoh of the Oppression, Rameses II. How those austere monarchs would marvel could they, like the pictured men and hawks and ibises and other signs that spell their names—"Beloved of Ra," "King of the South and the North"—gaze down upon the flirtations of the Drive or the human wrecks that sun themselves miserably beside the Thames!

Coming back to earth again, as it were, modern Alexandria waits to be "done." Of the ancient city, very like a T in form, little remains. The island of Pharos, which formed the cross-piece, is now so eaten away by the sea that it has lost most of its resemblance to form, while the Heptastadium or mole—the upright—has so fattened in the ages that a considerable part of the present city is built upon it. Altogether, the contour of both has so changed as to make the T almost unrecognizable. Behind, on the mainland, the town spreads out in a ragged, irregular rectangle, about which sweeps a canal system which makes the city practically an island as a whole, with the present harbor on the left or west. The center of life is the Place Mehmet Ali, a splendid tree-lined square. Its cool greenery contrasts gratefully with the glaring barrenness of the warehouses at the port, the sun-drenched streets running at right angles for the most part, the baking houses, with their whitewash and strong tints, and the marshy ground about Lake Mareotis to the south, where the heron and the ibis and the flamingo flap their wings yet as naturally as they do upon the stelæ and obelisks and pylons of the Ptolemaic temples of the sunny Long Ago.

But though the "Needles" and the Rosetta Stone are gone, Pompey's Pillar still remains—if it *is* Pompey's! The Egyptologists, having solemnly agreed to disagree in practically every detail regarding the shaft, anyone is at liberty to believe whatever he chooses about it. If Professor A. insists that it was erected by the Roman Prefect Pompey in honor of Diocletian, the skeptic can retort easily: "No such thing! It marks the grave of Pompey the Great!" Or, when Doctor B. declares it to have been a landmark for sailors, he can inquire scoffingly of what use a pillar less than a hundred feet high would be as a landmark, even though it stands upon a hill, when the Pharos light attained a height of more than 400 feet.

Nearby, in a desolate little hill, is the great Catacomb, a splendid family tomb of grandiose style and heroic proportions—never occupied by the great man for whom it was built, and only excavated in 1900. Unfortunately, nothing so far discovered has given any inkling as to the identity of this wonderful and complex sepulcher, whose decorations form a striking lesson in the blending of the native Egyptian with the later Greek and Roman styles. In its spacious niches member after member of the family was interred for a period of perhaps two hundred years—but not the great man himself; why, no one knows. At its festal tables, hewn from the solid rock, feast after feast was held in honor of the dead—but the wine cup never passed in honor of him for whom the tomb was excavated in the hillside. What is the mystery enshrouding its owner's fate? Why did the other members of the family respect his vacant place and themselves occupy lesser places? We wonder if he was a great captain who died in the field; or a sailor who fell in action upon his own deck at the head of his fleet; or a trusted envoy who lies in foreign soil.

It is a titivating uncertainty that captures one there in the gloom of the funeral chamber. But the picture that invariably rises before me at mention of the Catacomb is antipodal—a large American auditorium, crowded to the doors. On the platform a lecturer, very much excited and nervous, strides rapidly to and fro, waving his hands and shouting: "Twelve-thousand-miles-from-Broadway—and midnight in the catacomb of Alexandria! With only our Arab boy and the donkey outside!" And the audience listened respectfully, too—it was an "educational lecture!"—though the description of the Catacomb ended right there, and the picture the lantern was throwing on the screne was of Pompey's Pillar! I have often wondered if his auditors thought the Catacomb ran up inside that ungainly column!

WITH CANNIBALS OF THE SOUTH SEAS

Admiralty Island, Little Known and Wholly Unexplored, and Its Man-Eating Inhabitants—Winning a Cannibal's Heart With a Chew of Plug Tobacco—the Man-Eaters' Ethics

By George C. Thorpe

The Navigator was looking over his mariner's chart with its spattering of numerals indicating water-depth, its straight lines for courses, its curved lines for currents, and the numerous other symbols that mean something to sailors.

"This place has not been half discovered," he grumbled. The cause of his growl was a red "Caution" in the right-hand upper corner over fine print advising that the numerals and other data on the chart were unreliable.

We were in the South Seas just under the Equator and somewhere north of New Guinea looking for Admiralty Island.

Our book of sailing directions, the guide book of the sea, was little more elucidating than the chart. It stated that Le Maire discovered the object of our quest in 1816, but mentioned a gentleman by the name of Carteret who in 1860 described the natives as throwing their spears at him—"probably," as the sailing directions further state, "because his vessel was the first they had seen and they were frightened at its appearance." We learned that its latitude was about 2 degrees south and its longitude 147 degrees east. But this was almost the entire substance of our advance information. The science of the sea, however, has its wonders, and the combination of compass, sextant and mathematics brought the usual result one day when we found the island abeam. By industrious use of a deep-sea sounding machine the flagship was enabled to pick its way through a barely sufficient channel and, followed by the seven other big armored cruisers of Sebree's fleet, each rolling out the great clouds of smoke that a sixteen-knot speed exacts, wound in and out between chains of reefs until finally the two-mile long column changed direction, defiled at slow speed through a narrow opening in the reef, and anchored in a sheltered roadstead after sundown. The neighboring land was black with night and as solitary as if that day had marked the dawn of the world.

How different this from the usual coming-to-anchor with numerous small craft swarming about the new-comer, with quarantine and customs officials, provision men and contractors, bum-boatmen and

small traders, and sometimes newspaper reporters and newsboys, each person eager to be the first on board.

Our anchoring was in no way welcomed at Admiralty Island. There was not a ripple on the smooth surface of the land-locked bay. It looked as though the island was uninhabited; no glow of camp fire —not the slightest sign of light or life—relieved the somber darkness of the faintly visible shore line. Only later, when the first appearance of the tip of the golden tropical moon had begun to dissipate the darkness, the most oddly shaped canoe of any day's nautical devices came gliding to the gangway filled with black human activity at the paddles, each naked body consigned to an independent motion over the work that seemingly absorbed his entire attention. The black men manipulated their paddles to stop the canoe at the foot of the ladder; and, in an instant a fully-dressed man stepped lightly to the deck. His straight black hair, almond eyes and Semitic yellow marked him as Japanese; he knew a few English words but these were scarcely recognizable in the pronunciation that had sifted down to him through the various non-English tongues he had taken them from; there was no mistaking the evident content, however—the Jap was exhilaratingly glad to see us. In the Junior Officers' mess room he became the center of interest; while he told of his adopted home we gathered from his polyglot conversation that he had been engaged in "black-birding" enterprises—securing slaves for plantations in some of the islands in the vicinity of New Guinea; he had been shipwrecked by running on a rock off this inhospitable coast; the remainder of the crew had been lost but he had scrambled to one of the detached islets where he had concealed himself until the storm had passed when his courage was rewarded by a sight of his schooner stuck fast on a rock. By exercising his natural faculty for command, the first natives that showed themselves were impressed to do his bidding. His experience as a slaver had profited him in this respect. With the aid of his new subjects it had been a matter of severe effort to land what stores and implements the storm had spared. He had built a shack with surrounding palisades and instituted a household. For seven years this Japanese Crusoe had dominated the islanders. Living on his detached island, he was able, with the assistance of those he had psychologically bound to him, to defend his usurpation. During these years he had managed to cultivate the cocoanut palm and gather copra. He also traded with the natives, giving them very small quantities of his stores in exchange for large quantities of copra, spears and knives. He had strange stories to tell of the cannibals he lived with on amicable terms. When he took his boat to leave the ship it was found that all his savages had hoisted themselves to port-holes in order to survey the interiors of brightly lighted messrooms.

"I never thought I'd go and get chummy with a lot of cannibulls," I heard one of our sailors remark as we returned from exploring the shore at the end of the following day; "but that's what I went and done," he explained to a shipmate. "They certainly was a jolly lot though," he suggested, as if in apology for his temporary social lapse, "and could savvy a joke just like a Americano."

We had decided to visit one of the detached islands that was not more than a square mile in area and two miles from the mainland. We argued that the less numerous population would probably have the less courageous appetite and we be the more secure against possible carnivorous encroachments upon our persons. We had a party of six, armed with one rifle, one shotgun and one camera. Our steam launch brought us as far as a barricade of coral reef that surrounded the islet upon which we had designs. Then we found it necessary to embark in a small pulling boat. As we paddled along shore inspecting the clear water for unfriendly barriers in search of a channel to the beach, the black inhabitants, with spears and forbidding aspect, lined the water's edge; but they did not show the excess of interest in us that might have been expected of a race beholding for the first time representatives of another race. But they were not entirely indifferent and at last one of their youths, with evident friendly intent, waded out at a certain point and guided the bow of our boat through a tortuous way between rocks, so that we were soon landed in the crowd of his fellow man-eaters.

There is an odd sensation that comes to one standing face to face with other human beings who, you realize, are estimating your body —its weight, age, size and condition—with epicurean eyes, or as a butcher might estimate a beef. I instinctively stiffened myself, expecting someone to feel my biceps and ribs. The black men surely were inspecting us critically and exchanging remarks; it seemed as though one were saying that the tall one was too lean and sinewy, and that another protested that the short one was too old and tough. They were moving their mouths, opening and closing as in chewing, and pointing to their full-teethed jaws and then at us. When he started ashore that morning we had felt a certain security in the idea that the natives must realize the great power that protected us in the fleet of mighty ships, each carrying a thousand fighting men; that though hungry they probably would not be hungry enough to run the chances that were connected with attacking us; but as the savages continued to open and close their mouths and, unmistakably, by their movements associate us with their jaws, we all, I think, began to reflect that the comprehension of the heathen is not always a logical result. The situation was becoming tense; the natives became more and more demonstrative until they began to yell at us the one word *kuku,* . . . *kuku,* . . . *kuku.* One of our sailors,

not entirely at his ease, did the thing that the old-fashioned sailor has always been supposed to do to cover embarrassment—took a chew of Navy plug. Then the trouble began with the greatest confusion; there was a mad rush toward the sailor; savages pushed and shoved each other to get at him for they demanded some of the same. Then it dawned upon us that coals were not luxuries at Newcastle, nor humans in Admiralty Islands; they only wanted that rare treat—a "chew." We gained one word of their vocabulary as a working basis; *kuku* meant tobacco. The pockets of our party were carefully searched but unfortunately a total of only a quarter-of-a-pound-plug could be collected, and this, with the exception of about one square inch, was gratuitously dispensed with the delight we felt in finding an easy access to the heart of their hospitalities.

The island was so densely wooded that we could penetrate it in no direction beyond a few yards from the beach. A flock of pigeons flew over our heads and we dropped two of them with one shot. As the birds fell our new-found friends howled in a chorus of delight and some of them dashed into the underbrush to retrieve the game. They followed the man with the gun like a pack of faithful dogs and continued to howl at every shot. They seemed to lose pride in the poor spears they carried when we landed.

We came across several cleared spots in our perambulations, in each of which a small hut was surrounded by a palisade whose entrance was lashed closed. Each family lived separately and provided its own defense; truthfulness in one's neighbor, as exemplified in the village, was absent. The natives invariably scowled disapproval at each and every indicated desire to inspect their huts or inclosures, placing themselves as barriers before the entrances of the latter. The houses, we concluded, contained their women of whom they were so chary that we did not see one of the gentle sex among all the large number of natives on the island.

"You remember that white statue we seen on that front doorstep of one of them there palaces in Firenze? The one where the Roman dough boy was carrying off a beautiful plump lidy who was certainly objecting some?" asked one of the sailors that had been in the European Squadron.

"I surely do," his friend replied, "and I suppose the story of them Sa-bine girls has leaked down into these here seas and these cannibull gents aint spoony on the idea of a sim'lar statue where the kicking, struggling part is black marble."

The quality of the savage's artistic sense was evidenced by the ornaments he wore. A beaded band around the upper arm served the further purpose of receptacle for knife or whatever he chose to thrust through it. Many of them wore necklaces of teeth, and some of them human bones as pendants, and each one had holes in his ears,

the lobes being wonderfully elongated. Some had the nose pierced, but instead of wearing rings therein, as one might expect, a slim bone about six inches long was thrust through; the effect upon the expression of the face was startling. Their foreheads were tattooed with horizontal lines and their cheeks with vertical ones. Every native had numerous articles of the widest utility dangling as ornaments from several parts of the person; the empty red cartridges from our shot guns were conspicuous additions. When the fleet steamed away, the canoemen that paddled out to see the great ships move, and howled at the splashing propellers, were bedecked in a fashion that would have made the funny artist dizzy beyond any dreams he might have had for his cannibal pictures or his "Weary Willy" supplement. Cast-off clothing, from the sailor's flat-topped hat to the marine's red-striped trousers, had been rescued from the tides and applied to the wrong parts of savages' bodies, in a misconception that resembled ingenuity. The funny artist may not be entirely imaginative in placing the victim's collar on the cannibal's ankle, for that is where some of our cannibals wore our old collars. Red-striped trousers were converted into trunks in fashion to make the most of the red, shirts were applied as loin cloths, colored socks decorated necks, one lone green garter was hung pendant under the chin, the ends caught in the ear lobes of a dignified and haughty chief; but their greatest pride was in the head-gear acquired from the white visitors, even though it must top and partially hide a wonderful bushy coiffure.

Our coins met with little acceptability; they were worthless as money and the native's artistic sense did not permit him to recognize in them more than slight ornamental value. The only coins they would have at all were the large ones; a large copper was more acceptable than a slightly smaller silver piece. Of two sailors standing side by side trading with the same natives, the one with three French coppers received as many cocoanuts as the other bought with a dollar in silver. We offered goodly sums for their highly prized obsidian spears, only to be met with the denial that they had any, but as soon as the remaining square inch of tobacco was exhibited a native rushed into the bush and quickly returned with a fine specimen that he eagerly exchanged, and he offered to find another if we would produce another piece of tobacco.

At the beginning of our visit ashore our vocabularies did not touch our hosts' at a single point. But when the first bird dropped a sympathy, born in the idea of slaughtering, began to grow apace and we were soon learning each other's tongue. Pointing to a hut, then to a savage's mouth, and raising the eyebrows in exaggerated quizzical expression, they readily understood and answered *"ruma;"* then they pointed to our mouths and imitated our expression, and we said "house;" they repeated our words and laughed. During the day they

were constantly plucking out of our conversation words that pleased their ideas of phonetics, repeating them like the brilliantly-colored parrots that swarmed over our heads, with much amusement. While we were discussing the appropriateness of their word for "woman," which is *"mun,"* they were laughing to scorn our word which they thought very funny sounding. Here are the other words of their vocabulary that we acquired:

koremakorema, black,
kakakaka, red,
kurokuro, white,
rara, blood,
taunimanima, man,
melo, boy,
kaubebe, butterfly,
harihari, day,
waga, dog,
adorahi, evening,
bibina, lips,
da, sea.

The Japanese man had a hut on the beach about fifteen miles from the place where we anchored. He seemed exceedingly anxious that a party from the ship should visit him; he knew the value of advertising and that a manifest friendship with the inhabitants of these strange fighting machines would not be lost in the cause of his usurpation, nor would the natives be prevented from inferring that if fighting ships filled with friends of their Japanese master had suddenly appeared once, why might not they suddenly appear at any time if the Jap should need assistance for protection or to enforce his will? The party of sailors that visited him did so as much out of sympathy for his isolation as from curiosity. They found him lording it over a small group of huts that housed himself and men and women dependents over whom it was evident he held a heavy hand. He had collected a number of warriors, and these danced in most barbarous and improper fashion.

The Jap was the kind of man that turns adversity to good account; he had made the most of his time as a castaway; by utilizing parts of his derelict and carefully hewing out new parts from the native forests, he had spent years in building a new craft that would take him and his accumulated goods to civilization and a market. He was not slow in weighing the American character and estimating the probable demand for curios. He immediately realized that our yearnings would be for the obsidian spears and he cornered the market. It was difficult to find a native that would admit that he possessed one of these spears, and the wily trader "bulled" the price from a square inch of tobacco up to three dollars each and peddled some five hundred of them to the fleet.

Whatever the authority the Mikado's man maintained along the shore, he did not have entree to the interior of the main land. When he wished to trade with the natives they permitted him to bring his canoe to the beach where they met him to receive his offerings

in exchange for the things they handed him from the bush, but if he attempted to push his way inland he was met with threatening glances and absolute prohibition. Up in their densely wooded hills, the Jap's trusties told him, were held strange ceremonies of cannibalistic debauches.

A most solemn ceremony followed the death of the head of a family. As there are no villages each family is a community to itself and as families are usually large the *pater familias* is a most venerated person. When he dies he is elevated out of reach of beasts and left for several days, after which his women folk are set to pick his bones.

Needless to say, our landing parties were not suffered to penetrate the mysteries and fastnesses of the heavily timbered hills and valleys which make the holy of their holies.

A German Government agent and his wife were the only other exotic humans in all the wide range of these parts; they maintained a small experimental station on a strip of land whose detachment from the other islands is its main security. His tiny whitewashed bungalow that glistened in the sun was surrounded by huts for the few faithful natives he was trying to initiate into the mysteries of civilized labor in the care of the cocoanut palm, the garden, the fowl and the goat. His head man had learned a few words of "pidgin" English and was accordingly exultant in his superiority. In his vocabulary "boy" stood for "Admiralty Islander." In answer to our questions he said:

"Me come other island much far; canoe more two day. Me no eat boy; no like boy. Boy eat boy; boy he no waste; boy no good, eat him."

He told us of a small schooner that had visited the island "three moons" before us. The natives in canoes attacked the schooner, wounded some of the crew and carried off and ate the remainder. One sailor, pierced by an obsidian spear, was not captured and survived.

There seemed to be no affiliations between the Jap and German. They live twenty miles apart and do not intervisit.

It is often carelessly said that the savage does not think or reason. Anyone who has ever been in an African desert with a caravan of Dankali camel drivers would be reluctant to admit that a Dankaliman ever reasoned. He is unfailingly a creature of his desires with never a suspicion of reason. If he wishes to quit the caravan upon a sudden impulse to visit a friend in some tribe along the caravan way he drops the leading cord of his camel and, unless prevented by force, walks away from the caravan without a thought for his deserted camel. If stayed from executing his desires he usually throws him-

self on the ground to weep, howl and sob. But the Admiralty Islander, a composition of anomalies, so lacking in ingenuity as never to dream of the bow and arrow, or of the use of the hook and line to catch the big barracudas and mackerel that swarm under his canoe, and whose conscience has never received the slightest whisper of a religion of any kind—of neither God, nor gods, nor idols—has considered the question of his cannibalism to the extent of satisfying his ethics with a justification that he announces in a national theory that "there shall be no waste." They claim that they do not kill each other for food, but if a man die or be killed, why waste him? A puny child, a boy who will not work, or a person otherwise decreed useless, is a waste, they say, and may be certain of a very short life. The natives one sees are robust, sleek and strong—survivors of survivals. Feuds are constantly worked out and intertribal wars of frequent occurrence, the dead of the vanquished going to the victor and his partisans.

There is evidence opposed to their insinuation that they are warriors first and cannibals incidentally; their weapons are not as efficient as would be expected from the natural evolution of implements of even a primitive people interested in warfare. Their best weapon is a spear consisting of a lump of obsidian insecurely attached to the end of a frail, ill-balanced pole. Knives are similarly made, an acute edge of the obsidian being the cutting part, but the wooden spear is the ordinary weapon.

African tribes, professing the religion of Mahomet, adhere strictly to numerous rules for the preparation of their meat food before it is kosher for them. The Admiralty Islander is no less exacting in this particular, but not at all from asceticism. His state of mind doubtless resembles that of the crocodile in postponing the feast until some days after the killing in order that time may mature the meat to his taste. There are also recognized rules for the distribution of the choice parts. It is better to leave to the imagination the details of these cannibalistic preferences, but it may be added that these man-eaters resemble the modern metropolitan in requiring music at dinner. The principal orchestral instrument is a drum made by hollowing out a log about ten feet long, the walls of which are very resonant and give a rich sound.

This is the Koremakorema, or black man of Admiralty Island. He is not, possibly, the worst man in the world; he will receive you cordially on his shore if you have a fighting force in reserve; he lacks the sullenness that characterizes savages in other parts of the world, and bubbles with good humor; he is an islander, but no fisherman; his subsistence depends largely upon homicide, but his best weapons are little more murderous than clubs; he worships no idols,

but instinctively on first acquaintance hastens to justify his morals by a utilitarian code of ethics. When the missionaries come to these benighted parts they will find him amenable to teaching, but if the anthropologist arrives first, he will find the subject of his science—man as an animal—in its pristine purity.

FORMOSA AND ITS HEAD HUNTERS

Taiwan, as It Is Called by the Japanese, Is Peopled in the Western Part by Head Hunting Savages—Their Customs and Those of the Other Inhabitants

By Charles T. Boyd

Although the island of Formosa is in a much-frequented part of the Pacific, it is seldom visited by Americans. It is quite a large island—nearly the size of Vermont and Connecticut combined, in fact —and contains the highest mountain in Asia east of the Himalayas.

You land at Anping in a tub, but it is called *tekpai*. *Tek* is Chinese for bamboo and *pai* is raft. The *tekpai* is made of bamboo poles lashed together in the form of the bottom of a junk, and on the middle of this is made fast a big tub, and a mast for sailing. The bamboo poles are from four to six inches thick and about fifteen feet long. These *tekpais* are rowed by two or three men who stand and push the oars instead of pulling them. The tub will accommodate three persons on the little seats inside. When loaded, the *tekpai* is usually under the water, but everything in the tub keeps dry. This peculiar boat is the safest that can be found for riding the rough seas about southern Formosa. I saw one at the extreme southern point of the island used for the purpose of towing lumber ashore.

Upon landing at Anping we were made to feel quite at home, for the Japanese customs officers looked at each thing we possessed just as if they were American inspectors.

When the customs officers had entirely satisfied their curiosity, we loaded ourselves on the eighteen-inch train cars in order to go to the old Chinese capital, Tainan. The locomotive power behind this car was a Chinaman, who traveled at a run. Frequently Chinese women instead of men are employed in this way. When the Japanese first came to Formosa they built a line of this sort from one end of the island to the other, and then gradually replaced it by a railroad.

The Japanese hotel at Tainan appeared very inviting, and there being no other, I removed my shoes and entered. A girl took charge of me, showed me the room where I was to sleep on the floor, asked me what I wanted to eat, and when I wanted my bath. After a while she returned with a printed police form and desired to know

my nationality, birthday, business, place of departure and destination. I asked her similar questions and learned that her name was Kiyu, her age thirty-seven, her business "a boy," and that she was not married because she could not get a good enough man, and when did I want my bath.

The bath is a square tank of water which you enter by steps. On board ship it was big enough for one person, while here it was big enough for the family. Kiyu conducted me thither, and when she withdrew, I entered the tank. Before I could get out she returned and prepared right there to give me a rubbing down. I felt like the Bishop visiting Taihoku who failed to put a guard over the bathroom door and had all the servants looking at his portly figure. Kiyu conducted me back to my room and, while I ate my supper there, fanned my legs to keep off the mosquitoes.

Preceding the Japanese occupation in 1895, several nations had been represented in Formosa. The Dutch built a fort at Tamsui in 1462, Fort Zealandia at Anping in 1628, and another at Tamsui thirty-two years later. These three forts were constructed of brick brought from Holland, and are still standing, although they are no longer used for purposes of defense. For forty years at least the Dutch kept 2,000 men in Formosa. They Christianized all the natives, but at the end of the Nineteenth Century no trace of this influence remained. When the Dutch held Anping, it was an island and there was eighteen feet of water alongside, but now it is part of the mainland, with shallow water well out to sea. The Spanish had a settlement at Keelung and another at Tamsui, but the Dutch drove them away. In 1771 Count de Benyowsky, a Hungarian nobleman, escaped from Kamtschatka with the daughter of the Russian Governor and a party of exiles, and landed on the east coast of Formosa. His party fought the natives and then helped Prince Huapo, a native Chief, to fight the Chinese. In 1874 the Japanese did likewise, and in 1895 the Japanese came back to Formosa and occupied it as conquered territory. A strong government was established, public improvements were begun, and the island made self-supporting.

When the Japanese first took charge in Formosa there was a great deal of friction between the military and civil officials. Gradually the military were replaced by the civil police, and little by little, better relations were established. Viscount Kodama required the civil and military to salute upon meeting, and prescribed a uniform similar to that of the navy for the civil officials. For weeks after Kodama's arrival in Formosa, every steamer from the island calling at Moji took home hundreds of discarded Japanese officials. Kodama is called the Maker of Formosa. He came there as governor-general in 1898 and left six years later. No other governor-general has been there so

long. It is the common complaint in Formosa, as in the Philippines, that the officials stay only long enough to learn their work.

Corruption is not unknown in Formosa. At the time I visited the island the Prefect of Tainan was in jail. It was said he caused a Chinese company to sell a sugar mill to the Japanese at a great sacrifice, receiving a large sum for his services, and because he would not give a Tainan newspaper part of the money, it exposed him. I was told by a Eurasian that the usual way to approach a Japanese official is to begin with a present of cigars, then follow this up with a present of silk, then with diamonds, and then deal directly.

The day after my arrival in Tainan, the "boy," Kiyu saw me aboard the train car, the coolie ran me down to Anping, I got aboard the *Suma Maru,* and the next morning I was in Makung harbor, Pescadores Islands, where is the southernmost naval base of the Japanese Empire.

The Pescadores Islands are twenty-five miles west of Formosa. All are flat and dreary, the highest point being only 235 feet above sea level. There are no trees, and the only vegetables are sweet potatoes and peanuts. There are only three good wells on the islands, but notwithstanding this, it is claimed that there is a population here of 50,000 Chinese and 100 Japanese. Severe epidemics of cholera have occurred on these islands from time to time. They have long been considered the key to Formosa, and have been held successively by the Dutch, the Chinese pirate King Koxinga, the Manchus, the French and the Japanese. The Governor was absent during my visit, as he had been taken to Keelung under arrest.

The captain of our boat was the only one who spoke English. His English consisted principally of "Thank you very much" and "Excuse me," the latter said in a way that indicated that if you didn't, it wouldn't make much difference.

Dinner on the *Suma Maru* was a decidedly formal affair. Each person made a deep bow when he sat down; everyone already seated returned the same. When the soup had been placed before each one, the captain bowed until his brow almost touched the table. This meant, "please proceed." All the other diners bowed likewise, and then commenced to eat. A similar ceremony preceded each course. When all had rolled up their napkins the captain ducked to the table. Everybody else ducked also, then sat up and the dinner was over.

The *Suma Maru* had only two staterooms, each with four berths and a lounge, so when a Japanese man and wife got aboard we had to double up. In our stateroom were a Japanese army captain, whose uniform was too tight for him, and two merchants whose kimonos were too loose for them.

Cargo was unloaded at the different ports into sampans by letting

it down from the vessel by the right arms of two strong men, the Chinese below catching it. The unloading was accompanied by sing-song chanting, as they say it nauseates them to work together without singing.

Returning to Formosa I landed at Keelung and went by train to Taihoku, through a very beautiful country. The wagon roads made by the Japanese in Formosa, are, as a rule, metaled and capable of being used all the year around. The State road, which is wide enough for wagons of all kinds, extends the entire length of the island from north to south. In all there are nearly 6,000 miles of public road, but perhaps one-half of this has a width of less than six feet.

The railroads are narrow gauge as in Japan. Before sweeping a car, the Japanese porter sprinkles the floor by squirting water from his mouth, in order to save the passengers from any annoyance due to the dust. A postman gets off the train at each stop and collects the mail from the station boxes.

Two-thirds of Formosa are held by the savages, who are divided into eight groups, and, according to the Chief of the Savage Section of the Formosa Police, number over 100,000. In the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries these savages were sufficiently strong to send expeditions to China and Luzon, but now they are reduced to a small percentage of their original number. These wild groups occupy the inaccessible mountainous portion of the island, and this portion includes all of western Formosa. The males of the tribes tattoo a vertical mark in the middle of their foreheads, and upon becoming adults also tattoo their breasts. The women tattoo Kaiser mustaches on their faces, and both they and the men remove the upper two lateral incisors to improve their personal appearance. The rule is patriarchal, the chiefs and elders deciding all matters of importance. The mother alone has the right to name the children, and formerly property passed down through the female line.

Most of the savages live in huts made of rushes, though some dwell in dugouts. They marry by choice, each man having but one wife, but as a rule the man must have had a successful head hunt first. Not to have a firearm is a disgrace. For fishing purposes these people make a narcotic fluid from the roots of a poisonous creeper, called *loitin,* and use it by throwing it into the stream, whereupon the fish rise to the surface stupefied and are easily captured. The savages wear skullcaps made either of deer hide, often with the horns protruding, or else of rattan. Their ear ornaments are often over four inches long and from one-half to three-quarters of an inch thick. Their clothing, which they weave, is worn something like a sarong, but I have seen a few of them adorned with coats cut short behind, open in front, and wearing a diamond-shaped piece of cloth covered with bead work suspended before the chest, and another

not so decorated in front of the lower part of the body. These tribes have a musical instrument somewhat like a flute which they play by blowing into it with the nose.

These savages are the worst kind of head hunters, each brave having an average of ten skulls; in fact, one was known to have 500. They have many reasons for considering head hunting justifiable, some of which are very curious. One excuse for going after heads is to get good crops. For this heads of freshly killed persons must be offered up to ancestors.

Others are: to qualify as an adult and be recognized; to gain favor with women, and secure the most attractive wife; to attain rank and influence, the degree depending upon the number of heads taken; to gain freedom from pestilence, for in case small-pox breaks out the family goes after a head; to be considered victor in argument or dispute, by being the first to get a head, or to clear one's name from reproach.

The skulls of their victims are kept in large conical-shaped halls in which all the male adults live. Here the young men are taught to make weapons, and are hardened by severe training and discipline, courage and virtue being fostered. No woman is allowed to enter the place, and no occupant may bring to it any article used by a woman.

All marriages have to be sanctioned by the parents. Among some tribes the women select husbands, the latter becoming members of the families of their wives. The wife lives at home until the first child is born, when she removes to her husband's house. Should she have no children, all familiarity ceases, and both are free to marry elsewhere.

In some of the tribes a newly severed head is used in the marriage ceremony, wine being poured into the mouth, the bridal couple then drinking together the blood and wine from the mouth of the head.

Among many tribes no girl will pay any attention to a man until he has taken a head. So after some hocus-pocus ceremony with the spirits of his ancestors, who are supposed to help him, he is joined by a few friends, and supplied with several days' rations, starts out to find a head. He goes to a suitable place, where he has reason to believe his ancestors will give him a head, and there conceals himself. He may lie for days waiting, but finally an unfortunate person comes along, is set upon, killed and beheaded, and his head taken back to the tribe. There a great feast is prepared, and the now recognized adult is entitled to marry.

About a year ago a party of head hunters, perhaps assisted by the Chinese guards, swooped down at twelve P.M., upon a village in central Formosa and took away seventy Japanese heads without losing a man. The Chinese at Taihoku celebrated this event with fireworks.

There are nearly 6,000 Chinese and Japanese policemen operating against the savages, and the head hunters have killed or wounded 4,900 policemen, principally Chinese. Foreigners say that in the last thirteen years the police lines had not been drawn in about the savages more than an average of one-half mile.

The first railroad in the Chinese Empire was built in 1887 in Formosa by the Governor Lin Yung Fu. When the Japanese came it reached from Keelung to Shinchioku, a distance of sixty-two miles. The Chinese were at considerable trouble building this road, for they would run the lines far out of the way to cross a man's farm, then, when he paid them a bribe, they would change the lines back to the place originally selected. In tunneling through one hill there was a difference in level of fourteen feet between the two parts where they were to join.

The manifesto announcing the republic appeared on May 23, 1895, and money was also issued at that time. This government was introduced in the midst of the tea season, and the merchants had no time to support it. So there was little enthusiasm on the part of the people and the soldiers were especially unpopular. In one place the Cantonese soldiers swooped down on a village, drove out all the males and established themselves as husbands, lords and masters, remaining several days. The republic lasted ten days, at the end of which time President Fang fled down the river to Tamsui and took boat for Amoy. Weak as this republic was, it was strong enough to cause the Japanese to take over the sovereignty of Formosa out at sea off Keelung. During the fighting high explosives were used, and it is reported that one Chinaman was blown into the air, later coming down through the roof of a house into the midst of a women's gambling party.

Chinese girls and women of all ages are employed in Formosa to pick over the tea. In Twatutia, (Daito-tei) a portion of Taihoku, there are 150 Chinese and six foreign places or factories where the tea is prepared for export, and these places employ 12,000 Chinese girls, who earn a daily wage of about five cents each. This tea picking is a social event for the girls, who here make a sort of début, and younger sisters are brought out with éclat. The best clothes are none too good for this work, and all wear sprigs of magnolia or jasmine blossoms in their hair.

The Chinese in Formosa have always been independent in their attitude toward government, probably because the ancestors of many of them were pirates.

BOMBAY—THE QUEEN OF INDIAN CITIES

A City of Contrasts, Human and Otherwise—Magnificence and Squalor—Where Labor is Cheap, and Life as Well—Parsees, the Bankers of the East

By Captain W. Robert Foran

The dull thud of three guns in the lazy morning air informed us that the "Ortona" had arrived at the door of India. The sun had not yet risen, and the sights on shore were dim, like its sounds, in the breathless silence which heralds the approach of dawn. Our steamer had anchored in a channel, still and colorless, and all around us were the ghostly shadows of other vessels—turreted guard-ships, cruisers, new and old-fashioned, torpedo boats, cargo boats and stately liners like our own. In the far distance a thick bank of gray marked the presence of land. Almost hidden in the haze of receding night appeared the outlines of white-faced buildings.

Suddenly the horizon became tinged with the rosy colors of the dawn, every moment becoming brighter and brighter. Cocks began to crow on the steamers in our vicinity; one by one the headlights of these vessels were extinguished; black and pink in the sky fused into carmine, and the white-faced buildings on shore began to shine with a lustrous splendor. India seemed to heave a sigh and in a trice she was awake. Nothing on earth can equal the magnificence of the sunrise in the East, lest it be the sunsets. As the sun rose higher in the heavens we prepared to disembark, and before breakfast I stood in India.

One's first sight of the country is as it should be. It is wholly amazing and bewildering. Bombay is an elaborate dream, but yet only a hint of what is still to come. The people and animals are different from anything you see in America, Europe, or Africa. Even the common birds and flowers are unlike any elsewhere in the world. It is a new life in a new world; the East blended with the West. You are in a land where the Westerner encounters a complexity of strange colors, strange voices and strange gods. You cannot collect your thoughts all at once. It takes time to do that, for all is so strange that at first you are lost in an exquisite dream. Even the most common things in India, the pretty fawn-colored humped cattle in

the carts to be seen everywhere in the streets, possess an undue importance, for they are wholly unlike any cattle in the West. You stare at them as if you were looking at the skyscrapers in New York for the first time.

Bombay is a city of wondrous contrasts. Along the sea wall are splendid, palatial buildings, while at their feet huddle flimsy huts, thatched only with leaves. You may sit in your fine hotel and look out toward choking valleys where filth runs down gullies to fester in the narrow native streets. Yet look in another direction and you are viewing magnificent broad avenues of wonderful buildings. Squalor and filth beside magnificence and cleanliness—in truth, a conglomeration of extremes. Yet, despite it all, never can you forget that Bombay is a great city. If she had nothing else, yet she would be renowned for her beauty. But it is not alone for this that she is celebrated. She has her mills and factories, and and above all is a great port, the door of India.

Physically, Bombay is not unlike New York. It is built on a long, narrow island, with its oldest part, the Fort, toward its southernmost extremity. Here are its public buildings and the principal business centers. Then comes the native city and afterward the erstwhile fashionable quarter. But business, as in the case of New York, has thrived and driven the Europeans and rich Indians northward toward the Ridge and Malabar Hill. From the narrowness of the original city it follows that rents are high and land continually more valuable. Hence the native town is not two-storied as in other parts of India, but is laid out in huge tenement blocks, which add to its picturesqueness and also to its filth. You may see sights that make you shudder in East End of London, or in the poor quarters of New York and Chicago, but you will never see anything to equal the native tenements of Bombay and other cities of India.

You may drive from the Apollo Bunder, as the landing place is called, and see India, or rather Bombay, unfold before you as a moving picture film—a living, breathing panorama of vivid color and strange sights. The business houses and public buildings, of every variety of design, compare favorably with those of almost any city in the world. They have only one uniformity, and that is their red-brown color. Side by side you see Venetian, Early English, Gothic, and others recognizable only by students of architecture. The Law Courts, University Library, the Clock Tower with its wondrous peal of bells playing tunes, the Post and Telegraph Offices and the Secretariat are buildings of which any city might be justly proud, but the Victoria Railway Station surpasses all their glories It is a vast domed mass of fretted stone, profusely decorated with statuary and columns. It is the most beautiful, one feels safe in saying that after seeing it, in the world. And be-

tween all these impressive pieces of architecture you catch glimpses of green, purple and scarlet shrubs and flowers.

Then as suddenly the stately and comely becomes tumbled and ugly. The West has merged into the East. In your nostrils is the smell peculiar to all Oriental cities, the blending of spices and incense, garlic, *ghee,* goats, cattle, and whatnot. Somehow it ceases to be offensive to the Western palate, for it is so unique and so suggestive of harems and other Eastern mysteries about which we have read and marveled from earliest childhood days.

The attention hitherto paid to the buildings is transferred to the people. There seems to be a never ending change of castes and tribes, and it is said that forty different languages are spoken in the bazaars of Bombay every day of the year. It may well be so, but judging from my own personal impression I should have said there were more. When you become more accustomed to the infinite variety of races you see that every one wears a different costume. Your eyes meet a vista of ill-assorted colors in the garments of the wedges of humanity which progress lazily along the thoroughfares. From white to crimson, yellow to green, blazing purple to orange, every shade and every conceivable color is there. Turbans of one hue, vests of another, pantaloons of still another—a veritable paint box on human legs of brown, black, or amber. It is the most dazzling sight on earth, and takes time for the Western eye to absorb. There are no dyes in the world to equal those of the East. To gaze at this quivering mass of vivid coloring makes one's eyes blink. But still as one walks or drives along these narrow streets one cannot forget to look at the native houses bordering each side. The shabbiness of the dirty plaster of the houses, the curious wooden sunhoods extending over the windows and above tottering roofs catch the eye and hold it for a time, but only for a time, for the people are the most interesting of all Bombay's many wonders.

At first all natives seem alike, except for their raiment, but in time you are able to distinguish between the types. Here is the Arab horse dealer, there the Bagdad Jew, the Afghan, and the native coolie of Bombay. All these and many others are seen. The Arab dealer is easily distinguished from the rest of the crowd by his long robe and hood, his dignified carriage, and his resolute and clear-cut features. The Bagdad Jew is scarcely a figure to attract attention, and looks like a poor specimen of manhood, beside whom the Afghan is a self-confessed savage but a man in every sense of the word. In comparison to them, the native of Bombay is a poor creature, indeed, weak and totally insignificant. His face expresses nothing and his eyes are meek and humble. He moves like a sick man and seldom speaks. Occasionally he smiles, but hardly ever laughs. He is always obsequious.

But there is another type to be seen in Bombay. The Parsee is a man of another world it would seem. Driven from Persia he has thriven and gained millions under a wise and kindly British rule. He is the banker and everything that spells money in the East. He is the most European of all Asiatics, for he has seen the advantage of a European education and has made every use of this knowledge. Whereas the older generations wear their shirts outside their trousers, the younger generations wear frock coats over white duck trousers and their shirts according to Western ideas. The Parsee's rupees are many and they have bought up all the best residential sites in the city. But if he knows how to acquire millions, he knows also how to give. He has endowed all the educational and charitable institutions of the city beyond the possibility of financial ruin. Bombay owes most of its stately public buildings, the spacious open spaces, and a host of other favors to the Parsee, and is not inclined to forget it.

You may drive from the Apollo Bunder to Malabar Hill in the cool of the evening along a magnificent broad boulevard, beneath shady green trees and see sights that are almost too gorgeous to comprehend. At the summit of Malabar Hill one passes the wonderful "Towers of Silence," where the Parsee community disposes of its dead. The Tower is a flat-topped, square, stone building, surrounded by a beautiful garden. At the top is a huge grate of iron bars on which the dead are stretched out. Around the parapet or in the trees nearby carrion birds sit in ghastly expectation, awaiting the arrival of corpses. The skeletons, when picked clean of flesh, drop by sections through the grating and, unless my memory plays me false, are burnt to ashes in a huge furnace. The idea may be horrible to our Western minds, but it is really most sanitary as compared with our burials in the ground . The view from the "Towers of Silence" is marvelous and unequaled anywhere.

Then you finish your drive through the densely packed native quarters and see sights that you cannot see outside the East. In the latter section of the city one may pass a hundred roaring mills, with black smoke belching forth, whose competition makes all the world sit up and take notice. Bombay turns out numberless bales of cotton and its trade is prolific.

If you are fortunate you may be invited to use the palatial premises of the Royal Bombay Yacht Club. There is no other club in the East like it. You sit on a comfortable cane easy-chair on a bright green carpet of grass and take tea with all the beauty and fashion of Bombay around you. If you prefer it you may have a "whiskey and soda," or to give it its local tally "chota whiskey, burra soda." That is the first Hindustani you learn. A native regiment's band plays the latest waltz, and intermingled with it are the sounds

of low-toned English voices and the clink of cups and saucers. Beyond a low stone parapet is the harbor with its many steamers and white-winged yachts. The wash of the tide against the stone wall is music in one's ears after the heat of the day. Everything is restful; for the evenings in Bombay are cool at certain seasons of the year and the air is heavy with somnolence. English ladies walk about the lawn in summer frocks and English officers and civilians stroll with them in cool-looking white duck suits or flannels.

As you dine, the creak of the *punkah* and the noiseless movements of the white-clad and turbaned servants lend a picturesque touch to the meal. Hardly a sound is heard, for the city is still after a heavy day of toil in a tropical sun. Occasionally in the distance will be heard the sound of a clear bugle call at one of the military barracks, or the deep-toned, monotonous beating of drums and clash of cymbals at some native festival in the bazaar.

Dinner being over, you may hire a native *gharry* (victoria with a single or perhaps a pair of rat-like ponies) and take a drive through the native town or along the sea front to listen to the band. If you choose the former you will pass through streets where vice is blatant and unashamed. Bombay has its red-light section as does every other port in the world; only in Bombay it is more open and more repulsive, because it is so undisguised, than elsewhere. There is nothing hidden about it. There is the evil and you just have to put up with it as long as the law permits it. Every nation is represented in this sink of iniquity except the English, and there the law steps in and refuses to stand for it.

I had the great good fortune to be accompanied on my tour of inspection of the native town by an officer of the Bombay Police and he showed me things that I shudder to think of now even nine years afterward. I went with him into one of the tenement houses to see for myself what they were like. I can never forget the horror of my experience. I have seen the slums of New York, London, Paris, Naples, Rome and of other great cities in the world, but never before have I seen such slums as those of Bombay.

Everywhere is sheer piggery, dirt, darkness, foul air and hopeless overcrowding. The huge houses have slum written all over them; they might be in Naples or London, but they are too bad even for that. On stamped earthen floors, between bare walls, you see shapes, unlike anything human, by the dim light of one tiny, inadequate window. It takes time to realize that they are human beings. Naked children, young men and young women, mothers and fathers, grandparents, hideous and wrinkled with age and semi-imbecility—whole families stifle together and take in lodgers, as if there were not enough of them already in the foul den. Here they sleep and work at their trades, if they have any, and cook

their food with the aid of cow-dung. The windows are closed so that no fresh air may disturb their unhealthful surroundings. The lower rooms are beneath the drains, and the upper are holes beneath the sloping roof, where it is impossible to stand upright. The interior is lighted only by a feeble wick in a night-glass. But still the same masses of dreadful humanity in each and every room, breeding and merely existing. But human life is cheap in India, as it has always been, and the natives themselves are afraid of innovations. It is impossible to help those who will not help themselves and who refuse to allow their condition to be improved by others. So in Bombay they have to make the best of a bad job and strive to make things better, very unsuccessfully as it would seem. The Government and municipality are doing all they can to help, but their efforts are rendered fruitless by the indifference and apathy of the people whom they would help.

But Bombay has its good points as well as its bad ones. I am not sure that its good ones do not predominate; at least I prefer to think so. My impression of Bombay is mostly of its loveliness.

There are humorous sides to Bombay as well as pathetic ones. My most amusing experience, perhaps, was connected with the tribe of Parsee. I was bicycling along the main thoroughfare at midday returning from the Fort to my quarters in Colaba barracks and just ahead of me were three Parsees, dressed in black frock coats and white duck trousers, the whole surmounted by plum-colored linoleum helmets, not unlike those of Prussian grenadiers. Suddenly as I neared them they fell on their knees in the middle of the road and began to pray. I was within an ace of running them down. I am told that it is their custom to worship the sun at noon, for their religion is that of fire worship, and they will drop to their knees at mid-day, for prayer no matter where they may be and irrespective of the consequently disorganized, confused traffic.

I was fortunate in the time of my visit, for all India and Bombay in particular were getting ready to receive the Duke of Connaught, who was to represent his brother, the late King Edward, at the Coronation Durbar in India. I was present when he landed no the Apollo Bunder and went to Delhi afterwards for the Durbar. I do not think that I can ever forget the impressions of that landing. For India was swept and garnished, at least those parts of it which would be visited by the Duke, and the decorations were wonderful. The Guard of Honor of the Oxfordshire Light Infantry in their cool, white duck uniforms, the uniformed officials of India, the native regiments, and above all, the native population, made a vivid picture of gorgeous color. Somehow superlative adjectives seem to lack in expression when applied to Indian gatherings and scenery.

But as in the native quarters one's attention is distracted from the

buildings by the people, so in these State gatherings are one's recollections mostly of the populace. To see the natives rich in all their splendor is a thing to marvel at. They turn out in force in a strange medley of magnificence and shabbiness. They drive up to the ceremonials in victorias that show more dust than paint, and the stuffing is coming out of the horses' collars. But their costumes shine in the crowds like rainbows. Servants are dressed in flaming scarlet and other brilliant liveries, masters ablaze with jewels, and the women's clothes beggar description. Nothing is too resplendent for them. They have no idea of modesty where display is concerned, and they have no knowledge of what looks incongruous. Every race, every creed, every color and every style is there. Their dress is a mass of absurdities. They try to ape the costumes of the West with ill-concealed unsuccess, but they always have a touch, a very large colored touch, of the Oriental.

In the Indian bazaars one may see the Indian weaver twirling his green and amber wool on a hand loom, a mere skeleton of a loom, so simple and so fragile that a kick would make sticks of it. Here one meets the world-famous juggler. What a marvel of dexterity he is! Watch him as carefully as you can, and you are unable to discover his tricks. He will place a small boy in a basket before your eyes on the open ground and then thrust a sword through and through the basket, in every conceivable corner, until you see blood come trickling through. While you gasp in horror at this seemingly cold-blooded murder, the boy will appear close to you from behind and, on the basket being opened, it will be seen that it is empty. This is only one of their many wonderful tricks.

In India one has the advantage of the Westerner in one respect at least, for one does not lack servants. You have a servant for almost everything. No servant will do more than one piece of work. You have to have a valet, a butler, a groom (*sais*), a water-carrier, a sweeper, a cook, a cook's mate, a messenger (*chaprassi*), and in fact a wonderful retinue. At first it looks ruinous; but it is not really so, for labor is cheap and good. Anyone who has lived in the East for any length of time and got used to everything being done for him, finds it almost impossible to live comfortably in the West. Why, as you sleep in the morning, an Indian barber will come and shave you without awakening you. You find that in India you acquire a village of people in your compound, for, as I have said, every kind of work requires its special man. The principle of the division of labor, of one man one job, has been taken up by the Indian servant with a grasp and thoroughness that would move to despairing envy a modern trade-unionist. Even a groom requires one or more grass cutters to help him feed his master's pony. Every servant requires his own helper and so the family grows apace. To

add a dog-boy savors somewhat of luxury, but it is known to have been done; however, the sweeper will sometimes allow himself to condescend to fill the role, if he has any leisure moments. It is no exaggeration to say that a married Government official may find himself forced to keep a retinue of between fifty and sixty servants. They prove the curse of his life, but they are indispensable, and in time one gets accustomed to them and cannot do without them.

Your first experience with the Indian domestic begins the moment you land in Bombay and it is frequently touched with pathos. I remember well my first valet. He came to my hotel as I was preparing to dress for dinner. I ascertained later that he had sat outside my door waiting for my return from sightseeing ever since my arrival in the early morning. It was a good thing for him that he had patience; but, as it afterward turned out, a bad thing for me. I had the misfortune, after engaging his services as body servant, to leave my well-filled pocketbook on the dressing table. When I returned to my room, my pocketbook had gone and so had my servant. I had not taken his name even, not that that would have helped, and he looked to me much like all other natives of India. It was impossible to trace him. I was more fortunate in my next choice, for he proved a perfect servant.

There are few first-class hotels in India. Then there are some which may be called second-class by stretch of the imagination, but as for the remainder, they are unspeakable. They have some pretention to outward elegance but their interiors are shabby and the rooms uncomfortable. Yet a few letters of introduction to the Westerners in India will make amends for this, as India is governed by the most hospitable people in the world.

However, the discomforts of hotel life seem a mere bagatelle compared to the joys of India. The tourist wallows in discomfort, but like tourists in other lands he is dazed by the unfamiliar into all-accepting meekness.

But always remember that Bombay is about as much representative of India as New York is of America. The farther you go inland the more the country, people and customs change. The more you see of India the better you like it. But it is Bombay that you see on arrival and on departure, so that your impressoins of India are largely of that city, unless you are fortunate enough to make a long stay in this fascinating country.

Truly, Bombay is the doorway of India, and truly she is the Queen of Eastern cities.

CONSTANTINOPLE: THE EDGE OF THE ORIENT

A Little Tour Through the Fascinating Capital of the Ottoman Empire With a Launch Ride Upon the Bosphorus

By F. L. Harding

The wife of a foreign attache, leaning upon the marble rail of a balcony, looked down upon the Sultan, passing below upon his weekly journey to prayer. "To drop a bomb from here would be easy enough," she jestingly whispered to a friend beside her. These indiscreet matrons chattered at noon, thinking their words unheard: at six in the evening the balcony lay in ruins—by Imperial order. Voila, a moral! The spoken word can scarcely be guarded in Constantinople. Everywhere is manifest the timidity of Abdul Hamid II. And nowhere more so than upon these Friday jaunts from his Palace, Yildiz Kiosk, to the exquisite private mosque, guarded by its solitary wax-like minaret.

The tourist, be he influential, may secure from the American Ambassador that precious card that admits to the Visitor's Pavilion. Usually one surveys the procession standing upon a carriage seat and peering through a maze of helmets that surmount four solid rows of cavalry. The road, a few hundred yards long, is enveloped by full five thousand picked troops from Armenia, Syria, Georgia, Salonika, Tripoli, whose uniforms are most fantastic and bizarre. These rude regiments make a truly imposing spectacle but alas for the eager photographer! Expulsion from the grounds rewards his first effort.

The fleeting glimpse one captures of the "Sick Man" reveals a strange personality. Stoop shouldered, shriveled up in the corner of a large open barouche, his uneasy glances roam from side to side at the cheering populace. Surrounded by the huzza of thousands, he seems isolated, pitifully alone, destitute of true affection. His swarthy skin, aquiline nose, keen eyes, brand him a son of the Orient. This brief view is the average visitor's sole acquaintance with the Sultan of Turkey. Preceding him down the avenue and into the mosque garden go his favorite wives and daughters in numerous closed carriages.

The Yankee far afield feels a self-congratulatory thrill upon see-

ing this Autocrat in person. But Rumor whispers that the haunted monarch sends a substitute—a "double"—upon this hazardous trip to a scant quarter mile between thousands of loyal bayonets. Our party saw the real Abdul Hamid behind the six fawn-colored horses drawing the royal equipage. The Grand Duke of Oldenburgh sat in the Ambassador's Pavilion that day and there could be no understudy with royalty in the proscenium box.

We went upon a Friday, the Turk's Holy Day, to view St. Sophia and ascended to the spacious galleries. Far above floats (so high it seems that it hangs in air) the glorious dome which harbors many fluttering pigeons. Below the service drones in a chanting monotone. The enormous carpet, woven in rectangles about two feet by six, which serve the kneeling suppliants as private pews, covers the entire floor within the arcades beneath the balconies. Most conspicuous are eight huge green and gold shields, perhaps twenty feet across, inscribed with excerpts from the Koran, glaring down from the outside of the gallery posts.

Looking below, we see the Minbar or high pulpit enclosing the red-robed Kiatrib (reader) reciting the prayers. By a curious decree this pastor of the Mohammedan flock belligerently grasps a drawn sword in one hand, a reminder that St. Sophia bowed to the Cross before the Crescent.

Close by one sees a narrow gallery for the choir of muezzins, the official chanters. The Holy of Holies is the Mihrab, a black square of rock facing accurately toward Mecca, set in the wall behind the pulpit. Every mosque has this curious stone, that true believers may worship toward the sacred city without error of direction. While lacking the nobler proportions somewhat, of the huge St. Sophia, yet the Mosque of Sultan Suleiman II is a magnificent compendium of the true Turkish architecture.

Visits to the Ahmediah and Pigeon Mosques are worth while. A most picturesque courtyard, surrounded by arcaded cloisters, lends an atmosphere of tranquil beauty to the latter. Among the central cluster of shade trees, a limpid fountain wells up. Bold companies of pigeons pluck up the grain which tourists toss upon the stone flags. One welcomes such a pleasant nook in that vast city of unrest, suspicion and conspiracy.

Those spirits upon the hunt for "sensations" will wish to "take in" the Dervishes. The Whirling clan have a convenient convent on the Grande Rue where their circumnavigations may be witnessed at 7:30 on Friday evening for the admission of ten cents. This weird performance personifies the solar system and is exactly ordered in all its phases. After preliminary circuits of the ring in single file to the discordant accompaniment of flute and tambourine, the robed and turbaned Dervishes commence their turning. With arms out-

stretched, the right palm upwards to beseech blessings, the left depressed to signify mercy bestowed, the head is bent upon the right shoulder. The rapid revolving upon the right heel is effected by employing the left toes as motive power. As the circling accelerates, the long white skirts dilate until they stand out stiff after the manner of the attenuated garment of the "premiere danseuse." Very little space is alloted to each priest and it seems strange that there are no collisions. The dance ceases in an hour or so with the men exhausted.

The pulse of a great city may be felt in the condition of its traffic arteries. The streets of Constantinople are, in the main, dirty, crooked, narrow alleys, littered with garbage and yellow mangy pariah-dogs. It is true that Pera, the modern division, boasts several fine avenues but they are not typical.

Everyone travels in the streets among a confused jumble of horses, carts, carriages, bullock-teams, porters, citizens and curs, for sidewalks are not in vogue. Lying about the city in literal thousands are the most ill-conditioned hounds imaginable. These homeless scavengers sleep and do battle through the day and at night clamor with uncanny howlings. It is often remarked that they divide the city upon a definite plan; he who trespasses outside his district pays dearly for his temerity.

From one's hotel on the heights of Pera, it is rather fatiguing to walk to the famous Bazaars of old Stamboul, the true Turkish city. A subway to Galata affords a comfortable transit for a portion of the way. The waters of the Corne d'Or are then spanned by the Galata bridge, named for the shipping district at the foot of Pera Hill. Toll receivers appareled in the fashion of cricket umpires collected ten paras from all on foot.

The Bridge is crowded to its limits all the day, barely hangs together on its pontoons, is plentifully perforated by missing boards, yet yields in tolls an annual revenue of a million pounds sterling.

At the bridge end is found the city's best coffee-house where 30 paras brings a delicious cup. Turkish baths abound here also, but one may be cautioned that, as at Dante's Gates of Inferno, "all who enter here leave hope behind."

The Grand and Egyptian Bazaars lie together between two of the city's famed seven hills. Vaulted over with sky-lighted roofs, the covered passages there are lined with shops whose entire fronts open out upon the streets. Heaped upon tables are wares of all descriptions. One's shopping may be practically without limit for here are four thousand stores.

One is surrounded by the most gorgeous of goods, carelessly strewn about for purchase. True, many of the embroidered pieces upon the outside are inferior and "tinselly," but go within the hang-

ing portieres, accept the coffee and cigarette proffered by the suave merchant and bid him tumble out his costly needle work. Portieres, table covers, wearing apparel, cushion tops—some delight in the white broadcloth zouave waists encrusted with gold thread—all displaying those ingenious conflicts of gaudy barbaric hues that yet combine somehow into a harmonious "ensemble."

The rugs and carpetings are unrivalled the world over; their intricacy of design and surpassing beauty of color are appreciable to the novice as well as to the connoisseur.

The true Oriental armor and cutlery will be a revelation to lovers of the antique. Gem studded swordhilts, Damascus blades of wonderful manufacture, silver inlaid swords, daggers with jade or alabaster handles—form an assortment to pore over for hours and to be left with keen regret. Of the cheap weapons, Sheffield is more likely to be the birthplace than Bagdad.

Wares from Armenia, Smyrna, Ephesus, Tripoli, Tunis, Egypt, vie with those from Persia, Afghanistan, India. The Orient's craft lies outspread for one's choosing.

In the Bazaar, however, market quotations are to be discounted at least sixty per cent. A safe rule of trade: offer every Turk a quarter of his demands, advance to a third, go no further. Have no scruples of depriving him of his profit; he picks up the rarest works at a trifling expense in the rural districts. To display interest invites endless haggling. Rather feign disgust with the whole stock, depreciate the article you seek and leave abruptly. The shrewd merchant rushes after you into the crowded street, brandishing the disputed pieces, shouting, "You will ruin me—but your price is accepted!"

Such attractions as the imposing Tombs of Sultans, the extraordinary carving of Alexander's Sarcophagus, the vast Cistern of the 1001 columns (in reality some 630) now quite dry and the habitat of Armenian silk spinners, that delightful boat ride up the bustling Golden Horn to the placid Sweet Waters of Europe—these can be but briefly enumerated. The last, however, should not be missed. There light caïques or rowboats splash about in an Oriental Henley, where two fresh streams converge. Reclining upon the splendid lawns among their attendants are Turkish ladies of rank. Children in bright hues play about: a care-free charm colors the scene.

Let us now pass over to the Old Seraglio, the Palace of the Treasury, where invaluable objects assembled by various Sultans are to be seen. The securing of entrance papers—issued by the Imperial Offices only—requires not a little diplomatic influence.

A launch at the Galata Bridge was boarded—we noted above the dismantled hulks of the Turkish Navy—the Cabinet Building known

as the "Sublime Porte" was passed and we chug-chugged to a long promontory where the square Seraglio rises alone. Our voluble dragoman or guide summoned us before the throne of Persia captured by Sultan Seilm I at Teheran from Shah Ismael. A gaudy emblem of sovereignty, its massive gold is inlaid with priceless rubies and emeralds. In better taste, we think, is the throne of Ahmed III, of rare words exquisitely carved, inlaid with tortoise-shell and decorated with turquoise and emerald.

Outside the building we enjoyed a delightful half-hour in the gorgeous garden. The dragoman happily suggested that we have lunch and go aboard the public steam launch that skims up and down the Bosphorus.

As everyone knows, this mighty channel of the weightiest strategic value, connects the Black Sea with the Mediterranean through the Sea of Marmora and the Dardanelles. The twenty mile and return journey requires five hours from Constantinople.

While dividing Europe from Asia, it exhibits a marked intercontinental contrast in the towns that, on either side, adorn its low wooded hills and charming valleys. Elegant modern villas and hotels, marble palaces, upon the West; confused, dirty Oriental villages upon the East.

The various Foreign Embassies maintain summer residences along the European shore in groves of trees, some enclosed with enchanting gardens of Oriental flora, where oleanders bloom.

Early in the ride, the Palace of Cheraghan flanked the Bosphorus, an immense building in which, at an early age, the present Sultan confined his elder brother Murad upon the court physician's certificates of insanity. The unfortunate Prince, whom rumor credits with sound mind and benevolent disposition, is still imprisoned. Perched upon the hill-tops at Bebek, stands the American College founded by Mr. A. Roberts of New York in 1863. Further on the villas of the Persian, Greek and Austrian Ambassadors overlook the green water's edge. Then Therapia, the noted health resort was reached. Housed in handsome style are the German, Italian, French and British representatives at the Turkish Court. At the end of the strait, the steamer turned homeward, affording a view out upon a bleak, uninviting waste of waters, the Black Sea.

A most pleasant excursion is this Bosphorus voyage under blue skies and exhilarated by a brisk breeze across the water. It affords a side light upon the social life of Constantinople in diplomatic circles and extends a delightful panorama of quiet restful scenery. The occasional antiquated stone fort against the horizon is the sole reminder that one is passing over a smoldering firebrand of war, the coveted link of two marine arenas.

Our alloted space compels but a scanning of the major features of Constantinople and its environs. Among cities, there are few whose fresh charms seem interminable but none continue to "unfold themselves" longer than the mysterious, cosmopolitan capital of the Ottoman Empire.

FROM MARSEILLES TO GENOA, ALONG THE RIVIERA

A Leisurely Ramble by the Famous Corniche Road Through Picturesque Country

By Clayton Hamilton

Marseilles is the Chicago of France. It is a brawling colossus of commercialism. Its monuments are built with money, not with love. Its people point with pride to their new cathedral, Sainte Marie-Majeure; with pride, neither in the beauty of holiness nor in the holiness of beauty, but in the millions of francs it cost to heap the stones. They tell you that their boulevards are more brilliant than those of Paris, for the Marseillais are braggarts, all of them. But as you stroll amid the swarming turbulence of their avenues, you are saddened by a waste of wealth,—enormous lavishness untastefully applied. The cafés of Marseilles are garish, tawdry, meretricious. The public places are full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. The city is *parvenu* and *nouveau riche;* it is *bourgeois* emulous of *gentilhomme*. It has no taste; it has no sense of incongruity. It thinks that to be large is to be great, and that the value of things is measured by their cost.

From the blatant boulevards of a city such as this, I naturally sought refuge in its slums; and here, at least, I found sublimity. It was, to be sure, sublimity of squalor; but even filth assumes a grandeur when it grows gigantic. Narrow sewers of streets, overshadowed by lean and rickety tenements knocking their foreheads together,—tenements spawning be-draggled children and dishevelled screeching women,—streets rancous with cries and curses, reeking with the rot of garbage, tepid with the stewed vapor of the underworld:—in all of this I found transcendency. Whatever, in its own qualities, exceeds all else that is like it in the world, is monumental; and, therefore in the very vileness of the Marseilles slums I found a greatness that was lacking in the showy and glittering quarters ot the town.

But the squalor, as well as the tinsel, of Marseilles seemed lacking in romance; and again I sought salvation. I climbed the hill of Notre-Dame-de-la-Garde, and looked down upon the harbor. And there and then I was reminded of the story-telling world. Upon a

little island sat the Chateau d'If, with walls and parapets and towers bronzed by centuries of sun,—the Château d'If of Monte Cristo. For a long, long time I looked upon it; and my memory reverted to those early years when I used to sit up nights with Edmond Dantes, attending breathless while he burrowed through the walls of that very castle.

The kingdom of romance is within us. We create beauty in the things we see by looking at them beautifully; and we create adventure all around us when we walk the world inwardly aglow with love of life. Old Dumas had awakened such a glow within me; and when I plunged once more into the city, I plunged into a region of romance. Instinctively I made for the harbor, where huddled ships heaved up a forestry of masts and disgorged upon the quais a rabble of sailors from old romantic lands,—Spain and Italy and Egypt, Algiers, Greece and Turkey. I liked these sailors. They had the right piratical look,—blue-bearded faces over red neckerchiefs. There was a sense of sea-salt about their stained and faded shirts and patchy trousers. Also, I liked the language that they spoke,—the *lingua franca* of the Mediterranean,—a jargon without grammar made up of the roots of French and Spanish and Italian words interspersed with African ejaculations and single syllables from Asia. These men, therefore, I made my companions; and thereafter I enjoyed Marseilles.

Two of them, who were Algerians, introduced me to a gambling game which pleased me. We slunk along the jetty to a nook where the sea-wall shielded us from wind, and posted sentinels to warn us of police. The simple manner of the game was thus: One of the Algerians had three cards, two of which were black and one was red. These he manipulated deftly, toying with them teasingly before my eyes, until he suddenly flung them face downward upon the ground. It then became my duty to hand him a twenty franc gold piece,—after which I was to pick up one of the cards. If I selected the red card, he would return my twenty francs with twenty francs besides; if I selected one of the black cards, he would keep my money. The other Algerian watched me. Six times, being absolutely certain which was the red card (such was the curious effect of the game upon my nerves), I picked it up and found it black. Then, having lost twenty-four dollars, I considered that the Algerians were better men than I, and loved them in consequence. Furthermore, I considered that the only way to win was to play against my own unalterable certainty. Thereafter, being absolutely sure which was the red card—I resolutely picked up one of the others. I had now one chance in two; I was playing to beat the law of probabilities instead of playing to beat a man. Luck was with me, and I won three times out of four. At this, the deft Algerian grew nervous—and was mine; for, noticing his nerves, I shifted tactics and played again

the card that I believed in. I finished sixteen dollars ahead of the game—and found myself a hero. For the sailors took me back to their ship and introduced me as a better man than they. My glory was undeserved, I know; it was based on luck and a little psychologic trick; but I liked the grunted adulation of those rude rovers of the deep; and it was not without sadness that I left Marseilles at last, to make my way along the Riviera to Genoa.

The Riviera is, I suppose, the greatest winter resort in the world. Town after town along this stretch of coast is made up entirely of villas and hotels. The climate is semi-tropical and, from fall to spring, propitious; and the coast is of extraordinary beauty. The maritime Alps, sinking southerly into green and rolling hills, here plunge headlong into the wide blue water of the Mediterranean. Juts of cliffy headland, rounding into peninsulas or breaking off into islands, scallop the coast with harbors; and by these harbors are set villages of villas, where rich idlers from the north come to bask beneath a winter sun.

These towns, though differing in detail, are alike in all essential features. Each of them is a lazy, laughing, holiday casino of a place, careless, rich, and indolently lovely. Each has its promenade of palm-trees along the water-side; each its glittering halls for dancing and (perhaps) for gambling; each, its boulevards for driving; its luring walks to hill-tops commanding wide vistas of the sea; each, its high-society hotels and aristocratic villas. These villas, for the most part, are set in tropic gardens. In color, the houses are toned to harmonize with the prevailing atmosphere. Mild tints predominate,—rose and yellow, buff and sky blue, amber and the green of budding leaves. And these gentle colors, set beside the sapphire sea, beneath the turquoise sky, and backed by the emerald of luxuriant vegetation, produce a visual melody which I have never seen rivaled elsewhere in the world.

Such a town is Cannes, such Mentone, such San Remo. And such a town is Nice, the largest and most typical of all. Nice is a gorgeous place, and made me feel idle-rich all the time that I was there. I sat around the casinos and strolled along the Promenade des Anglais, as if I had nothing in the world to do. I soon began to fear lest my love of swimming should lure me into the sea at an unfashionable hour. I was on the point of degenerating into an aristocrat.

From this I was saved (it was spring-time) by two mosquitoes. These mosquitoes visited me after midnight; and having preyed upon me, made such a droning in my room that I lay sleepless until dawn. The insects, though anguishing to the ear, were undiscernible to the eye; and my only defense against them was an uninterrupted current of cursory remarks. I cursed them in French,

Italian, Spanish, Latin, German, English, American, and Bowery; but they failed somehow to appreciate what I had to say. Therefore, at dawn, I decided to shame them by leaving Nice. If they wouldn't go, I would. This, you will admit, was courteous of me. But then, it never matters very much to me where I am.

Nobody was up in the hotel except myself; but being honest, I left money around in funny places, to be discovered after I was gone. Then a friend of mine named Baedeker suggested that I walk to Monte Carlo over the great Corniche road. It was only twelve miles before breakfast; and being American, I accepted the suggestion. For this I am unutterably grateful, both to the mosquitoes and to Mr. Baedeker; for the Corniche is the greatest road that I have ever traversed, save only the highway from Salerno to Amalfi. It is a road of panoramic vistas. Serpentining out of Nice, it climbs the coastwise hills, above Villefranche, above Beaulieu, above many a little cape and promontory. On this particular morning the air was diaphanous with faint mist, veiling the cliffs, laying soft hands upon the foreheads of still-sleeping villages, and melting the distance into an indistinguishable merge of sky and sea.

Ten miles from Nice the road abutted upon La Turbie, a little hamlet planted at the head of the valley of Sainte Dévote, which slips away beneath it to the sea. La Turbie is noted as a place to look from; and there I absorbed at the same time breakfast and the view. Beneath me lay an entire independent nation. This is not hyperbole; for the nation that I speak of contains less than six squire miles, and is merely a little bite out of France. Its name is the Principality of Monaco; its ruler is a soverign prince; its capitol is the prince's palace; its navy is the prince's yacht; its reason for existence is the gambling casino of Monte Carlo. It contains three towns—Monte Carlo, Condamine, and Monaco proper. It coins its own money and engraves its own postage stamps. And, I suppose, it is the most uniformly beautiful country in the world.

Certainly it was beautiful as I looked upon it first from La Turbie. Monaco proper is a peninsular promontory crowned with the prince's palace, the prince's cathedral, and the prince's gardens; La Condamine reclines in the bent arm of a little bay; and Monte Carlo bulges into the sea. Into this dainty little principality I trudged downward by a declining mountain trail. I roamed over the whole nation in a few hours, swam in the placid sweep of bay, and advanced on the casino.

Roulette is a familiar game, and everyone has read about the casino of Monte Carlo. I shall, therefore, state merely that I liked the palms and exotic plants that grew in the casino gardens, and that I made a somewhat amusing entrance into the gaming halls. At

the casino office, before the authorities admit you, they ask you many questions—who you are and why; where you come from and what reason you had for leaving; and many more that I forget. I never like such questions; and when a person unwarrantably asks me my name, I usually say that is is Winterbottom or Terwilliger. At Monte Carlo they ended up by asking my profession. They had me that time, as the saying goes; for I have never yet been able to discover what it is. Therefore I paused, considering; until my sense of humor prompted me. "I am a poet," I answered. An official lifted his eyebrows. "A poet? That's not a *profession,*" said he. But then another official, divinely devoid of humor, answered, "Maybe it is, in *his* country." And so, glowing with a patriotic pride of a nature that America has never yet deserved, I was admitted.

Nonchalantly I loafed along the Riviera until I came at last to Genoa,—a city which deserves its epithet, superb. Its main features are set forth in a description by the poet Thomas Gray, which (though it was written in 1739), is so aptly selective and so wonderfully mapped that I must append it here. "Only figure to yourself a vast semicircular basin, full of fine blue sea, and vessels of all sorts and sizes, some sailing out, some coming in, and others at anchor; and all around it palaces, and churches peeping over one another's heads, gardens, and marble terraces full of orange and cypress trees, fountains, and trellis-works covered with vines, which altogether compose the grandest of theaters."

Because of its serviceable harbor, Genoa has in all ages been a commercial city; but its commercialism has been magnificent,—not mean-minded and assuming like that of Marseilles. Its harbor, especially as viewed from the light-house at the western horn, is beautiful as well as busy; there is nobility in the way in which tier above tier of buildings climb to the summits of the encircling hills. The streets are rich with Renaissance palaces built by merchant princes of old,—monarchs of wealth earned grandly by traffic on the seas. Even the slums are colorful and picturesque. And as I walked the streets and avenues, or lolled along the harbor-side, or sat upon a hilltop and looked down, I gloried in the city-feeling once again, and had no reason to lament what man has made of man.

Although, in this memento, I have no wish to advertise a particular hotel, I cannot refrain from stating that in Genoa I put up at the Hotel Smith. Who could have kept himself from steering to a hostelry so ludicrously named? I advanced gravely into the office, handed the clerk my visiting card, and said in English, "I should like to speak with Mr. Smith; for though I cannot recollect his face, I seem somehow to have heard his name before." The clerk, as I

had guessed, knew scarcely a word of English. He wagged his head sadly, and muttered a strange admixture of Italian and French. I pretended not to understand him; and all the time that I was there, I persisted in feigning that Smith was not a fiction, and asked every day in English if the gentleman were well.

CHRISTMAS IN RUSSIA AND HER PROVINCES

The Country of the Snows When All Nature and the Winds of the Plains Sweep to the Cities

Russia is a large body and correspondingly slow-moving, so she has not yet made up her mind to submit to the changes Pope Gregory made in the calendar centuries ago, and the 25th of December still comes according to the calculations made by Julius Caesar, on what the rest of the world calls January 6. Soon it will come on January 7, for the empire is steadily losing a minute or two every year. Russia doesn't mind—time is not so important there that they can't spare that much—and they have just as good a time on Christmas, even if they do have to wait for it, as anywhere else.

Such home-festivals are especially delightful in that country of the snows, when all Nature is frozen outdoors and the pitiless winds of the great plains sweep to the cities with force sufficient to penetrate sometimes even the double and triple windows behind which the Russians barricade themselves. The length of the winter makes this people so fond of green things that they turn their houses into veritable bowers whenever they can. Lovely plants grow everywhere and even between the double windows (sealed and never raised during the winter) artificial flowers are put, so that one looks out not on a desolation of snow, but at a mass of climbing vines. All these preparations have just been completed when Christmas comes round, for it is December that brings the great freeze that will last all winter, the "frost of St. Nicholas."

The Orthodox Church has ordered many fasts, and the rule is that the whole of Advent shall be kept by abstinence from meat eating. Even fish is only occasionally to be indulged in, so when Christmas day comes round everybody is in a mood for a general rejoicing. Customs vary in different parts of the vast empire in as well as in different classes of society, and many of the old ways are passing fast, but the day is still marked by some curious customs, especially in the remote country districts, where the new ideas have not much of a foothold. In St. Petersburg and other centers, the Christmas is kept much as it is with us, giving presents, lighting gayly-decked trees at family reunions. A few old games are played still in the houses of the aristocracy, but not as they used to be. To

see a genuine Russian Christmas party of the old style one must go into the provinces.

In far country districts it is still the custom to give a great celebration lasting several days in honor chiefly of young girls. A messenger is sent to bid all the families of consequence to this Homeric entertainment and the guests arrive a day or two before Christmas. Russians are a ceremonious people and hours pass in compliments and assurances of esteem. The young girls are to remain several days, each accompanied by a maid, and the parents are careful to express their pleasure at leaving their daughters under the honorable care of the host and hostess. All the girls call one another "little playmate," although they may never have met before, and all sleep in one large room.

The peasants of Southern Russia have a pretty custom of welcoming the "Christmas guest." A young man chosen by the village for the purpose calls at the door of all the houses and says, "Christ is born," throwing a handful of corn over the threshold. The housewife responds, "In truth he is born!" and throws corn over the guests. The young man walks to the fire, takes up the largest log and strikes it until the sparks fly. Then he says, "Even so may blessings come to this house," and puts on the end of the log an orange, stuck with a small coin. The housewife gives him knitted leggings and he takes his leave, turning, however, to say at the door, "How did Christmas come to you?" The housewife replies, "As a welcome guest. All have enough and are merry." In other districts peasant boys dress themselves as animals and knock at the doors of the houses. It is etiquette to express great fear at their terrible appearance. Then they are invited in, the host expressing his relief at the gentle manner of these bloodthirsty beasts. The boys dance and sing and are given pennies and cakes.

In the capital the Christmas ceremonies have from almost time immemorial ended with the solemnity of the blessing of the Neva. The river is always frozen over at this season and a little temple is erected on the ice adorned with pictures of the Saints. The dignitaries of the church and the court, headed by the emperor, wind in stately procession over the ice to the queer little structure, which surrounds a large hole bored through to the water. Here the river is blessed with great pomp and circumstances. It is a really beautiful ceremony, with splendid symbolism and exquisite prayers. The popular ways of celebration may be abandoned, but this ceremony of the blessing of the Neva is one that will last as long as the mighty Church and the mysticisms of the nation endure.

HOUSEKEEPING NEAR THE NORTH POLE

Home Life on the Yukon When the Thermometer Registers 70° Below Zero

By Blanche Vaughan Nesmith

"When the darkened Fifties dip to the North,
And frost and fog divide the air,
And the day is dead at his breaking-forth,
Sirs, it is bitter beneath the Bear!"

We entered the wilderness with all the enthusiasm of pioneers and went prepared to accept any and everything. Our very willingness in that respect brought to mind Margaret Fuller's poem "I Accept the Universe," or still more Carlyle's pertinent remark anent it, "Gad! She'd better!"

Living for over two years within a few miles of the Arctic Circle we found that many of the good old rules of housekeeping had to be abandoned according to new and strange conditions that surrounded us at every turn. Conditions at first so confounding seemed as we accustomed ourselves to them rather better than the old prescribed ones after all, and with the added novelty of the Midnight Sun, the dark days, the glorious Aurora, and a temperature that went down often to the seventies below zero.

Instead of the price of ice going up, the thermometer went down. And what is more convenient than to have a cache right outside one's kitchen door where everything remains frozen solid for nine months of the year; where are stored meats, fish, cabbages, cranberries, etc.; (the lowbush cranberries lose none of their flavor in being frozen).

Having sailed up, which in reality is down, the winding Yukon for many days, resting on sand-bars, stopping every few hours to wood-up at some woodchopper's camp, we finally reached our destination, a tiny Alaskan town with a population not over a hundred. It consisted of two Trading Company Stores, in one of which was the post-office, one church, one mission, one bunk-house, otherwise known as a hotel, one sawmill, many dogs, more saloons, and a few people.

We were fascinated with the picturesqueness of the mud-roofed cabins, especially those having, as many of them did, beautiful wild flowers growing on the roofs. One Alaskan farmer even had cabbages and radishes on the top of his humble but decorated hut!

A pioneer and practical neighbor who had endured two consecutive years of Arctic life, replied rather scornfully to my rhapsodies over the ever-changing views of the Yukon: "Yes, they *are* pretty, but you can't *eat* 'em."

Which remark recalled an experience with the man who daily filled my water barrel in the kitchen. He often arrived at inopportune and critical moments—as when I happened to be frosting a cake or frying crullers. Once I thought he looked so longingly at my sieve full of freshly cooked doughnuts I imagined he was thinking of home and mother, and knowing his "grub" was of the canned goods variety, I thought to surprise him by offering a plate full of my first attempts. I went back to my sizzling hot lard with the satisfaction of having done a generous act to my fellow man, when from the corners of my eyes I beheld in his just the suspicion of a twinkle. Still I thought how good home-made cooking must taste to him and asked assuringly, "They are nice, aren't they?" To my horror a broad grin extended over his features, as breaking in half a prettily browned doughnut the uncooked liquid dough ran out! Placing it gently on the table he replied, "Yes, m'arm, they look nice all right, but you can't eat 'em. Cook 'em longer in not such hot lard and you'll have the trick." To my complete chagrin he pulled out of his pocket a couple of beauties. Placing them near my failures he modestly remarked, "I fried a mess before breakfast—if you don't mind taking 'em—we all learn to be cooks up here, don't we?"

So far out of the world, the servant question settles itself. There was but one cook in town, a Japanese boy who commanded a hundred dollars a month for running the mess at the Company Store.

One young man when it was learned he was going "out side" to get a wife, was accused of going out to marry his cook! False accusation entirely, for he made the most thoughtful and helpful of husbands as was evidenced by his answering the door knock with a dishcloth over his shoulder and dough on his hands, a few months after his return.

During the few delightful months of summer when vegetation has the advantage of an all-night sun, we had from our garden such delicacies as radishes, turnips, beets, cabbages, onions, lettuce and even cucumbers.

It is generally conceded that the Alaskan salmon is the finest in the world. It runs in great abundance, as well as the pike, grayling, and ling, all having a peculiarly fine flavor known only to the Yukon river fish. They were brought to our door along with game

and wild meat by the Indians, who unfortunately would all come together or not come at all! So it took much planning as well as a little finessing to prevent having a famine after a feast!

What would a housekeeper in civilization think if she had to pick, as we did, all the ducks and birds she cooked? And pay as the Indians say "a heap big" price for them at that! Yet with what pride I look at my down pillows, made from ducks that came to me that most providential way!

The different holidays were oftentimes uniquely as well as appropriately observed and celebrated, perhaps in a crude though none the less amusing and interesting way.

For instance every one up there could afford a tree at Christmas time, the only difficulty being a scarcity of the usual trimmings. The old-timers, "sourdoughs" as they style themselves, explain that in the early days they decorated these trees with paper chains made from the colored wrappings of the different canned goods, the gifts themselves being the canned food, which thus robbed of their wrappers lent surprises as well as merriment to the festive occasion.

It is stated on good authority that the Alaskan dogs can tell the difference, who shall say whether by fourth dimension or otherwise, and with their sharp teeth rip open only those cans containing meat, disdaining always the vegetables and fruit! The native dog has to be starving hungry before he will touch milk, though I have seen from my kitchen windows an occasional stray, lean animal with his head stretched up in the air draining some milk cans ("tin-cows" they are called) from my garbage box.

I entered my kitchen one morning after a 70 degrees-below night, and found the floor nearly covered with a coating of ice, the water-pipes in the hot-water tank on the stove having burst! The trap-door leading into my cellar was frozen down as well as the door leading out of doors! Putting on rubbers over my moccasins I commenced to get breakfast. As the fire was out in the kitchen stove everything was of course frozen, even my "tin-cow" was one solid lump of ice. The hatchet was out in the shed and I saw no way of chopping myself out of the difficulty by getting at my supply of goods in the cellar. However, my baking powder and flour were not frozen I knew (though no credit to them, for if they could have frozen they certainly would have) and with an added egg I was picturing to myself the comforting thought of hot cakes. As I broke the egg only to be confronted with an ice ball, my bewilderment made me exclaim aloud, a habit one gets in the wilderness, "what is it I started to do?" Oh, yes, the very irony of it, "*flannel* cakes for breakfast!" Yes, and together with bacon and coffee, we ate them directly from the stove! And with the oven door open at that!

Would not that shock a good old New England housekeeper? Or

if told that eggs were brought in sometime in August to last till spring? Their flavor becomes necessarily somewhat musty, but they are so much better than no egg at all that one actually becomes accustomed to these stale ones and really upon coming out into the world again there seems something missing from a truly fresh-laid article! And then again, think how decorative these cold storage and long-saved eggs are when hard boiled, for their white turns a bright green and the yellow a vivid red.

Our nearest neighbor, the little pioneer woman, one August day came to advise us to fortify ourselves during the few months of summer for the dark cold winter that would soon settle itself. So after making hoods, parkees and other outside clothing, we turned our attention to the inner man. We stored our cellar with canned goods and put our cache in order and were next told by our pioneer that berrying was *de rigueur*, and we followed our leader down to the nearest "crick," a distance of a stone's throw from our cabin, to find the most brilliant and heavily laden bushes of cranberries, resembling more nearly the cherry-currant of the outside world, and in such abundance that in a few minutes we were able to pick quart after quart. Enough for every bear in Alaska to have his everlasting fill! In fact our constant fear was we might come unexpectedly up against some bear who would dispute our rights! Though in one way it was a disappointment not to meet one face to face, so as to have a thrilling encounter, or rather escape, to relate to our friends on the "outside."

These first cranberries to come are called the "high-bush" and make, except for the faintest suspicion of an unpleasant flavor that one becomes accustomed to, the most delicious jelly, the finest sort of accompaniment to moose, caribou, mountain sheep, ptarmigan, etc.; all of which we had in great abundance during the winter.

We were cautioned not to buy any jelly tumblers at the exorbitant rates the Company Store charged for them, and our neighbor again took us in hand. Pointing to a nearby dump-heap she exultingly exclaimed, "these bottles make the best and cheapest jelly tumblers in the world, and don't cost all kinds of money either." Further initiating us she tied kerosene-dipped string around their necks, or rather shoulders, and after burning the string till the bottles were hot, plunged them into a bucket of cold water, smiling contentedly as they snapped off exactly where she had indicated by the strings! Later in the season with what pride and pleasure would I pull up my trap-door leading down into the cellar and gaze admiringly on my fifty odd tumblers of jelly!

The low-bush cranberry comes a little later in the season and more closely resembles the outside berry in flavor and appearance, though much smaller. They grow so close to earth that one is obliged to

lie flat on the stomach in order to gather them. They do not jelly so readily, being more meaty in substance than the succulent high-bush variety, but they can be frozen so that during the winter all one has to do is to chop out from the supply in the cache cranberries as delicate in flavor as the finest the world affords.

We listened so readily to our neighbor's suggestions that we quite won her heart, and felt rich indeed when she impressively informed us just before she left that she had decided to bequeath to us her wild raspberry patch! It was hers by discovery, and it was with great joy that we followed our leader over the ridges for five miles to come into our inheritance. As the ever-practical pioneer at our side remarked, "I made a hundred dollars out of that glorious patch last year! And it goes to you without a mortgage."

A VISIT TO THE FALLS OF THE ZAMBESI

A Wonderful Natural Spectacle in the Heart of Africa

By William George

A question which travelers often ask each other in various parts of the world is: "What is really the greatest natural wonder on earth?" It is easy to answer now, since the stupendous Falls of the Zambesi River have been discovered. David Livingstone called the main Fall, "the most wonderful sight I had visited in Africa." And when one imagines the spectacle of one of the world's mightiest rivers, two miles wide, falling sheer 420 feet, it is not hard to agree with one of the greatest travelers and missionaries that ever lived.

Our own Niagara is only half a mile wide and 158 feet high, so that it figures as a mere cascade in comparison. Let me, however, say a few words on the subject of how to reach the world's greatest Falls. It will be a surprise to many to think of Central Africa as a travel and tourist field at all. But what is the astonishment of man in search of new scenes when he finds that what was yesterday the heart of savage Africa is to-day traversed by trains de luxe replete with electric light, libraries, shower baths, fans, and dining-rooms with immaculate linen and irreproachable silver. And there are lions and elephants to be shot by the way, not to mention the enormous hippopotami that snort and blow just below and above the Zambesi Falls.

And on the way thither one may turn aside to visit those strange almost uncanny buried cities known as the Great Zimbabwe. Imagine the remains of a vast walled city, with mighty temples and "holy places," entirely overgrown by the African jungle; and six-foot pythons basking on altars on which sacrifice was offered in the days of King Solomon. At present the scientists of the world are debating eagerly as to whether the Great Zimbabwe and its enormous gold mines were in reality the "Ophir" of Solomon, whence he procured those great quantities of gold for the temple in Jerusalem.

Soon after leaving this region, the train for the Victoria Falls enters the Mopani forests, and then appalling "smoke clouds" become visible as one rapidly nears "the most beautiful gem of the earth's scenery." Just above the point where the vast stream drops

into the abyss, the Central African traveler is astonished to see a huge city being laid out. It is named for the late Queen Victoria, and there will be handsome parks round the present big hotels. For this spot is now looked upon by the world's greatest engineers as the "heart" of Africa in almost a literal sense, since the Falls, with their almost unthinkable power of fifty million horses, are about to be "harnessed" in order to supply the fabulously rich diamond mines of Kimberley and the gold mines of the Rand with power for their great machinery which is never still.

The Zambesi falls directly into a deep narrow fissure over a mile long which in far-off ages must have been rent by volcanic action through the basalt rock of the river's bed. To this awful chasm, with its fearful roar and turmoil, there is but one small outlet barely a hundred yards wide.

And through this the tortured and stupendous mass of water seethes and thunders into what has been called the "Boiling Pot." From this point the contents of a river worthy to rank with the Amazon itself, tears with unbridled fury along a zig-zag gorge five hundred feet deep and forty-five miles long. Each day the grandeur of the scenes become more impressive, and their fascination stronger.

The main Fall itself is over a mile wide—1,936 yards to be precise. Looking over the mighty river appears to have vanished, for beyond the Falls one is faced by the perpendicular wall of the canyon, up which hisses the madly whirling wall of the awful chasm. I have seen this luminous mist rising 1,600 feet, hung with rainbows, shimmering and jeweled in the sunlight and by night gleaming like pale ghosts under the moon, or darkling in shadow like the appalling smoke wreaths that hang above the crater of Vesuvius. Once fallen, the raging water is driven back on itself, breaks into spray, mingles with volumes of displaced air, and rushes upward in a current of wind and water. In places it looks like an avalanche of snow and solid water and whirling vapor all intermingled.

Suddenly a gulf will open in the spray masses and permit a momentary glimpse of the dreadful tumult of water in the "Boiling Pot" four hundred and twenty feet below. To the left and rising out of the whirling foam, is the great black cliff that faces the mighty cataract along its whole length. This cliff is crowned with tropic vegetation that contrasts strikingly with the blackness of the rocks, and the snow of water and spray. It is a mass of green, bathed in the everlasting spray which drips forever from the lush foliage.

The tremendous spectacle, strange to say, induces peace of mind and tranquillity; there is nothing of gloom or terror, for it is all

sublime. And yet no words can convey an idea of what the meeting of the waters looks like, as the masses rush with terrific force out of the canyon into the Zambesi gorge—boiling, heaving, whirling, sinking into dark gulfs, leaping in pyramids and throwing up to immense height in white spiral columns, in shaking javelins, in spinning globes the spray that forms the central dome of the mysterious "smoke" that David Livingstone saw only a generation ago. (By the way, the spot is pointed out where the great missionary explorer carved his name on an island tree above the Falls.)

It is possible to go down into the canyon a little way and look out from a projecting crag which appears to tremble with the gigantic shock. Nothing is to be seen but masses of whirling vapor, while the spectator's ears are filled with the howling of fitful gales and the hollow roar of raging waters rising up from the fathomless abyss. It is an experience the visitor will never forget as long as he lives.

And, as I have shown there are the additional novelties of big game hunting and caravan traveling in the interior. There are first-class hotels at the Victoria Falls, which we have seen are reached from Cape Town by luxurious trains equal to any of our own that cross the Continent. Indeed, it is difficult to imagine a more novel experience than a visit to the Zambesi, stalking lions by day, and gazing by moonlight at the Falls.

THE FOWLERS OF ST. KILDA

One of the British Islands as Much Cut Off From Civilization As Though It Were in Central Africa

By Henry Marvin

A rock looming out of the cold mist, its pinnacles capped with low-hanging clouds; its dark base ringed with snowy foam from Atlantic rollers. This is lone St. Kilda, of the Outer Hebrides. A wild rugged fortress of Nature, garrisoned by ninety descendants of old Vikings who have fought for a livehood on its rocks for centuries untold. They speak only Gaelic, have their own primitive parliament and only communicate with the outer world by means of occasional letters put into wooden boxes and committed to the roaring tides in certain winds, which may drift down to the coast of Norway or the Scottish mainland.

I landed in Village Bay in a cloud of sea-fowl, chiefly puffins, razorbills and guillemots. Village Bay is a place of somber grandeur bombarded by giant waves that rumbled like thunder in yawning caves below the primitive huts of steep Conagher Rock. In the little boat that brought me from Glasgow were some reporters sent to St. Kilda to interview sixteen rescued sailors from a Spanish wreck. News of the loss had been picked up in a bottle among the Western Isles.

I found the St. Kildans with no knowledge of the date, and in utter indifference to what went on in the great pulsing world outside. Our captain blew the ship's whistle; and as the echo rolled among the crags I saw the sheep and goats scampering up the steeps, and sea fowl flying out like vast flakes of snow. A pack of half wild dogs met us as we landed.

When I got ashore I found only a few quaintly-dressed women and children with handkerchiefs full of birds' eggs which they were ready to barter for anything we had. These women, as in a savage country, do all the carrying of heavy loads up the steep streets towards the village, and the little church which calls the Islanders to worship by means of an old bell that belonged to a ship lost long ago in these wild seas.

This church is also the school; and although its aisle is roughly cemented by the minister's own labor, the rest of the floor is bare earth. All the houses are one-story stone huts, each with two rooms, commonly as full of smoke as those of any Highland crofter. I perceived everywhere the strong smell of oil from the Fulmar Petrel, and heaps of birds' wings and feathers in the tiny street. The married women are distinguished from the single girls by a white frill worn in front of the shawl or handkerchief that covers the head; this mark is in lieu of the wedding ring, which is unknown to this remote isle.

Oddly enough the Islander's first demand of a stranger is candy; I was most amused to see the St. Kilda Congress gravely discussing the problems of their island home with voices rendered all but inarticulate with American sweet-stuffs. They asked me why Great Britain and America were at war with any other nation, and had I photographs of the President and Queen Victoria. News of that royal lady's death had not yet reached the island!

For nine months out of the year at least, the St. Kildans are in utter ignorance of the outer world. Their mail is laid in a little cavity cut in a solid block of wood, or a small canister or bottle to which is attached a sheepskin bladder. Then the St. Kildan "mail-boat" is cast into the sea during a westerly wind; four out of six of these messages are picked up either on Long Island, another of the Hebrides, or in far-off Norway.

The people neither smoke nor drink, and have manners and customs quite in keeping with their aloofness from the world. No young man can get married who refuses to give a public exhibit of his daring on the "Lovers' Stone"—a projecting rock three hundred feet above the booming waves of the Atlantic.

The youth assembles the Islanders and in their view walks out to the crag's end. Here resting on its lip on his left heel he stoops until his finger tips touch his toes on the sheer brink. In this dreadful position the lad remains until the grim old fathers of the hamlet are satisfied he is a true rock-man of St. Kilda; one who has vindicated his claim to manhood and his fitness to support a wife by catching eider ducks and sea fowl on these terrible rocks.

The property of the Islanders consists of about 1,000 sheep and goats, with perhaps thirty head of cattle. The sheep are absolutely wild and are hunted when required by dogs whose fangs are broken. Or sometimes they are taken with nets, for the Islanders have curious notions of sport and invariably "fish" for sea-fowl with rod and line.

It is hard for us to realize the outlook upon life of these people with the Arctic Atlantic in the westerly gale climbing 300 feet and pouring down into Village Bay in colossal cataracts of green and

white. The fuel used is turf from the hillsides; and some of the huts have door posts made from the jawbones of whales. Seals occasionally yield a harvest; but the great source of revenue is the sea fowl of the cliff. These are divided into lots by the Island Congress, that everyone may get his fair share of birds and eggs.

These cliffs are in places 1,200 feet high and quite sheer. The fowlers use ropes of horsehair, and take petrel, four kinds of gulls, kittiwakes, gulliemots, puffins, shags, gannets, eider ducks and many others. The men use a rod thirteen feet long to which is fastened a running noose of horsehair and gannet-quills. To see the St. Kildar fowler crawling along a cliff face and slipping his noose over one sitting bird after another, is a most curious sight.

Personally, I found St. Kilda interesting, but also dreary. Eggs and sea-birds are apt to pall as a diet, and the eternal Gaelic gets on one's nerves.

A TRIP TO ICELAND

By Annie Lemp Konta

It was last summer that we went to the land of the most extraordinary natural conditions, a land of snow-topped mountains, of glaciers, of volcanoes, of hot springs and geysers, of a brief day of summer and a long dark night of winter.

We embarked at Leith on July 9th, and, after stopping for a couple of hours at the Orkneys, sailed on to the Faroe Islands, reaching them on July 11th. Here we landed at Thorshaven on Strömoe, and in the afternoon set sail again for Reykjavik. The following day we sighted the southern coast of Iceland. The scene was of the rarest, weirdest beauty, a long, low ridge of mountains with snow over half their heights, and with great glaciers coming down to within a few feet of the sea. No trees could be seen, and grass only in patches.

Later we passed the Westman Islands, with all the low mountains covered by a carpet of green, but still there were neither trees nor shrubs. Several of these islands are the homes of handfuls of sheep breeders. We could see the sheep peacefully grazing on the dizzy heights, and shepherds returned our greetings, waving their hats. Our ship startled the sea gulls, of which there were myriads on the steep cliffs and the green slopes, and the air suddenly became white with their fluttering wings. When the sun set in purple radiance at half past ten that night, it went down as a great fiery ball which kept all its brilliancy within its own circle and lent none to the surrounding skies as in southern lands. At midnight it was still light enough to read without artificial light. We were now in the region where in the summer months there comes a nightless day.

To the right of the setting sun lay Snaefell Jokul, one of Iceland's most wonderful dormant volcanoes. It was an ice-crusted pyramid reaching far up into the heavens and seeming to spring from the blue sea down to which it sent its glacier. Looking at this mountain we were looking at Jules Verne's volcano through which the descent was made to the center of the earth. The volcanoes of Iceland are found everywhere, but in the southeast part of the island is the most wonderful mass. Here there are some three thousand square miles of dormant cones wrapped in ice. Iceland now has

less cultivable land than the records show it possessed in former days. Hecla alone has erupted twenty-five times, and spread a lava desolation far from its base.

The rivers, short, furious and cold, as glacier streams might be expected to flow, form numerous fine waterfalls. The few lakes in their lava basins are scenes of beauty of a very wild and desolate order. Dwarf birch is the only tree of the land, and this is found in the interior only. There are no song birds, but the echoes of sagas and songs haunt the Icelander on the mountain side, and he hears "on starlit nights the war songs Gunnar had sung in life, and sees the magic lights burn in his cairn."

Locke tells us that the earliest settlers of Iceland determined the sites of their future homes by the head of the family, usually a Norwegian viking, throwing overboard on approaching the island the pillars which had supported the high seat of his residence at home. Wherever these were driven ashore there was fixed the future dwelling place, according to the will of the gods. In this manner Reykjavik, the capital city, was settled by Ingofr in 877, although before finding his pillars, a matter sometimes of years, he had chosen a more propitious place. The country about Reykjavik is barren and rocky.

Here we landed July 13th, one thousand and thirty years after Ingofr. The town itself is not prepossessing. The population numbers about 4,000. The sights are the parliament building, the cathedral, the museum, and the statue of the Thorwaldsen who is claimed as a national pride because his father was an Icelandic wood-carver. The sculptor himself never saw Iceland.

From Reykjavik we made an excursion to the Elledar River and the hot springs. To go anywhere in Iceland one must mount an Iceland pony, the only means of locomotion. The ponies are strong and very active. Everybody rides, for to walk any distance is considered to be deficient in personal dignity, and to pay a call on foot, especially in a country district, is looked upon as a breach of good manners. Even the beggars of Iceland ride, and collect alms in large bags.

The most novel life is found in the isolated farm-houses, curious looking places, each like a collection of grassy mounds. But coming to the front, a row of wooden gables appears quite close together and built of great stones and clods of sod. A low door opens into a long, dark passage walled with alternate layers of turf and unhewn stones. To the right and left shorter passages connect the separate huts, opening into harness-room, cow-byrne and forge. The living room, reached also by the main passage, is the general sleeping room, and beds, usually stationary and fastened to the walls, line the room on both sides. In this one room the entire household

sleeps; master, mistress, maids, and men-servants. During the day the beds are used as seats, and through the dark winter months the country folks do little else than sit upon them, the women engaged in sewing, knitting and spinning, and the men in carving, mending harness, and in general preparing for the season of light. The room rarely has any means of ventilation, but sometimes a small opening between two closed windows allows the income of fresh air, or a pane is fitted with a small plug of wood that is pulled out on occasions. Fuel is scarce in Iceland, and conservation of warm air is a necessity of existence during the winter. A number of low sheds constructed almost entirely of turf are used as winter stables for the ponies and sheep.

The Icelanders are a strong, muscular race of middle height, but one cannot compliment the women on their beauty, though they are slender and more graceful than peasant women of any other country I have seen. The cap they all wear is very becoming, just a black skull cap with a long, thick tassel held together by an engraved silver ferule. This tassel hangs down over the left cheek. Their dresses are made of homespun cloth, and they wear slippers or undressed sheepskin. The national dress, worn on state occasions, is extremely pretty. The short black jacket and skirt embroidered with gold and silver down the front. A high white cap is fastened about the brow with a gold coronet from whence hangs a long, white veil.

The traveler should only visit Iceland during the summer season, from July to the middle of September being the best time. In June the bogs are impassable and the melting of the snow converts the country into a morass.

After Reykjavik we sailed along the west coast of Iceland and had a magnificent view of the glacier of Snaefell Jokul. As we passed around the northwestern peninsula we encountered a high sea, and was a pleasure to awaken the next morning and find ourselves safely anchored in a tranquil blue fjord by Akurevri, a town on the north coast. Here we landed and made an excursion to the Glera Waterfall which is well worth seeing. On the banks of the rapids are found specimens of topaz, a stone plentiful in this part of Iceland. Near this river is a church chained fast to the rocks so that it may not be swept away by the terrible Arctic storms. The scenery here is beautiful and the coloring of the mountains superb. In the village of Akureyri the odors of fish and shark-liver oil were very pronounced.

Pony-breeding and fishing are the two main industries of Iceland. The land supports flocks of sheep but produces little for man save some potatoes and a few vegtables; most of the food comes from the outside. After returning to the ship we made our way along the

north of Iceland and had a glorious view of the snow-capped, sun-kissed mountains. It was a magnificent sight of a coast altogether wild and weird, of white peaks, of rugged cliffs of fantastic shapes, of black rock and glittering ice-chasms, and of glaciers reaching into the sea. The vapors and mists rose and clung fantastically to the rugged summits. There is no describing the wraithlike coloring of Iceland that is due to "the silver pyramids of the jokuls with their glittering mantles of snow, the blackness of the lava, the golden hills in the sunlight, the purple shadows of the precipices, the green of the fields near the shore lividity of even the storm clouds, the blue of the distant ocean, and the still deeper hue of the sky."

DARJEELING

By Frances Stevens Ladd

An English writer on India has said, "When God gave men tongues he never dreamed that they would want to talk about the Himalayas; there are consequently no words to do it with." This we found to be true indeed when we arrived at Darjeeling and had our first glimpse of those most wonderful of mountains.

We reached there about four in the afternoon after an interesting ride up on the "Toy Railroad," certainly as remarkable a railway as there is on earth. It starts in the plain at Siliguri and runs along the highway most of the distance to Darjeeling. The gauge is only two feet, and the road rises in a surprising way in a distance of 51 miles to more than 8,000 feet above the sea level. The cars are ridiculously small, and we felt like putting the whole train in our pocket. There were wonderful loops, and reversing stations where we zig-zagged up a hillside so steep as to take away one's breath.

The scenery of the mountain sides up which we climbed was beautiful and interesting. The gorges below were steep and wild, and their sides were covered with large and small trees with a rich undergrowth of ferns and creepers. At 2,500 feet above the sea, cocoanut palms flourished; higher up the little native huts were surrounded by bananas and plantain trees bearing fruit, while lovely pink almond trees were in full bloom although it was New Year's day. At 5,500 feet there came into view the largest and most perfect specimens of the tree fern that I have ever seen. The poinsettia, called there the Pride of India, grew everywhere about the poorest huts, and at nearly all the stations there were gorgeous shrubs covered with masses of purple or magenta blossoms which made effective backgrounds for the brilliant saris worn by both men and women. Many of the men wore camel's hair-shawls with Persian borders. Most of these had once been white; others were orange, lemon color, dull green, or beautiful reds. Each man carried a small brass bowl or jar, highly polished, to use as a drinking cup, and these added gleams of color to the already picturesque scene. At each station, a man with a large leather pouch filled with clear cold water went about selling drinks to the third-class passengers. They came and held out their hands as they squatted down Indian fashion before the carrier who poured

the water into their upturned palms, from which they drank, or into the brass jars and bowls. These they held high above the mouth, and let the water run down the throat lest they be polluted by touching a drinking vessel with the lips.

At Kurseong, 5,000 feet above the sea, where we had tiffin, the clouds closed down about us so that for some time we had to content ourselves with near views and with watching the hundreds of natives at work repairing the damage done by serious landslides. The Darjeeling-Himalaya railway originally cost 3,000 pounds a mile, and was laid on the old cart road which the British-India government constructed at an expense of 6,000 pounds a mile; and now many thousands of dollars are spent on repairs. The working people here are most interesting and quite different from any that we have seen before in India. They come from Tibet, and Nipal, and other strange places, and many of them look and dress much like Esquimaux or Alaskan Indians. The Tibetan men wear their hair in a long braid down the back, and the women wear theirs flowing or in two heavy braids tied together. The women, many of whom are good looking, are loaded down with heavy silver and turquoise jewelry, and have long necklaces made of rupees, the silver coin of their country, strung flat on red cord. Their ornaments constitute their banks. Some less fortunate women have necklaces of half-rupees, and even the small imps of children, who run about naked except for a short jacket, and who persistently beg for backsheesh, have their strings of quarter-rupees, amounting to the value of several dollars.

The men do the actual work of repairs, while the women and children carry great weights of stone and earth, some in flat baskets on their heads; but the majority bear on the back one or more huge rocks which are kept in place by a loop of rope put across the forehead and passed under the load.

From Kurseong upward, alas! we were always in the clouds. Were it not for this the views, thousands of feet below down the ravines to the edge of which we ran perilously near would have been indescribably grand.

Because of the repairs to the road, we left the train at Mary Villa, about one mile from Darjeeling. As we pulled into the little station our carriage was instantly surrounded by a dozen or more of the bejeweled girls and women, fighting with us and with each other for possession of our luggage. Two of the sturdiest, decked out with nose rings, anklets and innumerable bangles and necklaces, finally won the battle, and our bags and roll of bedding were piled upon their backs.

In a dandy, which is a rude boat-shaped box with four long poles, I was borne on the shoulders of four men, and with my husband and our host leading, and our native servant with the two lusty luggage

bearers in the rear, we joined the procession going single file along the narrow footpath to the beautiful hill station of Darjeeling. At the house we were cheered by a cordial welcome accompanied by a crackling fire, the best of hot tea and delicious scones.

At nightfall the air was bitterly cold, and the clouds were so low and thick about us that our prospect for a fine morning view was not a hopeful one. While I unpacked, G. went for a stroll with our host as guide, to learn the path we should take for our early walk next morning. Later on, beside a smouldering fire of green wood, as we talked with pleasant expectation of the glories we hoped soon to see, our host brought the comforting assurance that the clouds had lifted and the stars were shining brightly.

Long before daylight we were up, and hurriedly dressed, with fingers numbed by the icy water in which we bathed. We were much discouraged by the thick clouds overhanging the mountains. A moment later, however, a peep from our window showed us the magnificent head of Kinchinjunga towering above the clouds. Out of the house we hurried and ran as fast as we could up the path to Observatory Hill. At the top what a glorious sight met our eyes! The sun was not quite up over the mountains behind us, but there in front towered those marvelous peaks in the range of the highest mountains in the world.

Gazing across the immense valley which stretched between us and the great mountains constituting the foot hills, a valley majestic for its depth and most impressive for its enormous extent, we drank in, in long breaths of wonder and delight, the grandeur of the incomparable view. Only the highest peaks of the nearer mountains were visible above the floor of the clouds, but in the distance stretched away the range called by the English, The Snows, and for these we had to look up into the sky as though we were searching for stars, rather than for mountain tops. Kinchinjunga rose majestically above the others 28,156 feet high; and next in height rose Jannu, Kabru and Chumalari, all more than 23,000 feet high.

Presently the clouds closed in about the peaks, and we reluctantly turned back to the house for our "chota-hazri" or little breakfast of tea and toast. Just as we finished this, the clouds again broke and the mountains came out, and once more we climbed to the top of Observatory Hill, this time for a different and much more extended sight. Now almost the entire range was visible, and we were told that there was within our view an unbroken line of snow-capped mountains a hundred and fifty miles in length.

It is impossible to convey the idea of the awesome grandeur of this great pile, Kinchinjunga, which seems to rise so high as to cut into the sky. Since enormous masses of its bare rock are so steep that no snow can lie upon them, the mountain's bulk affords a wonderful con-

trast of color. A perpetual snow cap 17,000 feet high is difficult to imagine, but the fact that Mont Blanc is only 15,732 feet high helps one to realize the magnitude of Kinchinjunga. No wonder that the hill top where we stood has for countless centuries been a place of worship, and of strange Indian ceremonies and rites.

Our attention was now attracted by the silver tinkle of the bell, and we realized that we were not alone as on our earlier visit. In the middle of a small plateau was growing a clump of bamboo, and to the branches were tied hundreds of white or gaily-colored bits of cotton cloth on which prayers were written. In the midst of this tiny grove was a small altar with a stone image, and before this, facing the mountains, we observed kneeling a Tibetan priest. With one hand he constantly jingled his bell while with the other he mixed in a brass bowl rice and milk which he poured over the idol. During this performance he chanted a rhythmic prayer the only intelligible words of which were "Great God, hear us," repeated again and again. Near him stood a man who sometimes joined in the prayer, and not far away a woman was tying prayer-rags to the bamboo branches. These were our sole companions on Observatory Hill.

The gray ghostly effect of the early dawn had disappeared, and the sun cast an exquisite pink glow over all. After half an hour of this glory the clouds again shut out our view but we felt that we had indeed been fortunate in two glimpses that had been afforded us.

That morning we wandered about the town. Owing to the extreme cold the bazaar had been closed, but we could still be interested in admiring the amazing clouds effects, and wondering how violets could bloom out of doors in January when we were ourselves so numb with cold.

In the afternoon of the same day we explored the queer little hill town of Bhutia Busti, and after much difficulty found our way through dirty lanes to the curious temple kept by Lama priests from Tibet. Here we were told that we might see the temple, and have our fortunes told by the prayer wheel, for eight annas in all; but we laughingly told the rough-looking men that we had seen much better temples for two annas. At once they offered to accept that price, but the dirty interior did not attract us, and we contented ourselves and them by paying the small fee and looking in through the windows.

The next morning again we were up before sunrise, and were on the point of stealing out for another excursion to the heights, when our host captured us and brought us back for chota-hazri, saying that the clouds were so dense we should get no view. Later, in spite of the clouds, we started for Jellapahar Hill, which is one thousand feet above the town, in the hope that if we did not see the distant

mountains, we should at least get some interesting cloud effects on the foothills and in the valleys below.

From Jellapahar there is a most remarkable perpendicular as well as horizontal view, for from this point when the clouds do not interfere one looks from the bottom of the deepest valley to the top of Kinchinjunga, a distance up and down of more than four miles.

As we gazed, suddenly the higher clouds melted away and there hung the snow peaks just in the middle of the sky, with perfect blue above, and a solid mass of white cloud below cutting them off entirely from the earth. We clapped our hands in our excitement at this wonderful and never-to-be-forgotten sight. It was even in a way grander and more impressive than the view of the day before. What seemed to us strange was that the higher we mounted, the higher The Snows seemed still to tower above us. Standing at 8,000 feet and looking toward heights which lifted themselves 20,000 feet still higher, the effect was beyond words to describe. From here the veil of cloud seemed to cover the Himalayas to about 14,000 feet, while the valley below us and the nearer heights were seen in all that beauty of chiaro-oscuro of which these mountains are capable. Above this veil, with fleecy clouds either crawling slowly across or lingering around their heads, rose the snows of Kinchinjunga and of the attendant mountains on either side.

Only a brief half hour, and then the clouds closing together from above and below shut in the mountains entirely for the rest of the day.

On the third and last morning a rap came at our door before we were up, and the voice of Mr. B. called: "The Snows are out and will be clearer soon." Dressing as fast as benumbed fingers would allow, we hurried to the front of the manse, and there before us stretched the white-ranged rosy-hued vision. In a moment the clouds were down again.

We had decided to walk over Jellapahar to Ghoom, a distance of about four miles. Two coolie women, one of them old and wheezy, carried our luggage, and walked ahead. Mr. B. walked with us, and his syce followed leading the horse on which his master was to ride home. Once more and for the last time we were fortunate enough to see those incomparable heights, and this time from several different points of view. As the road twisted and turned along the cliffs, we had glimpses of the peaks as the clouds now disclosed and now concealed them. Several times we thought we had seen them for the last time. Then once more a vista would open and there above us rose the snowy heads in all their glory.

At the station of Ghoom the ugly old hag known as the witch of Ghoom hovered about us in the hope of getting a few stray coins, till

she saw the camera pointed at her when she fled like a truly wild creature.

On the way down to Siliguri, although there was always much cloud, we had magnificent views and wondered not only at the beauty of the scenery but at the magnitude of the work done by the builders of the Darjeeling-Himalaya Railway. When toward sunset we came in sight of the lovely plain lying some two thousand feet below us, its green and grayish fields, its pools and river courses, shone like a mosaic of gold and silver, and it seemed to stretch away until it united with the sky in one limitless space—all filled with the glory of the sunlight.

This wonderful plain of India, almost as impressive and inspiring as the mountains themselves, was in this light a revelation of glory. Vast and mysterious, it stretched far, far away as we overlooked it from the mountain sides, and in the golden glow of the sunset it was impossible to say where earth ended. Such beauty of land and sky, such varying color and atmospheric effects, are rarely to be seen and never to be described in words.

As evening came on we left the toy railway with its tiny cars, and changed to the broader lines and more characteristically Indian train. Our faithful native boy gathered our traps together, not forgetting the precious though bulky roll of bedding, and while we refreshed ourselves with an excellent dinner at the comfortable station buffet, of the sort in which India fortunately abounds, he was preparing our reserved compartment for the night. The first-class cars of the country have two large and one small compartment the large ones for passengers, and the small one for the native traveling servants without whom you cannot be comfortable. Each compartment can accommodate four persons. Two broad seats, like couches and upholstered in leather, run lengthwise of the car, and at night two padded shelves are let down to form upper berths, if the compartment has not been reserved and four persons are to use it. At one end a small table holds books, tea-basket and other small belongings, while at the other a toilet room provides space enough to hang up clothing and enables one to dress in the morning in much greater comfort than in our own crowded but much-lauded Pullmans. But in India there are no dusky porters to "make you up with your head toward the engine." Each passenger provides his own porter and his own bedding as well. A canvas roll holds sheets, pillows, blankets and warm dressing-gown—for the nights are chilly in January. When you wish to sleep, your own boy comes from his little section at the end of the car, makes you comfortable and, almost before you know it, it is morning and he is standing at your side with a steaming hot cup of tea and nice crisp toast. Because

of the intense sunshine outside, the glass in doors and windows is blue and the light is thus made cool and restful.

At sunrise we were dressed and once more on the boat which took us slowly across the sacred Ganges River, and soon we boarded the train awaiting us. As we passed the station of Poradaha we remembered with amusement the accident which delayed us for an hour on our way up to the glory of Darjeeling. Two "goods trains" had come into collision and done considerable damage, but our engine driver had told us, with evident pride, that the American engine had knocked the one of English make quite off the track.

THE SORROWS AND JOYS OF AUTOMOBILING IN FRANCE

By Charles Wood

Close by the dock at Cherbourg, stood our automobile, engaged from a French garage. The chauffeur, in faultless costume, twirled his upturned mustache and looked us over with the same interest with which we examined him. As the baggage was brought out, we missed the rack for carrying a trunk, and the chauffeur nonchalantly announced that it had been broken as he was leaving Paris. "The carburetter," he added as we were ready to start, "was not in good humor," but he thought we might get to the hotel less than half a mile away, and while we were at lunch everything could be put in order.

This promise was fulfilled, at least to the eye, and our run in the afternoon between English-like hedges through Avranches to Granville, was a variegated delight. The next morning when the hour came for our start there was no merry "honk, honk" bidding us hurry. After looking long from the windows, I made inquiries about the garage, and there found the chauffeur, in a linen garment reaching to his feet—such as all French workmen and manufacturers wear when they are at work—engaged in some mysterious operations which he assured me would be over in half an hour, and which, as a matter of fact, were over in an hour and a half. A run to Mont St. Michel put us all in fine spirits. In that picturesque spot with rock-pinnacled church and monastery looking down upon us, and Madame Poulard's world-famous omelet and chicken before us, it seemed certain that only pleasant things could happen in the immediate future.

Half way to Dinard the chauffeur turned his head slightly and said, "The chains are badly worn. I will go to Paris from Dinard and get a new pair." We smiled at his naiveté in thinking we did not see through his little plan to have a day or so in the city that all Frenchmen, and so many Americans, love not wisely but too well. We said "Telegraph for the chains to be sent ahead. That will do as well." A great storm kept us in Dinard longer than we had intended, and we half repented not having sent instead of telegraphed, but we encouraged ourselves with the assurance that, after a run through Morlaix and Brest to Quimper, we should surely find the

chains waiting for us there. Had we known more, we should have hoped less. The French way of doing things is not our way. There were no chains at Quimper. There was not even a telegram to explain why.

"Now I must go to Paris," said the chauffeur. But now we were obstinate. We assured him the present chains were all right, and were in no danger whatever of breaking, that in all probability these particular ones would be in as good condition a month hence as now —and, while the words were yet in our mouths, there was an explosion like the dynamite bomb of a French anarchist. The chauffeur threw up his hands moaning "Tout est fini," and, looking behind us, we saw a long metallic serpentine something lying in the road, ready apparently to strike its fangs into one of our pneumatics. Slowly it dawned upon us that the truth was worse even than our fancy, and that this glistening coil was none other than one of the chains about which we had just spoken with such generous trustfulness. With the solemn dignity of an old Roman Senator, André descended from his throne, slowly opened his tool box and in the descending darkness and rain, both of which were coming down fast, he began the repairs. As he stood in the mud, with the water trickling down his neck, I saw for the first time that it was possible for a chauffeur to earn, in part at least, the exorbitant salaries they demand in France and elsewhere. At last the work was finished, and we limped along like a wounded monster, in "a land of green twilights and solitudes, a land of shining streams, of stately folk dwelling in chateaux, and of picturesque peasants full of the loyalty and piety of feudal times, and garbed in the most medieval and gorgeous costumes of any peasantry in Europe."

The fates were evidently on the side of André, and now, sad and penitent, we could only suggest that he should go to Paris for chains, and we would go for rest. In the garage at Paris we found it was well that our obstinacy had yielded to treatment, for the manager assured us that—though he had not sent us any chains in response to our pleading telegrams, for the good reason that we had not stated the exact size needed—it would in any case have been useless, as the "Grand Vitesse," the fast express in France, takes from a week to ten days per hundred miles. This comforted us somewhat with the feeling that it "might have been worse," and we parted cheerfully with André, as in chains he returned for the machine which he was to bring on in the shortest possible time.

The next day, André telegraphed that he was en route, but the next morning came another dispatch saying he was "en panne," a convenient idiom in French which may cover any misfortune from a punctured tire to a complete collapse of the motor. Two days more passed, and late one evening André arrived in a bad humor, not un-

like our own. Still, he condescended to say that a day in Paris would make the machine all right, and we agreed that he was to come to Monet for us on the third day. Soon after breakfast on the morning appointed the ever-faithful and dreaded telegram arrived: "En panne à Melun," and later a letter stating that on the way down, "while going at a snail's pace," which is the pace the French chauffeur loves—when he is a candidate for a position with timid Americans —"the front spring, without any raison d'être whatever," had deliberately and with malice prepense "broken itself." He would immediately return to Paris for a new spring and would come for us without fail the next day. This he did, the unpainted front spring, and the automobile's noticeable list to that side, advertising our last accident to the world.

The car now ran perfectly. The day was bright, the villages quaint, the country exquisite in wide fields of yellow and green; the road as hard and level as the seashore at low tide. Our spirits were high, and our confidence still unshaken that nothing thus far had been discovered equal to automobiling—under such conditions.

For days we ran on—through Vichy and Royat and Montdore and the Puy de Dome, to Le Puy. We no longer talked of our mishaps. They were beginning to seem like the happenings of some previous state of existence—when André rudely awakened us with the announcement, which seemed to give him a real pleasure, that the brakes were not working well and that it would be impossible to go into Italy as we had intended without having them completely repaired. This he was sure could be done at Lyons in a garage of which he knew, "in a very short time."

For Lyons then we started, and there we were assured that "the repairs could easily make themselves in two days." When the forty-eight hours had passed—not unpleasantly, for Lyons is a most interesting city for those not nervously waiting for an automobile which may be ready at any moment—the manager said "The work has been more difficult than we expected. Another day will be necessary." Unwisely, after it afterwards seemed, we decided to go on, and have Andrè join us at a point nearer Italy. We went to Aix-les-Bains—always popular and brilliant, and to Annecy, always sedate and beautiful. We waited for Andrè, who came not, but on the fourth day came his telegram saying that he was about starting for Grenoble. We hastened on to that university town, where so many Americans go most of them to buy gloves, but a few choice souls to study French and incidentally all the arts and sciences. There we found our telegram, which by this time we could read without opening—"En panne. Expect to arrive tomorrow evening." This came from a little town many miles off the direct route from

Lyons to Grenoble, a run which should take only a few hours. When Andrè did at last arrive, he explained that he had gone north, as he had been told that some of the best workmen in France were at a garage in a little village in that direction, and that the repairs were well done, and to-morrow morning, without fail, we might start for Italy.

On our way around to the garage a little before the time set for starting the next morning, I met Andrè puffing his cigarette with unusual vigor and giving many extra twists to his moustache. He was sorry to report that some new difficulties had been discovered as he was tuning up the machine for its long journey, but that a couple of days would undoubtely see everything in readiness. I said nothing, but walked on dejectedly by his side. I examined the motor with the keen eye of an ignoramus. I brought, later, a mechanical friend to give his opinion, and, when it was at last evident that Andrè had stated the exact facts, with almost Napoleonic rapidity I recognized my Waterloo and ordered a masterly retreat. Andrè was paid off on the spot and given a second class ticket for Paris. He would have had a first class ticket but for the presence of my mechanical friend who understood the customs of the country much better than I. The automobile was given into the hands of a forwarding agent who was to deliver it safely in Paris, but on our return to that city after a month in Venice, Cortina, the Engadine, we found that a small trunk left in the car had been broken open and rifled by "a tall," good-looking dark-haired man"—at least such we believe him to have been, from a series of Sherlock-Holmes inferences. Only a few articles had been purloined, and these were all wearing apparel, presents suitable for a blonde young lady. With the exquisite taste of a French thief, the robber had carefully selected such articles only, showing without any reasonable doubt that he took these things for the lady of his love, evidently rather a short blonde as he with equal certainty was rather a tall brunette, the type surest of finding favor in light blue eyes.

It is not to be supposed that this chapter of accidents which I have narrated, could find no counterpart except in Europe. A friend of mine in a 70 horse-power racer started from New York to Philadelphia a few weeks ago, expecting to reach home in three hours, as he had often done before. When nearly four times that many hours had passed, he found himself going down Broad street, ignominiously towed by a decrepit old horse! The question why, since these things are so, the automobilist will not soon become as extinct as the Dodo, may perhaps be answered by another question in a familiar couplet.

"We women have many faults, but men have only two.
Everything they say is wrong, and everything they do.
Since everything they say is wrong, and everything they do,
What fools we women are to love them as we do."

A brave automobilist, like a brave woman acknowledging the large amount of truth there unfortunately is in the charges made against the object of her love, might still insist that there are some things to be said on the other side. I am more interested at present in having the machine than the man get its due. While it must be confessed by the most ardent automobilist that the automobile has some faults, it may be cheerfully acknowledged that it also has many virtues. Superior creature as the average man thinks himself, the automobile adds immensely to his superiority over Space and Time. For the automobilist, the world is condensed practically into less than one-fourth of its former size. Distances off the railway lines, that once called for hours or days, are a matter of minutes. The white road, as it streches before you like some fabled monster waiting to drag out the heart of the pedestrian and the bicyclist, or the heart of the horse of the man who rides, looks as meek and submissive as if it recognized in this throbbing mass of metal, which you control, a master and tyrant whose will or whims it is alike useless to resist. Maeterlinck saw the conquered road coming toward him as he sat like an oriental despot in his automobile, "like a bride waving palms, rhythmically keeping time to some joyous melody. The trees that for so many slow-moving years have serenely dwelt on its borders, shrink back in dread of disaster. They seem to be hastening one to the other, to approach their green heads, and in startled groups to debate how to bar the way to the strange apparition. But as this rushes onward, they take panic, and scatter to fly, each one seeking its own habitual place, and, as I pass, they bend tumultuously forward, and their myriad leaves, quick to the mad joy of the force that is chanting its hymn, murmur in my ears the voluble psalm of Space, acclaiming and greeting the enemy that hitherto has always been conquered, but now at last triumphs—Speed." Time shares with its twin brother Space alike defeat beneath the wheels of Maeterlinck's automobile, and at the point of his poetical pen. To read his charming essay, "In an Automobile," is to make you feel that you can only be fair to yourself by getting in one at the earliest possible moment.

The automobile is the greatest of pathfinders. Sections of France that had almost forgotten their own existence, now find themselves in the glare of the acetylene light. Villages whose solitude had long remained unbroken, except by the rattle of the postman's chaise,

now echo with the "honk, honk" of numberless automobiles, assassins unfortunately of many senseless chickens and of occasional insane swine intent on suicide. In the heart of picturesque Brittany we came one day upon a village, miles from the railway, where a wedding procession was streaming from the parish church as we passed. It was a veritable gulf stream of the most bewildering and entrancing color. We had seen Marken peasants arrayed in elaborate costumes as evidently intended for exhibition as if they had been part of a museum, but these peasants of Brittany were of a very different sort. Their short jackets slashed with silver and gold braid, their ornamental waistcoats, their knee breeches, white stockings, low shoes with big buckles, were as a matter of fact to the men as the still more dazzling costumes crowned with impossible white caps—each town having an impossibility of its own—were to the women. That memorable moment with innumerable others of a similar sort we owed to the automobile.

The joy of the swift, almost silent, and unjolting rush of the automobile, is altogether indescribable. At first your only fear is that the car will go too fast, but in a little while your only regret is that it cannot go faster. A dancing dervish of a microbe takes possession of your brain. It runs its sting into a particular cell of your cerebrum, and from that moment your sense of speed is as lacking as an ape's sense of smell when a certain spot in his brain has been punctured with a wire. All automobilists should be subjected to both a physiological and psychological examination at least once a year for the detection of this microbe and for the prevention and possible cure of the injury it has inflicted.

Often have I wished, sweeping along over a perfect French road, thirty, forty or even fifty miles an hour, that I were a poet to write the song which the automobile was ceaselessly singing in my ears. Shut up somewhere in its iron box—if sounds might be trusted—were a dozen or more genii, such as Aladdin controlled with his lamp. With moans and muttered protests they began their work when the signal was given them by the turning of a crank, which they seemed to understand as well as Aladdin's slaves understood his signals. The moans and protests soon changed to a low hum of delight, like bees in a hive, as if our captives were enjoying their work of making haste while the sun shone. Then at last the hum of content became an Hiawatha-like song telling of the joy our prisoners had found in combining their forces for the defeat of man's old enemies. It was a song of Swiftness, of Strength, of Adjustment and Adaptation. It was a song suggesting all the sources of power with which man has not yet come into right relations, but which as soon as his eyes are open to see them will serve him as faithfully and as gladly

as the imprisoned genii of the automobile. Arrogant creatures are we, glorying in "our achievements," but without our lamp, the Lamp of Knowledge, we are abject slaves of dumb forces; frightened victims of Mystery, that only loses its terrors in the Light of the systematized discoveries of modern science.

VENICE

By Stephen Chapin

There is something about the Venice of to-day which though we think and speak of her lightly as in a decadent period, makes her more fascinating, it is suspected, than ever before, even in her supreme hour when Doges ruled and the flag of St. Mark's was feared on distant seas. She keeps the charm of utter novelty that has alone been hers above any other city. Her glory of art remains, and it is opulent history that enriches canal and calli and sunny piazza and campi, and almost every building in the enchanting sea town. There was a time when Venice, in the hands of the hated Austrian, let herself go disheveled and sat down and sulked and naturally lost for the moment some of her attraction. But all that is long passed. Our Venice of to-day is bright and laughing and as full of music and hope as at any page of her long story. There are those who visit her now who remember earlier visits when she was crushed and conquered, her population diminished more than half, her palaces crumbling too fast of their own accord, and helped on to ruin by their owners. That was the Venice that would not be resigned but only defiant and ashamed. But she began this century as part of United Italy and with over thirty years of freedom behind her, years in which there has been time to recover much of the old buoyancy and beauty, and to grow in wealth and enterprise; and it looks as if soon again she might number 200,000 citizens as in the old time. This Venice is a living city peopled with the most interesting of folk. Her manufactures are thriving. The spirit of her people is high.

As read of and told of, Venice gets a little stale. Everyone knows that it is a town built in the sea, and that there are canals, and that streets are narrow calli where it is difficult to get room to spread a good-sized umbrella when the shower comes. And all know that there are palaces—15th century, Gothic, Byzantine, Romanesque and Renaissance—and a great cathedral like no other structure under the sun; and which it is said it should be the aim of every educated man and woman to see; and that there is a sumptuous building of lace-like Gothic outside, with walls inside where the Venetian painters have left a splendid record of their art, and where a Council of Ten —with a mysterious inner Council of Three—once conducted the af-

fairs of the proud Republic and kept its citizens up to the mark by threats of paying close attention to any accusation—bitter attention to one of disloyalty—which was dropped into the lion's mouth at the entrance of their halls of meeting. It is remembered that there are bridges, and lagoons, and black boats—long and narrow and high beaked—and, yes, glass tortured into all sorts of beautiful and fantastic shapes and generally supposed to be inclined to a milky-white color tinted with blue, as if the milk were well watered.

Those not personally acquainted with Venice are quite sure to recall all this when the city is mentioned, and then they are pretty sure to be ready to talk of something else. So when one must tell of Venice, it is hard to draw the line between great enthusiasm that is apt to bore the hearers, and a restrained style of description that in no way does justice to the unique city, the alluring city, whose variety is as great as the moods of sea and sky can give; this Venice of which it has been told that when in the course of life she gets behind you, her voice is ever after in your ears calling as she always calls to those who turn away from her.

Venice is the city of the world having the most of an individual atmosphere. It takes only a few hours' acquaintance with her to let us see with Goethe why the Venetian had to become a new creature and to create a new type of home. Her founders were fairly driven from the face of the earth, and must build here on the marshy islands where strong currents flowed in eccentric fashion through a waste of shoal waters, creating paths in the sea which were plain to be initiated, but traps to the stranger navigator who could never know where it was safe to sail his boats.

Here the fugitives found shelter from every enemy no matter how strong in numbers. Here was the chance to live unmolested in troublous times, and to thrive, first in a quiet way, then to get into trade with the mainland until commercial prosperity was assured, and then to break on the world as a strong people ready for conquest. The Venetians lived up to every opportunity for advancement afforded them.

Their peculiarities were forced upon them, and from the beginning it was the peculiar city. We may feel certain that the first hut built by the fugitives on these low-lying Rivoalta islands of the salt lagoon to which they had fled, was erected on piles driven on the edge of a mud-bank, or so near it that a water path could be shaped in, and that there were steps built down to the low-water level where twice a day the sea half overflowed them. As other huts crowded in, and more room and even certain rude luxuries were called for, balconies were thrown out, overhanging the narrow canals, and then the waters reflected the lights of the little settlement and its colors and the colors of the shifting clouds. Beauty came quickly to Rivoalta, a beauty

which has endured. Her people, safe from all foes, were closed in by a great silence filling earth and sky off to a horizon of wonderful grandeur or wonderful grace, according as you look north or south. Music of course soon came, and a happy way of life. It is a very old Venetian proverb that runs:

"Bother not to hunt in vain;
What has not been stolen will turn up again."

We are told that the women of a race give it its characteristics. The sunny-natured, contented, bright and alert Venetians are the descendants of generations of housekeepers who were born and lived and died in a noiseless city, one where every window framed a picture, where there was no dust, where all refuse was cast on the waters with the surety that the tides would speedily carry it out of sight. It is no surprise that the Venetians developed in ways that were odd and splendid and loveable, and that the growing city had the same characteristics.

She has altered little. Crawford writes: "Here and there a small oil lamp burned before the image of a saint; from a narrow lane on one side the light streamed across the water, and with it come sounds of ringing glasses and the tinkling of a lute, and laughing voices," as his hero, back in the year 1470, went on his errand in Venice at night, sending his boat creeping quietly along the narrow ways. This is the experience of Venetian boys doing errands in the same canal streets right down through the ages. It is our experience if we will to call out Pietro and the gondola at night, and to go floating off from the gay front of the Piazatta, "the front door of Venice," and out of sight of the wide reach of the brilliantly illuminated Grand Canal with its music boats and swarms of gondolas, and to penetrate where tall buildings close us in from all but a narrow strip of star-lighted sky above, and where the only sounds are the lapping of the waters, and of that Venetian good cheer which seldom seems to fail.

Rivoalta was beautiful, we may be certain. Rebuilt on a grander scale and in stone and marble, it became the imposing Venice of the early Doges. It was in 1111 that St. Mark's was consecrated, the great church erected to hold the bones of the patron saint, bones which had been miraculously preserved from the fire that destroyed the first church of St. Mark's and everything else in it. For a hundred years, sea-captains returning from the gorgeous East were required to bring spoil of precious marbles and columns for the great Basilica.

There came the time of the "golden book" of Venice, and the ruling power falling into the hands of the hereditary nobility. Then the magnificent palaces rose on every hand. But Venice was a long time building yet. It was not until 1590 that the Rialto, with its glorious side spring of a single vast marble arch, made a cavern on the Grand

Canal where the bridge connects two calli that come to the water edge, one up stream and one down stream. There were more magnificent structures added in this era, and it is the Venice of the 16th century that it is our Venice. She is mellowed by the years, and her corners are a little rubbed, and now and then she shows an uneven façade where the foundations have given way, and she has more than one empty space which was once filled by a lofty campanile, but she is surpassingly lovely still.

It must be very much the same as in olden days when you float out on the lagoon and look at the sea city rising from her more than a hundred isles, a cloud of soft color with many domes and campanile breaking into the sky line. Off toward the east is the low stretch of the natural breakwater, the Lidi, shutting out the Adriatic, making it the servant to scour the city clean twice a day, and never permitting it to come in as an enemy who would sweep Venice away in short time if the narrow strip of islands did not stand on guard.

Over miles and miles of the shallow water as you turn to the southwest the Euganean hills mound up beautifully blue back of the low lines of green shores. To the north there are more miles of lagoon, and beyond Murano of the smoking furnaces there tower up the Dolomite Alps pale, stark, ragged, like stalagmites; and other Alps go higher still into the sky, and these hold aloft the gleaming white of eternal snows, and show glaciers glittering down their sides.

When the sunset hour comes, this stately horizon flushes to a gorgeous splendor of color that spreads down from the distant heights and across the waters, and sets your gondola afloat in a sea of richest fire opal. It is a wonderful show that never repeats itself, but always reappears a fresh scene of familar features, but with fresh beauty.

All the shores of the wide lagoon and its islands show a fringe of green vegetation, and here and there on the mainland and on the islets are seen miniature Venices with their feet in the water, and with rosy and delicately-tinted walls and campanili reflected below them. Over on the Lidi is seen the cluster of buildings at the stopping place of the boats from Venice, and the starting place of the horse-car line which carries the visitor across to the great bathing pavilion on the Adriatic shore and to the turquoise-blue sea beyond where the bathers disport in the water edge.

The lagoon itself is a wide sheet of water with its high-ways marked with warning stakes intended to help the mariner of our time, one who comes with peaceful purpose. There are some 20,000 of these fingerboards of the sea. The lagoon is a perpetual surprise to the stranger who puzzles over its deep sea channels where the ocean steamers and the men-of-war pass sedately and assuredly on to their anchorage at the head of the Grand Canal, while a few

yards at one side, and miles from shore, the fishermen may be wading ankle deep where a just submerged mudbank gives them a hidden footing. Beyond, the lagoon boats with their painted sails and often with delightfully high-colored loads of fruit and vegetables, go scudding along before the breeze, safe in a channel fitted to their drawing depth, while your own flat-bottomed gondola is carefully kept in its little path which may be shallower and therefore more direct than larger vessels must seek.

All this is outside Venice but it surrounds the sea city and Venice dominates it and has to be considered with its setting of the lagoon and the Lidi and the outlying isles and the distant mountains, or half the charm of the city cannot be realized.

The spell of Venice once felt is never ending. The Queen of the Adriatic turns her guests into lovers and keeps us true however far we stray from her. It takes only a chance word, a strain of music, the lapping of a wave, a touch of vivid color seen in a clear light, and the New World fades from about us. The witchery of a Venetian night, the long charm of a Venetian day, return, and in a moment we are a half continent and an ocean away, in a great city moored in the waters, and her streets rise and fall at the call of the tides, and rare silence is the distinctive note where all is motion and color.

"——from out the wave her structures rise
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand."

A REMINISCENCE OF EDINBURGH

By Dr. George T. Stevens

It was our first visit to Edinburgh and it was many years ago, yet the impressions gained on that occasion seem so much more vivid than those received from subsequent visits, when the pressure of duties other than those of a traveler for pleasure have weighed upon me, that now in attempting to recall and record some of the agreeable experiences of a visitor to that very interesting city, I shall confine myself to those of our earliest, and, I may add, our most enjoyable acquaintance with it.

We had been told by more than one of our friends that when we should visit Edinburgh we must make our home at the hotel of Mr. D. Hence, when our train rolled into the deep cut that divides the city, we directed the coachman who took our belongings and ourselves in charge to drive us at once to that address.

As our carriage rose to the street level we had the driver halt that we might dismount and look out upon the city. We were in the broad and beautiful Princes Street and near the famous and graceful monument of Walter Scott. As we looked westward the ancient Castle, perched high above us on its basis of rock, rested rude and impressive in that part of our field of view, while turning to the east we saw Calton Hill with its half finished monuments, and beyond, the imposing form of Arthur's Seat like a lion *couchant*, guarding the palace and chapel of Holyrood at its feet, itself flanked by the giant cliffs of Salisbury Crags. To our left, as we looked toward the Castle, rose the Old Town, its antique buildings, tier above tier of dingy stone, mounting one above another from their steep rocky foundations, structures of somber hue with here and there a touch of newness, all elevated to conspicuous heights overlooking the plain where we stood, and showing a wonderfully diversified and picturesque sky line, a line continued and finished by the harmonious peaks of the Pentland Hills in the distance. To our right, as we still looked westward toward the Castle, stretched the New Town with its blocks of fine modern buildings, its beautiful squares and circles, and its Queen's Gardens reaching out toward the shining Firth of Forth. We were looking up Princes Street with its monuments, its National Gallery and many fine buildings, the names

or uses of which we did not then learn, and between us and the Old Town, lay the Princes Street Gardens.

We stood entranced. Tales of romance and visions of great events seemed to crowd upon our senses and to surround us with a world of the past. We had seen many towns and cities in which centuries of wealth and miracles of art had combined to produce effects of beauty and grandeur, but before us was a scene of unusual beauty where nature and the necessities of man had wrought out a picture unique and remarkable.

We returned to our carriage with a feeling of reluctance, yet with the recollection that we had fasted since leaving York very early in the morning, and that a hotel and a breakfast were essential to our enjoyment.

The carriage drew up at our destination. We looked at the plain front and its unpretentious entrance and debated for a few moments whether we had not made a mistake and whether we should not return to a more attractive appearing hostelry. At length, however, we determined to try what was before us and, entering the building with our belongings following, we passed in front of the grill and presently met some American friends who were at that moment taking their leave and who, greeting us cordially, introduced us to Mr. D. and commended us to his care.

He was a man above medium size, genial, open hearted and ready to be of service to us.

As we were partaking of the tempting meal which was prepared for us at the grill which we had passed, we told him that since our stay in Edinburgh must be short, we would be obliged to him if he would furnish us with an intelligent guide for that afternoon, one who would aid us to get our first bearings so that in future we might the better see what we would wish to remember, for we had not yet learned how small the city really was. "I will give you a guide who knows more of Edinburgh than any other man in it," replied our host.

Our meal being ended we turned to Mr. D. with the remark that we were ready for our guide. "And the guide is ready for you," said he, as he gave his arm to the lady and led the way to the street. Not until we were making our way down Princes Street did we realize that we were to be "personally conducted" by Mr. D. himself. As we walked he pointed to one of the newer buildings of the University group on the height of rock opposite and remarked, "In that building a distinguished Doctor of Divinity was recently tried and convicted of heresy. We are improving in our manners here, for in the olden time we tried them and convicted them in the Old Tolbooth which stood just behind the building at which you are looking, and as soon after conviction as convenient we hung

them in the square just outside the court house and prison. Now we only relieve them of their office. You see we are very mild mannered, but perhaps we shall improve even on our present methods."

He led us into a fine bank, showed us its columns of Caledonian marble, then to the National Gallery where he called our attention to many objects of interest of which space forbids me to speak, and at length he conducted us through the Gardens and up to the Esplanade of the Castle.

As we approached the Castle gate we saw issuing from it a regiment of Highlanders preceded by a company of bagpipers, each soldier carrying not only his musket but his haversack, his knapsack and other accoutrements. The regiment had been ordered to India, and the men were leaving the Castle, where they had been stationed, en route for Glasgow to commence their long journey. Crowds of friends, mostly young women, were gathered along their route, shouting "Good-bye" and "God bless you," "Come back again"; the girls, whose handkerchiefs were not in use to brush away their tears, waving them as they called out their good wishes. The soldiers, dressed in their Highland garb, returned no salutations, but their faces showed that they were deeply moved as they got these last glances at the faces of those they held dear.

We must pass quickly over our visit to the Castle where we saw many things of great interest to us, for it alone would occupy more of space than we can claim.

In the evening I inquired how I might find the residence of one of the most distinguished citizens of the city, whom I had the honor of knowing and to whom I wished to pay my respects. Our host offered his services as guide, "for," said he, "Mr. B—— is one of my dearest friends and I will also gladly call upon him." Our visit over, as we strolled again toward Princes Street he remarked, "The time to see Old Edinburgh is at night and if you are not already too much fatigued I will show it to you." The offer was readily accepted and we were soon on the High Street from whence we passed to Cowgate, from which we turned into a narrow close. At its further end a single gas jet gave out a feeble light and we could see a group of half a dozen rough looking men standing near a door which led through the wall. At our approach every man removed his hat and saluted my companion by name. The man evidently on guard, a lusty fellow, opened the door and as he did so some of the ragamuffins made a rush to enter, but he seized them as though they were infants, swung them against the wall of the close and permitted us to enter while the others were kept out.

Within was a scene most strange to me. In a low, dingy hall of large size were gathered hundreds of men and women, evidently of

the poorest and most miserable class. As we were led to seats Mr. D. whispered that it was a meeting of the Salvation Army. It was my first introduction to that army and I greatly regret that I must pass it over for it was to me a most interesting occasion.

Leaving the hall, with its motley crowd and its almost suffocating smells, Mr. D. remarked, "As it is now midnight we will go to the police station to witness some of the effects of our national custom of whiskey drinking." Arriving at the station we saw, being led and dragged in, a score of more of "drunks and disorderlies" and as we turned away my guide remarked, "Now that you have got a glimpse of what whiskey is doing for us, I will take you to see one of the means that we are adopting to counteract the evil." He led me to a coffee house, one of about a dozen which, largely through his influence and exertions, had been established in different parts of the Old Town. We found a neat and comfortable suite of rooms, well supplied with newspapers and magazines, and, sitting in comfortable chairs, a few working men were reading and supping hot coffee.

It was two o'clock in the morning when we returned from this, to me, most remarkable excursion, of the events of which in this brief sketch I have been able to convey no adequate impression.

On the following morning our host went with us to the High Street, and discoursed most delightfully of the many objects of interest there. As we entered St. Gile's Church, its tower surmounted by that remarkably fine Gothic lantern, we could, as he spoke of the glories of old, almost imagine that we heard the voice of John Knox as he led in the grand reformation of Scotland, and as he waged his hand-to-hand fight with Queen Mary. "What are you in this Commonwealth?" exclaimed Mary. "A subject born within the same," responded the fearless man.

From the famous church it is only a step to the heartshaped symbol in the pavement which tells us of the site of the Old Tolbooth, the Heart of Midlothian, outside of whose walls had been witnessed the execution of an army of criminals and, during the days of the reformation, scores of men regarded as the worst criminals the rebels against the holy church and the advocates of civil and religious liberty who had preferred death at the gallows to a surrender of their convictions. From thence it is not far to the Grayfriars Church-yard where in one corner lies the bones of scores of the martyred covenanters who gave their lives at the Tolbooth for their country and their faith.

The old church-yard lies in grounds sloping back from the dingy church and surrounded by a high wall. The grass was green over the martyrs' graves, and the hundreds of white and pink English

daisies with which the grass was besprinkled seemed to tell us that the sufferings of those lying beneath were now turned into glorious victory.

Our visit to Holyrood Palace and to many other interesting spots must be passed over, as well as our excursions to Melrose, to Abbotsford, to Royslyn and elsewhere, but I cannot refrain from relating one or two incidents illustrative of our life with our obliging and genial host.

On Sunday as we gathered in the general conversation room the host announced that it was the custom in that house to observe family prayers in which all the members of the household and all the guests who desired were requested to unite. A room opposite had been prepared for those who preferred not to remain, but all would be welcome who choose to join in the brief service. No one rose to go, and long benches were brought in on which the servants were seated, the women uniformly dressed, each with a kerchief drawn about the shoulders and pinned across the breast; the men in clean and proper garments, respectful in their demeanor. Hymn books were distributed to all. A small reed organ led the music of the hymns in which every servant and all the guests joined; then Mr. D. read a passage of scripture and afterward invited one of the guests to lead in a prayer, "And he will not forget," said Mr. D., "our guest Mrs. ——, who was called to London by telegraph last evening by reason of the serious illness of her husband."

Mr. D. had told us that the friends taking their departure as we arrived, had been robbed of a large valise, containing many valuable articles, by the cab-man who drove them to his house. He had kept the police and private detectives busy in an effort to trace the missing articles, but thus far without success. On the evening preceding our departure, however, a detective brought the lost valise which Mr. D. declined to open till he had called us to examine the contents with him. Most of the articles of value were gone, but Mr. D. wished us to see that whatever was left of the valise and its contents might be delivered to our friend in London. As we were to go next morning from Edingburgh to Glasgow by train, his mission being only to deliver the charge into our hands at Glasgow rather than annoy us by its presence in our carriage. Remonstrance was of no avail, and we found Mr. D. and the valise at our hotel when we arrived.

When next, a few years later, I visited Edinburgh, circumstances required me to lodge at another hotel as we had urgent business with others who preferred one of the larger houses. I seized an opportunity to call at the house which we remembered so pleasantly, but saw only Mr. D.'s daughter, who informed me that her father

had died shortly before, that he remembered us and had often spoken of us. She later sent to me a printed memorial of her father in which was on record to many evidences of honor and affection in which this native citizen of Edinburgh had been held by the leading residents of the city.

IBRAHIM OF ALGIERS

By John Nikonow

He liked the blue skies, the deep sea and the sunshine, but he could not enjoy them now. His father had told him: "Ibrahim, you must learn to work."

And he had taken him to a house crowded with many little boys and girls. They did not play; they all sat along the wall and worked on the beautiful carpets. Most of the pupils were girls, and with their quick fingers they made a really nice job. An old woman took Ibrahim and put him at work with some other boys of his age.

It is really hard to work from eight o'clock in the morning until five o'clock in the evening. The fingers get tired and there is pain in the back also. And what was worst of all was that Ibrahim could not play with his new friends. All he must do was to try to pull the fine threads through the warp and to make the nice smooth rugs. Other boys were much happier to be allowed to play on the streets until they grew quite big, and then they got good work. They sold newspapers, cleaned and shined the shoes of the rich *"mousieu,"* and helped the old Arabs to sell the oranges, dates and matches. They worked on the boats, or fished. Ibrahim particularly liked fishing. He would never forget how he went last spring to fish with his neighbor. It was early in the morning, at six o'clock about. Gassan put a little white fish on the tackle, and threw it deep in the water. They sat on the big stones not far from the red steamer which took coal and wood for Tunis. The air was fresh and the water clear, although Ibrahim could not see very well the bottom of the sea in that place. Then suddenly Gassan jerked his rod, and from the water jumped something fearful and stuck to an empty barrel. Ibrahim yelled and ran away. He could not remember how or why.

"Come back here, you coward," laughed Gassan. "I will not take you fishing again."

Ibrahim came back, but could not approach very closely. On the barrel was a horrible animal with eight long legs moving about and twisting like big snakes. All these legs belonged to a body about ten inches long. And this fearful animal looked at Ibrahim and saw him. Its great wide-open green eyes scared the poor boy almost to death.

Gassan smiled and gave his left hand to the animal. The big snakes seized it quickly.

"Oh, don't!" cried Ibrahim, trembling from fear.

Then Gassan quickly cut the body not far from the green eyes. A deep sigh came from it and all the snakes hung powerless. The eyes lost their brightness and were veiled. Gassan cut the body and legs into small pieces and put them in his bag.

When they came home, Gassan's mother cooked the animal, and the whole family ate of it with the greatest delight. Ibrahim enjoyed it also, but for a long time he could not forget those awful green eyes.

Ibrahim came again and again to fish. He could also swim in a shallow place and collect sea-stars and shells. Sometimes people walking in the streets paid sous for these things. No, carpet making was not the work for Ibrahim.

"I would like better to learn to fish," said he to his father.

But he was not allowed to learn to fish. There was no money in it. Carpet making is an honorable and profitable job, and as for fishing—only the poor Turks and negroes fished. So the poor boy had to work on carpets and sit down all day long.

The rainy winter came and passed. Then the hot summer came again, with the brilliant Bayram. Bayram is a great holiday when nobody is allowed to work or study. And Ibrahim had a fine time. He spent all his days on the streets of the City of Algiers. He walked to the wharves to watch big steamers come in, and saw crowds of foreign people pouring from them with all kinds of trunks and satchels. An old lady once gave him a small silver coin for carrying her bag. The coin was not French, but it was good, and Ibrahim bought with it a handful of peanuts and two handfuls of sweet candies. The merchant gave him back five sous which Ibrahim gave to his father to his great surprise.

"Where did you get them?" his father asked. When he learned that Ibrahim had earned the money the old Arab got very angry.

"Don't you know that this is Bayram, a great holiday?" he shouted in his irritation. "No true Mohammedans must work at that time."

And Ibrahim got a whacking.

Now the father saw quite clearly that unless something was done his son was not going to be a true Mohammedan. So he decided to send him to the schools to learn the Koran.

This was only a little easier than making carpets. The teacher, old Mullah, knew how to make the boys work hard. They learned to read, write and count. And then they learned by heart the big Koran. It was not easy to understand some complicated sentences,

but the boys did not need to. They must only know them by heart, and repeat them, singing in a peculiar way.

Ibrahim had more time to play on the streets, but he was old enough now to earn money. And there was no question of how. By shining shoes, of course. It did not seem to his father a bad idea; so he bought the boy a whole outfit, a box, a couple of brushes, and the can with the shoe-blacking.

This job proved to be just as pleasant as profitable. The *"mousieu"* paid sous for shining, so that after five or six hours of work Ibrahim had a pocketful of money. Of course, his father took his money, but there were always some sous that slipped from the pocket into some hidden place and gradually accumulated.

Ibrahim had many friends now, all engaged in the same business. Their friendly relations suffered often from the keen competition when some *"mousieu"* came and seemed to want his shoes shined. A little fight was sometimes quite necessary to determine who would take the job. The boys ran one after the other in the middle of the street, and the boxes and brushes flew about freely in the air, going at times as far as the windows of the Cafe Bordeaux. And the boys would dodge under the tables of the street cafe, getting kicks from the angered *"mousieus,"* and still more important teaching from the *garçons.*

Such fights happened not very often, however. Sometimes the boys came to an agreement and divided the whole street and the Place de République into small sections, each under the rule of one boy, and he could exercise full power over all gentlemen coming into his region and wanting to have their shoes cleaned.

Sometimes his father took Ibrahim into the mosque to pray to Allah. And the boy was very proud of this, and glad that he was a man, for he knew no woman was ever allowed to go into a mosque.

Very soon Ibrahim found other work. Three times a week steamers of the French company, *Messageric Maratime,* came to Algiers, and brought crowds of tourists of all nations. And these foreign *"mousieus"* used to buy almost everything; pins, sea-shells, skins of the sand snake, buttons, pictures. They paid big money although foreign, but Ibrahim soon learned all foreign coins, and never was afraid to take good ones, and he could count them properly in French sous and centimes. Ibrahim with his boy competitors solicited every respectable looking person, in order to induce him to buy some of the contents of the baskets.

It did not take much time for Ibrahim to recognize what nationality a *"mousieu"* was; a clean-shaven face unmistakably revealed the Anglo-Saxon origin of its possessor; a big, fat face with rosy cheeks and heavy moustache belonged of course to a German; Span-

iards with their whiskers, and Frenchmen with sharp beards, were well known, too. And it took but little time to learn how to converse with all these when selling them goods. Ibrahim noted very soon that people when asked in their own languages were much more willing to buy and pay fair prices.

Ibrahim got rich very soon, rich enough to buy a little *"canot"* with two sculls and a nice bit of carpet to cover the seat in the stern. The *"canot"* cost twenty francs, ten of which his father loaned him. He knew it was worth double. And now indeed there was real pleasure in sailing over the bright sea and so far away from the shore that Algiers became a little spot of white stone surrounded with endless green gardens that ran up to the blue mountains behind and on both sides.

But there was money in the *"canot,"* too. That was why Ibrahim bought it. There were always some French or foreign warships and commercial steamers anchored in the middle of the port, and many people came to and from these ships, and they paid their fares with silver coins.

It was easy money for Ibrahim. All he had to do was to lie on the hot stones near his *"canot,"* and wait until *"mousieu"* came and asked to be taken *"sur le bateau."* Then Ibrahim looked into the deep blue skies, thought a little, and declared his price: *"Dix sous"*—a half franc or ten cents.

If *"mousieu"* was a Frenchman he would worry very much about the price. But Ibrahim paid little attention to that. He knew the price was high, but it was not excessive, and many paid it. So he would answer solemnly in case the customer demurred:

"Then stay where you are."

This occasioned more worry and sometimes profanity, but it brought finally the *dix sous* desired.

But Ibrahim was at the same time generous. When there came sailors who had missed their regular boat, and were afraid of punishment for being late, he never asked more than four sous, particularly if they wore French blue caps with white stripes, and a red ball on top.

On a certain bright spring day there came all at once seven dark green torpedo-destroyers with high prows, and a large white transport was with them. These poured out hundreds of sailors in wide-brimmed caps. They were Americans. The boy knew what stars and stripes meant on a flag. He was very glad and not without reason: Americans had always ready money to pay high fares. And when he asked ten cents they never argued, even the ordinary sailors. They were good, rich men. They did not drink as much as Spaniards and Italians, but they liked to rent nice cabs and automobiles and

ride in the mountains and orange woods. The only bad thing was, that all the Americans sailed away after only three days. But they may come again. Ibrahim is quite sure they will. And he is waiting for them now.

FARTHEST NORTH AND THE PROBLEM OF THE POLE

By Robert E. Peary, U. S. N.

The natural boundary of the United States on the north is the North Pole—nothing else. In my last expedition I carried the Stars and Stripes within two hundred miles of the Pole, and I am fully persuaded that the conquest of those remaining two hundred miles will be the glory of the United States. The "Roosevelt," in which my last voyage was made, is the first American ship built for Arctic exploration. Constructed of American timber in an American shipyard, upon plans which were the result of American experience, fitted with American machinery, the "Roosevelt" went north by what is known as the American route, as a typical American entry in the great international race for the North Pole. So far she holds the championship flag. She must not let go that flag, for its proper and permanent place is upon the same masthead from which flutter the Stars and Stripes.

I propose in my next expedition to follow the same programme and route as in the last, with such modifications as have been suggested by the experience and discoveries of the last expedition. I shall use the same ship, the "Roosevelt"; shall follow the same route north, via Sydney, C. B., Straits of Belle Isle, Davis Straits, Baffin Bay, and Smith Sound; shall use the same methods, equipments and supplies; shall have minimum party of white men, supplemented with Eskimos; shall take on these Eskimos and dogs in the Whale Sound region as before, and shall endeavor to force my ship to the same or similar winter quarters on the north side of Grant Land as in the winter of 1905-6. Wintering here will be essentially the same as in 1905-6, though I expect next time to avoid the distribution of my dogs and a large portion of my party through the interior of Grant Land during the winter, enforced in the last expedition by the poisoning of the whale meat which I had purchased for food for my dogs.

The sledge work will begin as before, in February, but my route will be modified as follows: First, I shall follow the north coast of Grant Land as far west as Cape Columbia, and possibly beyond, instead of leaving the land at Point Moss, as I did before.

Second, leaving the land, my course will be more west of north

than before, in order to counteract or allow for the easterly set of the ice, discovered during my last expedition, between the north coast of Grant Land and the Pole.

Another essential modification will be a more rigid massing of my sledge divisions en route, in order to prevent the possibility of a portion of the party being separated from the rest by the movement of the ice, with insufficient supplies for a protracted advance, as happened on the last expedition.

The main features of my program are; First, the utilization of the Smith Sound or "American" route. This must be accepted to-day as the best of all possible routes for a determined, aggressive attack upon the Pole. Its advantages are in a land base 100 miles nearer the Pole than is to be found at any other point of the entire periphery of the Arctic Ocean, a long stretch of coast line upon which to return, and a safe and (to me) well-known line of retreat in the event of mishap to the ship, independently of assistance.

Second, the selection of a winter base at Cape Sheridan, which commands a wider range of the central polar sea and its surrounding coasts than any other possible base in the Arctic regions. Cape Sheridan is practically equidistant from Crocker Land, from the remaining unknown portion of the northeast coast of Greenland and from my "Nearest the Pole," the culmination of my dash northward in 1906.

Third, the use of sledges and Eskimo dogs. Men and the Eskimo dogs are the only two machines capable of such adjustment as to meet the wide demands and contingencies of Arctic travel. Airships, motor cars, trained Polar bears, etc., are all premature, except as a means of attracting public attention.

Fourth, the use of the hyperborean aborigine (the Whale South Eskimo) for the rank and the file of the sledge party. It seems unnecessary to enlarge upon the fact that the man whose heritage is life and work in that very region must present the best obtainable material for the personnel of a serious Arctic party.

The object of the new expedition is the clearing up, or at least the fixing in their general proportions, of the remaining large problems in the American segment of the polar regions, and the securing for the United States of that great world trophy which has been the object of effort and emulation among practically all the civilized nations of the world for the last three centuries.

To many persons, even of more than ordinary intelligence and wide reading, all Arctic work is simply an effort to reach the Pole. To such the following facts will be of interest. The incentive of the earliest northern voyages was commercial, the desire of the northern European nations to find a navigable northern route to the fabled wealth of the East. When the impracticability of such a

route was proven, the adventurous spirit of Anglo-Saxon and Teuton found in the mystery, the danger, the excitement, which crystallized under the name North Pole, a worthy and still unconquered antagonist for their fearless blood.

The results of northern efforts have been to add millions to the world's wealth, to discover some of the most important scientific propositions, and to develop some of the most splendid examples of manly courage and heroism that adorn the human record. While these efforts have steadily circumscribed the area for new discoveries, they have also ripened the time for the final culmination of the work and the closing of the last chapter.

Thorgh the unknown area has steadily decreased, there is still ample room in the two or three million square miles of yet unknown area for startling surprises in geography and the natural sciences. Not that anything abnormal is to be expected—for no revelation of marvelous geological formations will be found. The conditions existing between the Pole and the furthest point reached by me are not likely to be different from those found in the last stage of my journey. There will be no open Polar Sea, no Semmes Hole giving access to the center of the earth, no circular ice-caps; in fact, no physical conditions perceptible to the senses outside of the well-known fact that to an observer at the Pole heavenly bodies travel horizontal paths.

Polar exploration to-day combines in intimate coördination two objects—the attainment of the Pole as a matter of record and national prestige, and the securing of all possible geographic, hydrographic and other scientific information from the unknown regions about the Pole. Though my last expedition did not attain the Pole itself its result were not without value and can be summarized as follows:

To the popular mind has been given the satisfaction of feeling that the Stars and Stripes stand first, and that we possess a new world's record in a field in which the most enlightened nations of the world have been striving to emulate each other for three centuries.

To the geographer is given the satisfaction of having his horizon greatly widened in the western half of the polar basin; of being able to fill in annoying blanks, upon his charts, and of looking forward with anticipation to detailed explorations of new land discovered. Added to this also is the definite determination of the insularity of Greenland—the Arctic problem which Sir Clements Markham, President of the Royal Geographical Society, characterized as being second in importance only to the attainment of the Pole itself.

To the zoölogist comes the discovery of the beautiful white Arctic reindeer, ranging to the very limit of the most northern lands, from Robeson Channel westward to the one hundredth meridian, and the

bringing home of a complete series of some fifty skins of this species: the securing of the first specimens of the beautiful salmon trout of Lake Hazen, and a wider extension of the known range and abundance of the musk-ox, the Arctic hare, the fox, and the existence of animal life, as represented by seals, to the very highest latitude reached, within some two hundred miles of the Pole.

The oceanographer has for his share a new series of tidal observations, samples of the bottom obtained from soundings off more than half of the north Grant Land coast and down Smith Sound to Cape Alexander; a cross-section of the American outlet to the Polar Sea at its narrowest point, and new information in regard to the character and movements of the ice in the Central Polar Sea, resulting in the demolition of the paleo-crystic sea theory.

For the glacialist there are the numerous inert or comatose glaciers of the North Grant Land coast which Aldrich took for snow-covered points of land, and the great glacial fringe of North Grant Land from Hecla westward, which when its features are known will appeal very strongly to investigators in this field.

To the geologist the discovery of fossils at Cape Hecla and at the most western point attained, will be of interest.

For the ethnologist there is a new and complete census of the entire tribe of Whale Sound Eskimos for supplementing and comparison with previous censuses made during the past sixteen years; also additional photographs and measurements of these people, and an extension of the known range of their ancestors in the high northern latitudes.

To the practical explorer, particularly those who will yet wrest their final secrets from Arctic and Antarctic regions, the experience of the expedition, its freedom from sickness and death, especially scurvy, which has been the bane of so many expeditions, even up to some of the later Antarctic ones; its methods and equipment; its rapidity of travel, and its evolution of what I believe will be the type ship for Arctic and Antarctic work—able to fight or drift or sail equally well, as circumstances may demand—afford valuable lessons.

For the meteorologist have been obtained thermometric, barometric, and allied observations, carried on through what was undoubtedly a distinctly abnormal season.

In view of the above, and the fact that the work has defined the most northern land in the world, and fixed the northern limit of the world's largest island, the expedition can hardly be regarded as a useless expenditure of time, and effort, and money.

To the popular mind the fact that our flag is in the lead is the one that appeals with instant strength; and I do not wonder at it, for any record that represents a manly test of brains and body is

a distinct asset to any nation, and when the wires tell the world that the Stars and Stripes crown the North Pole, every one of us millions, from child to centenarian, from farm laborer and delver in the mines, up to the "first gentleman" in the land, will pause for a moment from consideration of his own individual horizon and life interests, to feel prouder and better that he is an American and by proxy owns the top of the earth.

But the scientific results of the last expedition are the immediate practical ones, and British and foreign commentators do not obscure or overlook them; and these results together with the expedition's non-loss of a man, entire freedom from sickness in any form, and the safe return of the ship, have had their friendly comments.

The "Roosevelt" has been thoroughly repaired from her last struggles with the ice, has been fitted with two new boilers of 500 horse power each, making her now an abler ship as regards power than she was three years ago. She is abundantly stocked with provisions and equipment for Arctic work, and is now waiting for the time to come to again point her nose to the northward.

If conditions are no worse in the next season than they were during the last voyage I shall hope to accomplish the object of the expedition and return in about fifteen months—that is in October, 1909. I am prepared, however, for a stay of three years if necessary.

And now as a final word let me say: The discovery not only of the North, but of the South Pole as well, is not only our privilege, but our duty and destiny, as much as the building of the Panama Canal and the control of the Pacific.

The canal and the control of the Pacific mean wealth, commercial supremacy, and unassailable power, but the discovery of the Poles spells just as strongly as the others, national prestige, with the moral strength that comes from the feeling that not even century-defying problems can withstand us.

Accept my statement,—the attainment of the North and South Poles (the opposite ends of the earth's axis) by American expeditions would be worth to this country many times the few thousands needed, just for the closer bond, the deeper patriotism resulting, when everyone of the hundred millions of us could say, "The Stars and Stripes float at both ends of the earth's axis and the whole world turns about them."

TO THE MIDNIGHT SUN

By F. Louise Warr

The season for a voyage to North Cape, for the sake of seeing the midnight sun, is from the middle of June to the end of July. However, in no itinerary must the phrase "weather permitting" be given greater prominence. Persistent sight-seers tell of three and four journeys taken to this northern point before seeing the object of their visit. Sometimes a cloud may cover the sun at the all important moment, or a rain storm may occur, or the winds may be so high as to make the landing impossible. The boat cannot remain beyond its schedule time and there is no convenient spot where the traveler may await another night. He can only return to Trondhjem, the starting point, pay his $80 a second time, and try again on the next week's trip. Fortunately Norway has much to offer besides the midnight sun, much that may be counted on in spite of weather and seasons, in spite indeed of any adverse conditions.

There are various ways of reaching Trondhjem, the starting point for this tour, but having landed first in Christiania, we found it best to come direct by rail and thus have a day for final preparations and for seeing this most interesting old city. The broad streets, built wide to avoid the danger of fire common to all the timber-built cities of Norway, at once attract attention. It is in the Cathedral of Trondhjem that all kings of Norway must be crowned and, since it dates from 1151, there is much to interest one in the history as well as in the plan of this, the grandest church in Scandinavia. The shops also have their special charm and when one sees the quaint figures of the church carvings wrought into silver brooches, the blue bells made everlasting in transparent necklaces and the magnificent drinking horns, thoughts fly to absent friends, but if you buy you are lost, for of souvenirs there is no end. Much better is it to check this mad desire to possess and instead to go for a pretty carriage drive to the Lerfos where a quaint restaurant in the early Norwegian style offers a cheering cup of tea.

At nine o'clock in the evening of July 18th, in a dusk that belied the hour and was the beginning of the weird confusion of night and day that was to follow, our boat, the "Neptun," left Trondhjem. There were eighty-nine passengers and, as sixty-two were Americans,

all the grandeur of the Norwegian fjords and the mysteries of nature were essential to make the traveler realize that he was out of his native waters.

The first event to be celebrated by any ceremony was the crossing of the Arctic Circle. The incident was announced by the firing of the ship's cannon. The performance was entrusted to the girls of the different nations on board the steamer. The picturesque rocks about this geographical line suggest a pleasing bit of Norse mythology. To the left is the island of Hestmand resembling a horseman with his cloak falling about him. In times past he was an ardent lover and wooed the fair giantess Leko, now a prominent rock. When his suit proved vain he aimed his arrow at her heart and this in its flight pierced the mountain of Torghattan, leaving the tunnel, which tourists now frequent, some 400 feet above the sea. The shot of Hestmand so grieved Leko's seven sisters that they at once turned to seven finely shaped hills. The sceptical traveler may wonder at the arrow which could turn so many curves, but tradition has established the fact and were a newcomer to doubt he would exert himself in vain.

The first stop was for the Svartisent (Black ice) Glacier, an enormous expanse of ice and snow covering a plateau 4,000 feet in height and reaching down almost to the water's edge. It well deserves its name but, incongruous as it may seem, dainty blue-bells wave in rich abundance at its base.

Upon our landing at Tromso, a town of 7,000 inhabitants, we were greeted by crowds of lazy Lapps offering crude bone toys for sale. Though it was then nine o'clock, it was daylight and work was progressing to celebrate the arrival of King Haakon and little Prince Olaf next day.

However, a suppressed excitement overcame us that no town or strange race of people could arouse—that night we were to have our first glimpse of the midnight sun. Where the ship casts anchor to await the spectacle, the view is even more impressive than from North Cape. A rocky island stands against the horizon, and to its left is the sun all red and gold which drops from view for less than half an hour and then again rises to take up its course for another day. Then the voyage continues and weary passengers go to rest till the boat again stops its throbbing and even within the ports comes the peculiar odors of drying fish and cod-liver oil which, we know by repute, only the town of Hammerfest can give forth. It was Sunday when we landed here. The Sabbath calm was restful and the quaint appearance of children and young women in the Norwegian holiday costume donned for the day, made the walk about the town distinctive.

On continuing the trip, the passing of the bird rocks makes an-

other occasion for cameras and for the interruption of afternoon naps which one would fain enjoy when so much of night is turned into day. At first one sees only a few gulls flitting about the steep perpendicular rocks, but at the firing of the cannon discharged to arouse them they come from every crevice and the air seems to be full of bits of fluttering white paper. A little further on, projecting like a mighty wedge into the vast sea, North Cape though only 968 feet in height presents a majestic appearance. In its shadow the boat stops to await the hour of night and passengers beguile the time with deep sea fishing. In this pastime novices become experts and the sailors prove capable instructors.

Toward ten o'clock, when the light would suggest that it might be four, the small boats put off with all passengers whose hearts and legs are sufficiently strong for a fifty-minute stiff climb. The ascent is steep and, at places, swampy and stony. The path is provided with a rope fastened to iron stanchions and alpine stocks may also be bought here to assist the climber. At the top of the plateau, after stumbling across a moor in a dense fog, a small pavilion is reached where according to the demand poor champagne and good post cards are sold. Though it is the custom to quaff champagne in honor of this occasion, yet the fact that it is dispensed at five dollars a bottle in a luke-warm state deters many from observing the sacred rite.

A few minutes before twelve we were all outside watching anxiously lest a cloud should pass at the critical moment. A mist came up and then was gone and, when from the ship below the cannon proclaimed the hour midnight and the moment of sunset and sunrise were one, we looked out on an immeasurable ocean with only a suggestion of land in the distance. Just above the horizon was the northern sun with the work of one day ended and the next already begun.

After such a sight it would seem that further journeys must be prosaic but the return was no less interesting than the journey thither. At Lyngseidet where the Lapps were less eager to witness us than at Tromso, we sought them. The Lapps are one of the causes of friction between Norway and Sweden and represent a common obligation.

Our boat took up wanderings we had either slept through or skirted by on our journey out and it seemed as if we were returning by another route. The Lofoten Islands afforded beautiful glimpses of snowy peaks and of moss-covered walls of rock rising precipitately from the sea for thousands of feet. Here our small steamer gliding in and out of the narrow straits proved its advantage over the large touring vessels which frequent those waters and remain afar off on the out-skirts. We sailed easily in and out of passages enclosed

by huge, furrowed mountains with narrow roofs of cloud above and listening to strange echoes which rolled back to our little party. The Raftsund is the grandest of these narrow bodies of water.

A week from the day we were back in Trondhjem, well satisfied and glad we had taken the chance of seeing the midnight sun.

We had had a delightful journey with all the pleasures of sight-seeing and none of its weariness and confusion, and to the enjoyment of visiting a strange country with its peculiar customs had been added a crowning event,—we had seen Nature's grandest phenomenon, a day without its night.

ALONG THAMES WATERS

By Boughton Wilby

Near one of the arches of that English "Bridge of Sighs," London Bridge, beneath which the sullen current of the Thames pours gloomily seaward, there is a spot where, at certain stages of the tide, the waters whirl in an unceasing agitation. There, says tradition, in far-off terrible days, a company of Jews were thrown in and drowned. Men once believed that the uneasy bubbling of the flood dates from the day when it coldly stifled the death cries of these perishing victims. It is as if that stream of tragedy, which has helped and hidden so much of ghastly crime, had somewhere a conscience of its own and, remorseful though the ages for having been the accomplice in wickedness so awful, betrays its secret trouble even to the present hour.

This gloom and disquiet, however, manifest themselves only in the waters near the city. Along its earlier course the river, unmindful of any wrong, is a stream of rest and beauty, of gentle backwaters, of flower-decked house-boats and bordering lawns which run lovingly to the water's edge from the ivy-colored walls of stately homes or ruined abbeys—a stream which sounds the most characteristic note in all the melody of England's peaceful beauty.

Though at Kew the waters of the Thames have lost their gloom, they are still of a dull and neutral tone. But at Richmond the dulness gives place to light and a peculiarly "live" quality. Lacking always definite color, and reflecting but transiently in the shallows the blue of an azure sky, it yet seems to catch the sunshine eagerly, greedily, and gleams and flashes with dazzling brilliancy. Tints it has—tints that are merely suggested, never strong or violent; the feathery, delicate half-tones of tiny-leafed foliage limned tenderly in half-lights along a gently-rippled surface—the sort of coloring that best expresses and matches the spirit of rest with which the Thames enwraps the soul.

During the spring and summer months the Thames is alive with pleasure craft. Steamers ply to and fro as far as Oxford with an unwontedly deferential air for steamers, luxurious private launches are much in evidence, and the river is dotted with the straight-lined

gigs and the more buoyant-looking skiffs, and hundreds of those peculiar products of the Thames—the punt.

The punt, be it known, is the gondola of England. It is about twenty-six feet long, and is propelled either by canoe paddles from the end locked seat—on which by the way "two's company and three's none"—or by a fourteen-foot pole weighing about eight pounds. It has a flat bottom, the two ends having an overhang, which gives to its motion something of the buoyancy of the gondola. Its lines do not exactly appeal to the imagination; yet it is far more luxurious than the Venetian prototype, since it allows of four people stretching themselves at full length upon the inviting cushions. And withal it is often a smart-looking rig, the sides being of mahogany, the bottom of pine and the frame and treads of teak. There is, however, another feature of the queer craft which it is essential to know—the ubiquitous punt girl. She is a type which should have been put to the pencil of a Dana Gibson long ago. A girl of this kind, in billowy-airily-light river dress, with lovely complexion and a soft cultivated voice, managing her punt skillfully and gracefully, is something worth going a long way to see and—admire.

It was on a sunny July morning that four of us, with the fair sex in the welcome majority, set out from Richmond in our own particular skiff for a week's pleasuring on the Thames. She was the smartest of smart skiffs, with swivel rowlocks and brand new painter and lines, broad of beam and yet buoyant, and with a lot of speedway on her with two pairs of sculls out in the tideless upper reaches of the river. Besides ourselves, there was stowed away in the boat a welcome cargo of necessities for lunches and delightful picnics, and the "five o'clocks" where the deep shades of the river trees call to the traveler from the cool of the islets and the ivied walls. For the further sustenance of the inner man, there were the wayside inns and hotels where we planned to spend the nights, with everything at the best and worst, as purse or time might allow. The trip was to cost us less than two dollars a day per person, including the hire and incidental expenses of the boat.

By setting out from Richmond in tow of a friendly launch we had avoided the necessity of "sculling," against the strong current of the river. Here, too, where the bent bow of the old bridge gleams white as marble in the sun, we were on the very threshold of Beauty Land, and within a stone's throw of the first and largest lock at Teddington. Soon we were level with that famous spot, "Twickenham Ferry," and a curious reminiscent sensation seized us—a sensation of association with childhood's jingles and a hundred heroes of old-time songs. We half expected to see the original boatman in quaint Georgian costume come across the head of the

island from the shelving strand of Ewickenham and hail us once again in lusty tones:

> "Ohoi! Ye Ho! Ho ye Ho! Who's for the Ferry?
> The briar's in bud, the sun's going down:
> And I'll row ye so quick and I'll row ye so steady."

From Teddington Lock we sculled slowly up the river to Kingston, where we moored the skiff and took a delightful ramble about the quaint streets of the old town, inspecting the ancient Saxon crowning stone from which the town takes its name. It was late in the afternoon ere we reached Hampton Court and ended our first day amid the scenic and historic glories of the Palace and the neighboring chestnut glades of Bushey Park.

We were fortunate in our weather, and the next morning being fair and warm, we made an early start for Windsor—heralded long ere we reached it by the turrets of England's greatest school, Eton, and the towers of the royal castle, grim, yet home-like and liveable in its setting of spacious forest and peaceful meadow.

It was during these early days of our river trip that I made my first attempt at "punting"—and never shall I forget that evil moment. My English friends were insistent that it was the simplest thing in the world to "pole." I pushed off amid ironic cheers, but my "poses" were soon destined to excite a lively compassion, and I was informed that it was a pity to waste such wonderful muscular strength. Punting indeed had looked easy enough, but I soon found that my dreams of importing the grace of the Venetian gondolier to Thames' back-reaches were already dissipated. The boat persisted in going round in circles and the pole insisted on getting under the gunwale and almost taking me with it. Sometimes I know I looked like Blondin crossing Niagara. Then the girls gave me encouraging shrieks and sang to me crooning love songs of boatmen crying "Stali, Stali!" till finally the punt caught the jeering spirits of my petticoated tormentors and—it must have been from sheer professional disgust—left me clinging to the pole in mid-stream.

We had the good fortune to reach Boulter's Lock, in the vicinity of Maidenhead, on one of the Sundays when these water portals form the most fashionable spot in the Empire. Society crowds the Thames each Sunday after the Ascot races, for if Henley be the heart of clubland and regatta gaiety, surely Maidenhead is the very center and core of aquatic loveliness. The main stream here runs in a valley, of which one side rises sheer from the water sharply and steeply. Looking much higher by virtue of their tree-crowned summits are the famous woods of Taplow Court and Cliveden, and as

one glides into the narrow lock of Boulter's, one thinks not so much of the gaping dragon-like jaws which seem about to engulf the helpless craft in the torrential rush of waters as of the fairyland to which this seems the threshold. Once within the lock, we found ourselves moving upward—up, up, until our heads were bobbing above the sides of the lock. A hasty plunge at the rowlocks which had caught in the chains and threatened to capsize us—a push from one of the other boats which was bumping us unceremoniously—a spiteful shove with our boat-hook at the painted sides of the Juggernaut launch which almost overwhelmed us with the overhanging stern—and our troubles were over. We were on the level of the world again, and there was a minute or two of peace while the lock-keeper collected the six cent lock dues.

It was a congenial, good-natured crowd—smart, well-groomed, easeful—that presently glided out beyond the big creaking water doors, and past the weir with its broad expanse of foaming water and gentle roar. From single file, the boats at last scattered, and we were alone again in full view of the glorious Cliveden Woods. How we longed to land in this El Dorado! The splendid mansion which crowns the heights and looked down upon us from a bosky opening, as if to emphasize the flatness and barrenness of the opposite bank, was recently the property of that rara avis, an American Englishman, Mr. William Waldorf Astor. Mr. Astor was the owner at the time we were there, and he has caught the true English spirit—that love of privacy which gives to English homes, humble or princely, the finished setting of a framed picture. The woods are gloriously beautiful. Sometimes they appear as black as night; at others they seem to partake of the nature of a grayish woolly mist; again they have the gorgeousness of coloring of an American autumn; and their light and shade effects on the water constitute an unending charm for the soul of the artist. The trees are of many tints. Here are oak and beech, their vivid green diversified by the darker tone of evergreens; while there a stiff Lombardy poplar draws a line in the irregular masses of foliage, and the wild clematis throws shawls of greenery from tree to tree.

At Bray, a short distance up the river, we had the amusing experience when we awoke in the morning, of finding that the goodly and buxom landlady of the inn behind the church had scattered us like the Twelve Tribes of Israel. The night before, for want of bedroom space, we had been unconsciously given over to the tender mercies of the neighboring butcher, baker and candlestick maker along the main street. At first we were at a loss to locate each other, but presently we recognized ourselves by our peculiar whistle, and putting our heads out of low latticed windows, had endless peeps

of old houses falling out of the perpendicular, cable-ends, overhanging stories, and creeping vines and wisteria covering outlines of ancient buildings. Later in the morning, as we wandered about the hamlet, associated with the world-famous vicar of the song, we agreed that the most picturesque landmarks of Bray were the almshouses, familiar to the world from Fred Walker's picture "The Home of Rest," though we had to confess that they looked disappointingly fresh in their air of recent "done-upedness." Naturally we looked inquisitively about for the worthy successor of the famous prelate who so repeatedly turned his religious coat to suit the opinions of the party in power. When we looked upon the quaint gabled vicarage by the old Lynch Gate, we preferred to think it was not cowardice but love of his charming home that kept him true to his one principle, to "live and die Vicar of Bray, sir!"

Our journey along England's charming water-way ended at last like all good things. Too soon for us there loomed up the towers of Oxford, where the river flows gently beside the peaceful Halls and Colleges of the old University and invites to calm and meditative thought. To the traveler, craving refuge from the weary round of the "usual" and desiring England to give him freely of her wondrous elixir—Rest and Beauty—we shall always whisper—"Avoid the cities and great hotels; live for a space with Nature upon the quiet waters of the Thames, and seek lodging in the quaint hostelries of the Old-World hamlets which line the river's banks."

PUTTING-IN AT ALGIERS

Cruising Away From Winter—From Snow in New York to Sunshine in the Mediterranean

By Alexander Hume Ford

About ten thousand Americans go cruising every year, and each season sees greater numbers desert the regular ocean liners for the cruising yachts that leave New York and return thither after two or three months in European waters.

It used to do to detach one of the regular liners for the Mediterranean cruise, but, nowadays exacting Americans demand palatial yachts built solely for cruising. Many carry not more than 350 passengers and are not hampered by either freight or mail. A number of these sail from New York every winter.

I had been carried away by the advertisements of "Winter cruises in Summer Lands." Fortunately I found this tale a misnomer. It was gentle spring from the time we left New York until we returned, with never a day that a light overcoat was not comfortable before bedtime.

The decks of the cruising yacht were covered with snow when she sailed past the Statue of Liberty, but within one day of Malaga, in sight of the ever snow tipped mountains of northern Africa, the decks were flooded with everlasting sunshine, and the Algerian winter was encountered in all its intensity of seventy in the shade.

Small boats come out to take the passengers ashore at Algiers, the first French port of disembarking on the cruise.

The cruising yacht seldom ties up at a pier in Mediterranean ports, for the reason that the ship is carefully rid of rats before sailing and is by this means, kept so throughout the cruise. The yacht does not use her own boats to land passengers as the natives are suspicious of those who attempt to land in this way. Although the distance to be traversed may be but a cable's length, the fare is a franc by day and twice as much by night, but it is the wiser way in which to embark or disembark on the Oriental Cruise.

The cruising yacht is very punctual so we were not surprised when the anchor was dropped in the harbor of Algiers at 4:30 P. M. to the very second, as scheduled. Ten minutes later every one of the

three hundred and fifty cruisers were ashore, and half of them had noticed with pride that the largest and most glaring sign on the main boulevard was that of an "American Dentaire," while a Yankee trolley car system was ready to take our tourists to all the famous places about the quaint old Moorish city.

It seemed difficult to realize that we were upon French soil, yet Algiers is a province of France with its deputies in Paris.

There is a French quarter in Algiers. I did not visit it, but at once crossed the main plaza and began going up hill through the most tortuous alleys and tunnels in the world. At every turn I was given a wide berth by passing Moors who one and all hated the French man in particular, and every foreigner in general, yet so respected is the French rule that in Algiers no white person is ever in any danger either by day or night.

I entered into the homes and home life of the Algerians quite informally, taking the privilege of the unsophisticated tourist. Once within an open courtyard I invariably paused in polite astonishment while half naked children scampered out of the way, and laughing women hurriedly adjusted their veils and began to scold in a babel of voices. For three galleries up, every courtyard I accidentally wandered into, seemed to be surrounded by tiers of narrow balconies. Immediately upon my entrance all looms were deserted, and all household work suspended while the stranger was denounced in unmeasured terms for his intrusion.

Seldom it was that a man came forth; when he did, however, it was from a lower basement, and he advanced with lowered head that he might not see the women above, but there was always a scowl upon his face and a fierce Moorish oath upon his lips, for, naturally, he hated intruding strangers. A polite bow, however, and a pantomime request for a direction as to the right path, invariably brought forth a willing offer to show the stranger on his way. The scattering of a few pennies among the children I found an infallible method of winning the hearts not only of the little ones, but of the women in the galleries as well. Many of the ladies of our party gained entrance to the interior of the houses by presenting boxes of sweet, to the inmates who were standing about an open door. This simple method always brought forth an enthusiastic welcome to the home.

I am perfectly well aware that no man is supposed to intrude upon the harem of a Mohammedan, but in a great city such as Algiers, it is not difficult to catch a glimpse of the home life of the people.

One may wander for hours in the Moorish quarter without meeting a white face upon the street. Veiled young women stare in wonder at the stranger, and so unheard of a thing is the intrusion of a man into the house of a citizen that doors are left open; and as doors in Algiers open directly from dark alleys into bright court yards that

are the center of home life, glimpses are not difficult to obtain. The hot broiling sun that made life unbearable in the open French quarter never penetrated there.

We had wandered along covered passageways under houses, with an occasional glimpse of a narrow strip of clear sky above, and then a dim tunnel experience again, when we found ourselves in one of the frequent blue grotto-like cozy corners of the Moorish town. We were slowly advancing along a street, cut through the lower stories of houses, the walls and ceiling of one particular street being painted a beautiful blue. A hundred yards ahead the street took a turn and from an open court beyond the turn, soft daylight struggled into the azure cave. The effect was remarkable. I have since visited the Blue Grotto of Capri, and can compare these odd blue corners of Algiers to no other place.

At the bend of our blue Algerian grotto a Moorish woman stood in an open doorway, and beyond her in a little ante-chamber, lighted from a skylight somewhere above, stood a beautiful young girl not more than eighteen years of age—the old wife and the new. We discovered that we had suddenly acquired an insatiable thirst for coffee, but the door was quickly closed in our faces. Being without religious scruples I did not hesitate to ask, in the name of Allah, for refreshment. Rippling laughter within was followed by the sounds of bolts being withdrawn and the infidels who asked for food in the name of Allah were welcomed within the little Moorish home.

It was not a large house; a little ante-room, or entrance hall, then the court, not more than twelve feet by twenty, the pavement beautifully tiled, and a rich divan in a large alcove to the left. A little flight of stairs cut into the wall led to an upper chamber, a sleeping closet, as it were, above the divan alcove, the rest of the space above the court being open. Into the little sleeping closet—really the bridal chamber—we were ushered, while the hostess made coffee in the court below. The great wide bed, fully four feet high, took up half the little upper chamber. From floor to ceiling this part of the chamber was divided from the other by a brass rood-screen with a door in the center that apparently locked from within. Evidently the master of the house had the key with him, so we sat upon cushions on the floor, Turk fashion, and took our coffee in little cups from a great silver platter a yard across, that was placed flat upon the floor.

The young maid was anxious to conceal her face, but put her feet upon a cushion that we might see and admire her ankle bracelets. It was well, for when we offered silver for our entertainment it was refused until the ladies of the party explained that it was for the purchase of another ankle bracelet for the young wife.

The coffee was worth the price, for it was our first never-to-be-

forgotten experience with the real Arab article, served in thimble cups that made us hope that they would be repeatedly filled, until we tasted the soft paste-like concoction, which out of politeness we felt compelled to swallow. It was bitter to the taste and unpalatable, but for the rest of the day not one of us complained of weariness, and that night we had no desire to sleep until long after the usual hour.

We would have mounted the roof of our host's house, but the narrow gateway thither was securely barred and bolted, for robbers enter from the roof in this part of the world, and the good man had probably gone away feeling that he had done his duty when he secured his home from invasion from above, not knowing that strangers would enter in the name of Allah from below. No Mohammedan would have done such a thing.

There are mosques in Algiers and churches that are built to look like mosques to attract the Moors, and even a cathedral where the "Black Madonna" is venerated. I remember my stay in Algiers as two days spent among the quaintest people, who inhabit the most charming little lattice work, tiled, doll houses to be found anywhere in this world outside of Japan.

Our cruiser we knew, would leave on the stroke of the hour, so I did not even stop to pat the only camels I had seen in Algiers, but jumped into one of the small boats of the authorized company, and as usual, reached the side of the big steamer just as the first officer was shouting orders for the landing steps to be raised.

It was almost refreshing to leave sunny Algiers behind; there was a whole day of peaceful rest ahead, before we reached our next calling port, the birthplace of Columbus, a five hundred mile run due north.

COMING THROUGH THE CUSTOMS HOUSE

Varying Points of View on the Government Examination of Baggage From a Foreign Country. Why the Courtesy of the Port Had To Be Restricted. Some Suggestions for Simplifying the Process of Entry

By Elizabeth Gannon

The attitude of travelers toward the government examination of baggage and the imposing of tariffs thereon, are as various as human nature in individuals.

At one end of the scale we find the gentleman who renders an account of every idle token with its receipt of purchase attached, not because he is afraid to evade the law, but because of the spontaneous action of his own personal standard of ethics.

At the other extreme we have the "professional smuggler," whose deliberate purpose and long practised habit has been to outwit the officers of the government in their attempt to collect legal revenue.

The purest example of the first type accepts with calmness and philosophy, even the delays incident to the examination of the possessions of several hundred Cabin passengers. Moreover he views dispassionately the inevitable process of "declaring," and having his goods subsequently gone over for verification of his own statement of their value. He is a citizen with an attitude of complacent acceptance of the laws of the land, and knows that discriminate treatment of individuals is impracticable, and that the examination of his baggage is an impersonal affair, and does not imply any doubt of his honesty.

Between these two types are ranged the whole traveling public. There is the lady whose inexperience of any other than a personal or social environment causes her to feel a real, however unjustifiable resentment of having her statement verified by investigation; the man who has swaggered and boasted all the way over on the ship about the five Swiss watches he has in his pockets which "any man would be a fool to declare;" the vast army of people of easy and elastic conscience, who, as a matter of course, seek to get a minimum valuation on everything, and only declare the "inevitable" articles in their possession; the ingenious dressmakers who evade paying duty on gowns

they are importing for sale, by stitching a soiled piece of lace in the neck that the article may come in under the more lenient classification "personal wearing apparel," and the discount for "has been worn."

The methods of the latter class, men and women, professional smugglers on a large or small scale show that "they have sought out many inventions." One favorite subterfuge is the attaching of bills of purchase, bonafide in their origin, to goods which they do not describe nor represent. For example; a Paquin gown bought at 1,000 francs will have the maker's label taken out of the belt or collar and will be exploited as a gown indicated by a bill of purchase for 100 francs by some slight thing really bought at the time. As the average custom house officer does not discriminate between a "dimity" and a "chiffon" this process was for many years a comparatively safe one for the smuggler. There is now a phrase in the instructions to custom house inspectors which cautions them that "The presence of an unusual amount of any class of highly dutiable merchandise, or frequent or hasty journeys is sufficient to raise the presumption of bad faith."

There was also, before the reforms instituted a few years ago in the system of examination of baggage, much opportunity for connivance between unscrupulous persons, who could offer an easy bribe to an inspector whose salary was $4.00 a day. The standard of men in the service has been raised and the incoming passenger must take the inspector assigned. A regular indiscriminate order is preserved; whereas under the old régime persons who crossed frequently could select the same inspector to examine their goods, and the inspectors in their turn would be on the lookout for old friends or acquaintances on whose generosity they could count.

The allowance of $100 worth of goods for personal wear, or for gifts, is enough indulgence for the average traveler, and the presumption is that one spending more than this sum in this manner is able to pay the duty on the surplus.

The secret of the reluctance of many persons to pay the full legal tariff on their purchases is, that all the world loves a bargain. One has distinctly the sense of getting a bargain on buying in Paris a hat for fifty francs, which could not be had for less than thirty dollars in New York or Boston or Philadelphia. It is an unpleasant awakening to have the extent of the bargain modified by a tax of "sixty per cent ad valorem" (or whatever it is) at the dock in New York, even though two or three such bargains may keep their original allurement under the allowance of $100 worth of purchases for personal wear.

The old custom of giving "the courtesy of the port" to persons who had no official or special claim to it has been abolished.

Before the restrictions in this regard went into effect (March,

1901) almost everyone who knew any man in public life would obtain from him an order for "the courtesy," which secured for him the examination of his baggage before that of others who did not have a similar advantage. It usually implied a merely nominal survey of his goods. Often they were rushed throughout without a pretense of examination, both parties to the transaction being fully aware of the presence of many dutiable articles.

Under the instructions of March, 1901, the courtesy of the port was definitely limited to persons indicated in the following classifications:

1st. Foreign ambassadors, ministers, charges d'affaires, secretaries of legations, and high commissioners.

2nd. To similar representatives of this government abroad returning from their missions. All the above are entitled by international usage to the free entry of the baggage and effects of themselves, their families and suites without examination.

3rd. To high officials of Foreign governments.

4th. Invalids and their companions; persons arriving in charge of their dead, or summoned home in haste by news of affliction or disaster.

With reference to the persons indicated in groups three and four special instructions are given to the customs inspectors regarding each particular case.

Passing through the customs is really as simple a matter as having a trunk checked if one pays the slightest attention to the very explicit instructions, which are provided. For example, the ubiquitous seal skin coat which can indeed become "a winter garment of repentance" on shorter notice than any article of one's wardrobe, is perfectly harmless if treated "officially." If purchased before December, 1897, it should be registered before sailing out of this country. If it was bought later than that proof should be presented that it has not been made from seals taken in prohibited waters.

CLIMBING THE PYRAMIDS

How an American Tourist Scorned Aid in Reaching the Top of Cheops, and Became a Happy Victim of the Hospitality of an Egyptian Guide

By Alexander Hume Ford

We were four innocents from the Mediterranean cruiser and had ridden out to the Pyramids by the American trolley, from Cairo, and were casting about for a guide. That is how we met Abou Ben Aben.

Abou Ben Aben met us as we alighted from the trolley at the base of Cheops and insisted that he was our "boy." There were a hundred others who fought to take possession of our party, but Abou Ben Aben's flowing white robe was so perfectly immaculate and his English so enticing, that we, that is the doctor, nodded his head, and the crowd melted away at a wave of Ben Aben's tawny arm.

It was but a step to the Great Pyramid yet a score of donkey boys and camel drivers pestered us to ride the short distance, until we explained to Abou that we intended to walk; then his great right arm was raised and silence reigned. We tried to make a bargain with Abou for his day's work, but he was too wily a son of the desert to be caught with such gentile chaff.

"That is as the American gentlemen wish," and nothing more could we extract.

The doctor and I, of course, intended to climb the Great Pyramid. His wife and mother did not. They sat at the base of the Cheops and drank Turkish coffee at a penny a cup, while we were conducted to the Bedouin sheik in charge of the Pyramids and paid our dollar apiece for the privilege of climbing any or all of the three masses of stone before us.

Our "boy" gracefully turned us over to half a dozen other white-gowned sons of the desert, and sat down with the ladies to enjoy his coffee.

My friend, the doctor, was as deliberate as any son of the South, and carefully he adjusted himself to his three helpers, two of whom leaped up the first tier of the pyramid to haul him up, each taking an arm and hand, while the third pushed, or used his head as a battering ram before the blows of which, administered most scientifically, the

doctor ascended rapidly. I was determined to go it alone, because the guide books described it as a feat impossible of accomplishment for the white man. There was a free fight with my three white robed guardian angels, and I leaped ahead of them. For half the height of the pyramid I kept my lead, puffing, blowing, straining every muscle, as I bounded upward, ever upward, three and a half feet perpendicularly at a bound. The blood flowed thick in my veins and I was ready to drop exhausted, but the apex was just above me and I refused all aid. Things swam before me, and as I stumbled up the last step, I fell exhausted upon the level space that forms the top of the pyramid of Cheops. Fifteen minutes later the doctor leisurely scrambled to the platform with the aid of his three vigorous assistants, and bent over my prostrate form.

"Heart exhaustion," he said calmly, as he unbuttoned my shirt front. "Coffee!" This to the Arab who sat cross legged before a brazier of glowing coals, located on the very spot where the apex of the pyramid would have been had not curiosity hunters long since carried it away. "Fresh coffee," he added, for the doctor was a coffee fiend of the most pronounced type. Dimly I saw the Arab boy pound to powder, in a brass mortar, the crisp berries that the man at the charcoal fire had just parched. Still warm, the powder was placed in a brass pot, not large enough to hold a gill, and, at the end of a long handle, held over the fire until the coffee powder and water formed a delicious paste that was quickly poured into a tiny cup and handed to me. I swallowed the concoction, and in the moment felt new life throb through me from head to foot. We, the doctor and I, each drank five of these thimblesful and paid ten francs at the top of Cheops, for what had cost his wife and mother not ten cents at the base, just 470 feet below us.

I ran down the pyramid, the guides trailing after me shouting warnings, and yelling that an Englishman had but recently been dashed to pieces attempting the run down. I did not stop to tell them the truth, which was that I had got started and couldn't stop myself. Those terrific bounds soon brought me to the level of the desert once more, and nothing will ever tempt me to again ascend Cheops either with or without assistance.

Abou Ben Aben was awaiting us, seated on the lunch hamper which was his special charge. He offered to lead the way to a spreading tree beneath the shade of which we might eat, drink and be merry. The way led by the Sphinx. As we passed the great hollow in the desert where it lies, I heard the doctor's mother murmur: "Claude, is that little watch charm down there in that hole the Sphinx?" From the top of a pyramid it diminishes almost to insignificance.

Alas and alackaday, poor Abou Ben Aben was forced to starve—our sandwiches were ham—pork—forbidden to the Mohammedan, and

our drink, wine, which every one knows no faithful follower of the prophet will even mention, much less imbibe. There were various Arab small boys, however, who prowled around, and Abou Ben Aben, in the kindness of his heart, suggested as there was sickness in the family of one of these, we might give him our half emptied Chianti bottle, which we did, and he scurried across the desert.

Our next draught was from Ben Abou's own well, for Ben Abou is a wealthy Bedouin with a farm in the desert that a camel and a small boy have turned into a Garden of Eden. The camel walks around and around a great water wheel all day long, and the small boy drives the camel.

We clambered through the little Arab village just behind the pyramids, getting out of the way and slipping into doorways when solitary camels came wobbling from side to side down the narrow street, and at last we were in Ben Abou's yard. From an inner room a small brown familiar face peered out upon us. It was the lad to whom Abou Ben Aben had in the kindness of his heart given the wine for a sick parent.

I will not say how many wives or children Ben Aben had, but I will say that they one and all loaded us with gifts of antique china beads and bits of pottery from before the flood, and would take no refusal. They also followed us, marshalled by Ben Aben himself, to the trolley station, singing the praises of their gifts, the return of which they would never accept. Why tell the rest? We paid for our presents—when we paid our guide—many, many times over; and this was as Abou Ben Aben had intended it should be.

THE REAL NOVEMBER SUMMERLAND

A Three-Weeks' Voyage From San Francisco to New Zealand Literally Turns the Year Half Way Round

By Florence Finch Kelly

In planning the trip to New Zealand, the land of topsy-turvy, one should leave the United States not earlier than the latter part of November. That will land him in the colony a little before the summer solstice—and the Christmas holidays! After this time he can count upon weather as fine as he could get anywhere, for it is summer in the Antipodes.

I landed in Auckland early in October, which I found was at least six weeks earlier than I should have reached there, for the New Zealand spring, which corresponds, of course, to our autumn, is the most disagreeable season of the year by reason of the many violent storms of wind and rain.

It is possible when one starts from the United States for New Zealand to face either east or west. But when I went there last Fall I set sail from San Francisco, whence the journey is eighteen days in length, over waters that are marvelously blue and calm. The only stops were at Honolulu and Pago Pago. While the ship coaled and discharged cargo we had ten hours at the former place, which I put in gridironing the city on its many excellent trolley lines, visiting Waikiki beach, and the Chinese and Japanese quarters. It is a lovely little city and its many tangled nationalities give it touches of unique color and interest. At Pago Pago on our Samoan island of Tutuila, the ship stopped for half a day. The natives came out and rowed most of the ship's passengers ashore, where we amused ourselves with the Samoan children, visited the women in their *nipa* huts, sat on the ground and ate tropic nuts and fruits with them, and bought *tapa* cloth, baskets and woodwork curios.

The Tourist and Health Resorts Department, a unique feature of New Zealand's progressive government, makes easy the way of the traveler. The head office of the Department is at Wellington, but there are branch offices in all the principal cities and resorts, and I found the agents always exceedingly well informed about the scenic attractions, the life and the industrial development of the colony. The tourist should not fail to put himself in communication with the

Department as soon as he lands, or, if he wishes, he can write to it before he leaves home and it will send him whatever information he desires, help him plan his trip, and give him an estimate of what it will cost.

From Auckland I went to the thermal district, a comfortable journey of ten hours by rail. The district is a huge wonderland, comparable to our Yellowstone Park, covering some hundreds of square miles. There are several centers of intense thermal activity, chief of which is that in and about Rotorua. Here are numerous geysers, spouting their waters from ten to two hundred feet high, mud volcanoes, mud geysers, boiling springs, medicinal springs and baths of amazing variety, most of them very like in composition to the waters of the famous spas of Europe, and huge, slimy, boiling pools of mud and oil. The earth is hot to the foot, jets of steam come spurting from the earth here, there and everywhere, clouds of steam overhang the hot springs, the air is full of the odor of sulphuretted hydrogen.

Part way by coach and part way by launch across two beautiful lakes I went, on a day's journey from Rotorua, to the great Waimangu geyser, the marvel of the thermal district. The way was through the country devastated by the eruption of Mt. Tarawera in 1886, while the entire side of the mountain blew out and covered the country for miles with a deposit of mud and ashes from ten to sixty feet deep. I was not lucky enough to see the mighty geyser in eruption, for it is very irregular in its action, but I talked with many who had seen the contents of its immense crater, an acre in area, hurled boiling and thundering into the air to a height of fifteen hundred feet, and I could well credit the assertion of the guide that people who have traveled half round the world to see it and have waited weeks for the eruption often turn and flee as if for their lives when the awful moment finally comes.

A day's fishing on Lake Rotorua and much talk with ardent fishermen gathered there from England and America, convinced me that New Zealand is the fisherman's paradise. The lakes and streams of both islands have been well stocked with both brown and rainbow trout and the fish have thriven so marvelously that, though I have myself seen them, I hesitate to tell the bare truth about their size and number. The *fontinalis* also has been introduced but has not thriven so well as the others. From Lake Rotorua have been taken trout weighing thirteen pounds two years after the yearling fish had been put in the water. The registered records in Rotorua show daily catches to the rod, by either trolling or fly fishing, of from ten to thirty fish, the weight varying from four to twenty pounds. Notwithstanding their size the fish are gamey enough and fight well for their lives. Near Rotorua is the Fairy Spring, whose basin, shaded by fuchsia trees, is almost as full of fish as it is of water. So crystal

clear is the water that a photograph which I took of the spring looks almost as if the fish were floating in the air. The trout season begins in November and lasts through the antipodal summer. There is plenty of sport also for the lover of the gun. California quail are plentiful and in the South Island there are immense flocks of wild ducks. Red deer and fallow deer are numerous, the former having remarkably fine heads of antlers, and the wild boar offers good sport.

Maori villages give a touch of unique human interest, especially at Rotorua. There the women do their cooking by lowering a bag full of vegetables into a boiling pool or putting an iron pot over any convenient steam jet. The week's washing is done at the edge of a hot pool and on chilly days men, women and children, to keep themselves comfortable, take off their clothes and jump into the pools of warm water. The Maori has always been an artistic wood carver and in the days of his savagery he did wonderful work with his primitive tools of stone and shell. I found most interesting specimens of his handiwork, both ancient and modern, all over the colony.

Both the river and the lake scenery of New Zealand is surpassingly beautiful. The Wanganui river the colonials like to call "the Rhine of New Zealand," and it has always seemed to me to be like our own Columbia River. As far as that goes, however, it seems to be that beautiful rivers have all of them their own individual loveliness, and whether you are in New Zealand, or in Germany, or in Oregon, the Rhine of New Zealand, the Columbia of Germany, or the Wanganui of Oregon would still be the same river, like no other river, and always the most charming place to be. So it seemed anyway when I traveled on the Wanganui River. When I made the trip down its ninety miles of winding loveliness it was still springtime and a cold rain was our constant companion. Nevertheless, our little boat full of tourists, a score or more, stayed on the open deck all day, shivering in overcoats and wraps, standing under umbrellas, our feet now and then washed by a wave as we swept through a foaming rapid or heeled far over in rounding a sharp turn, so unwilling were we to lose sight for a moment of the changing, picturesque beauty of the banks.

The lake country of the South Island, the fiords of the west coast, which rival those of Norway, the range of the Southern Alps, where is the biggest glacier in the world, give wide variety to the New Zealand scenery. Within an area but a trifle larger than that of Colorado, New Zealand has something of the beauties and grandeurs and interests of all the other famous playgrounds of the world combined and, in addition, its own distinctive features. All of the New Zealand scenery has in high degree that blessed quality of difference which is to scenic beauty what the bloom is to the grape or the dew to the wild rose. And wherever I went, outside the cities and the

settled regions, I found the savor of the wild, the attraction of aloofness from civilization. Whether it was motoring across country, coaching into the Alpine region, going down the Wanganui, or steaming around the southern lakes there were often whole days when we would not encounter a person.

Those for whom the pleasures of old world traveling are marred by the constant sight of poverty and degradation can go through New Zealand with a light heart. It is a land of universal prosperity. In two months I saw not one beggar or tramp, nor any one who did not look well fed and well clad. Everywhere I met with kindliness, cordial good feeling and hospitality.

CHRISTMAS ROUND THE WORLD

How the Day Is Kept "in Every Christian Kind of Place" and Many Pagan Lands

By Alexander Hume Ford

Christmas Day begins in the far off Pacific under the American flag at Samoa. It ends on American soil under the Stars and Stripes that now wave over the Hawaiian Islands. In the Samoan Islands, however, our flag divided honors with both the British and German emblems. The Samoans remain in the background while their "protectors" salute their respective flags, but the foreign formalities of the day over, the whites adjourn to banquets of indigestible plum pudding, while the Samoans turn to their native *poi*, passing the savory dish around until all are worked up to a state of excitement commensurate with the idea of how Christmas should be celebrated in the Tropics.

A few hours later the sound of musketry arouses our soldier boys in the Philippines to the knowledge that Christmas is dawning, while the bells of the churches summon the devout Philippinos to early mass. Almost simultaneously, the 200,000 native Christians in Japan begin their celebration of the day in a manner no way different from that of their white brothers in America. But across the Yellow Sea, in China, Christmas becomes a serious affair. On this day all the high functionaries and officials pay their state calls to the foreign residents. Long red Christmas cards filled out with Chinese characters are presented to the Christian host, and after the general exchange of courtesies, John Chinaman returns home to pay his debts and prepare for his own Christmas and New Year's festival which comes a few weeks later, when all China resounds to the fire-cracker.

The Russians carry Christmas more than half way around the world—from Behring Straits to the German frontier. It is not a hilarious celebration, for there are 90,000,000 peasants to receive presents from a few thousand proprietors. They gather Christmas morning before the great house of the over-lord, and with bowed heads stolidly await his coming forth to distribute in silence a few simple presents. Easter is the day when all Russia goes mad.

Christmas is not set in a winter scene everywhere. In India the

day is celebrated by the white residents in picnicking under the trees, while the native servants operate ponderous fans. In Australia, Christmas Day falls during the hottest period of the year. Horse-racing takes the place of football, and there is yachting instead of ice-boating.

It is but natural to expect that the Jews would celebrate their Christmas in advance of the Christians. In Bokhara, the first Jewish Christmas festivities begin with the "Feast of Tabernacles," which is celebrated at the end of the year. Perhaps in this feast originated the idea of the Christmas Tree, for from time immemorial it has been the custom to gather leafy boughs from which open booths are made and in these live the Jews until their Christmas season is over. It is the oldest celebration of the "year's end" of which we have any authentic record.

The dawn of Christmas has passed almost half way around the world before it touches the spot where Christ was born.

Shepherds still watch their flocks by night during the Christmas season around Bethlehem. It is the most peaceful scene in all the Holy Land. Yearly they watch the procession of pilgrims that wends its way from the Church of the Holy Sepulchre through the Via Dolorosa, out through St. Stephen's Gate, where the martyr was stoned to death, and across the plains to Bethlehem. All night long the footsore travelers, who have gathered from every part of the world, may be seen trudging by starlight toward the little village of Bethlehem. Thousands go singly, other thousands in processions with emblems and banners. The Russians carry their sacred pictures before them and anathematize the Romans who bear aloft their sacred images. The Copts appear in gorgeous ritualistic array, while the Abyssianians set forth from their humble settlement behind the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, in the dark robes that distinguish them.

All meet at the gates of Bethlehem, where a special guard of Mohammedan soldiers is in waiting with muskets loaded, to keep order at the midnight mass held over the spot where the Christ was born.

Escorted by infidel soldiers, the Greek Catholics approach the Church of the Nativity and are protected during their devotions; the pilgrims of all sects are treated with equal consideration at this shrine, which is the common property of all who regard it as their own.

In Syria the native Christians are apt to celebrate Christmas indoors, but in Greece, recently escaped from Turkish rule, the day is celebrated with song and dance.

In Italy either bells or bombs call the devout to early service. Many beautiful customs prevail throughout the land with regard to the mangers that are built everywhere for the Holy Child.

About Naples, at Christmas time, the peasants come down from the mountains and go from door to door asking alms. At each house they are received and invited to play weird music upon their homely instruments before the pictures of the Mother and Child to be found in each and every home in Italy.

In Spain and Portugal the day passes very much as in Italy.

Among the Germans, Christmas is, of course, the great festival of the year. There was born the Christmas-tree, while in England the Yule-log and the mistletoe reign supreme.

In Switzerland, Christmas is celebrated in the French, Italian and German ways. In one canton, Kris Kringle visits from house to house, the Christ Child on his shoulder, with presents for good little boys and girls and switches for those who have not been so good during the year.

In the Austrian Alps the simple peasants believe that the beasts of burden are given speech during Christmas Eve, and the peasants disguised as animals haunt the homes of the rich, demanding presents.

In the Swiss towns near Italy the village carpenters build a manger in each home in which rests the waxen *bambino*. Priests in white march from house to house blessing the Holy Child, and as they leave the feasting begins. In fact, almost every kind of Christmas festivity may be seen side by side in Switzerland, for the Americans and English colonies add their customs to those of the multi-populated little republic.

Christmas Day is almost over for the rest of the world when it dawns upon the good New Englanders. Turkey and trimmings make the feast here as in the South, but while the New Englanders preserve the sanctity of the day, in the South it is the time when the small boy looks in his stockings for the packs of crackers and the bundle of sky rockets which he knows he will find there.

The 4th of July is too hot a day to celebrate in the South. Therefore, the glorious Fourth and Christmas are rolled into one in the land of Dixie.

Christmas bids us good-bye at Honolulu and sinks into the ocean. In Honolulu the little boys and girls do not write to Santa for Christmas presents. They telephone, as there are more telephones in this little city than in any place of its size in the whole wide world. It is doubtful if there is a house in Honolulu that is not supplied with a telephone. Santa is called up by the children over the 'phone and told what he shall bring for Christmas. On Christmas morning he is thanked over the 'phone and at night the little ones telephone their friend good-bye for another year until he once more begins his round from his home in the broad Pacific.

JAMAICA THE GARDEN ISLAND OF OUR TROPIC SEAS

The Mid-Winter Vacation Trip of a New York Business Man

By Percy K. Crocker

No American can realize how much more friendly the British are to Americans than the Americans are to the British until he has visited British territory. From the moment I left New York in the steamer for Jamaica I never was allowed to feel myself in any way a "foreigner."

"Why Jamaica, anyway?" asked a friend.

"I don't know," I replied, "except that the steamship guide books say that it is the island of promise and fulfillment."

So I found myself on board, sailing and enroute.

Of course, Mark Twain and several dozen Panama engineers have told what they knew and saw of the glories of the Antilles, as they never saw them. But this is the tale of a real, earnest vacationer, who has spoiled many films and gotten a few good photographs out of the trip.

The sea outside the "Hook" was calm and remained so until we reached those southern waters where the skies are more blue and the stars more plentiful than the northern mind ever has conceived. The sea itself, as the ship churned through it, made pictures of glorious cobalt tiling. Four days out we began to "pick up" the smaller islands of the Bahama group; then at night Cape Maisi, the eastern point of Cuba, showed its light. Here the warm tropical winds, bearing pungent odors, reached us. Next day, dead ahead, to the south, almost like a cloud on the horizon, a definite blue, tipped with white mists, loomed up the mountains of Jamaica. So cloud-like were they, coming out of the sea, that it took the assurance of the ship's officers to convince us that they really were land. These mountains, as we skirted the island to the east, gave a brilliantly varying picture.

Suddenly there burst into view, in overpowering grandeur, the harbor of Kingston, with its tortuous channel, which leads to the broad plain of Liguania, magnificently rising to these same Blue Mountains, cut with white clouds and bathed in tropical sunlight. Here it was that the English residents, out of the greatness of their "untreaty" hearts, during the Spanish-American war, sent a man in a small sail

boat four miles out to sea, to warn the U. S. S. *Yosemite* that if she entered the harbor, she must remain twenty-four hours and so lose her chance to capture the Spanish troop ship *Puerisima Concepcion.* The fact that an American captain did not choose to receive British assistance and so lost a point in war was no factor in our reception eight years later. As we entered the gourd-like harbor the very air and foliage seemed to greet us hospitably.

"Marster, do sir," "Marster, do sir," came chattering up from beneath the ship's bow. There, squirming in the water, were a score of boys of varying ages and complexions begging the passengers to throw them coins. Their dexterity in diving was astonishing to one uninitiated. "They almost kill you fighting for it when it's silver," said one lad who had climbed up the ship's side with a sixpence I had thrown him. These boys can go over a ship like monkeys.

He was a smart appearing youngster, a light mulatto and inclined to European features. Upon inquiry I learned that he bore up under the responsibility of "Herman Ivanhoe Moresco Genoure" for a name. I immediately annexed him to pilot me about the city and thereby learned much that otherwise I never should have discovered. I also learned, as we became better acquainted, that this bright little rascal had been to school and studied "English grammar, French, Algebra, Latin and Euclid," as he put it, and he "liked Euclid best." There he was diving for pennies and making "20d. a day and up." From what I saw of him it was mostly "up." Our only difficulty, however, was his determination to come to New York with me. Every second black or colored boy, there is a distinction recognized in Jamaica, wanted to get away to America. I soon realized where all our apartment house elevator boys come from.

In Jamaica, as everywhere else, there are two ways to do things. There is the beaten track of the tourist to follow, with its hotels of varying excellence, conventional drives and all that sort of thing. To know the island and the allurements of its ingratiating tropical beauty, however, to appreciate the double interest of British resident customs, together with the quaint oddities of the negro native life "next to the earth," one must travel a different course. Courtesy to visitors to the island is everywhere manifest. If one is so fortunate as to have letters to the right people, so much the better. At the Jamaica Club in Kingston, a most unostentatious and invitingly homelike club it is, there are native dishes that no hotel on the island can make to taste so good. There I learned the indescribable deliciousness of a properly deviled Jamaica black crab. There were served several curries that would make an habitué of Delmonico's sit up and take notice. Turtle, real turtle, prepared with a delicacy to delight an epicure, and native oysters that Jamaicans facetiously say "grow on trees." Tropical fruits in all their fragrance and juicy prime gave

an intimation of the productive possibilities of the island. The green-tinted Jamaica orange, thin of skin and richly juicy, grape fruit of superior quality, the avocada pear, oily in composition and nutty in flavor; pineapples, in Jamaica they cut them in half horizontally and eat them with a spoon, mangoes, akee, bread fruit, ochra, chocho, yams and more yams were there to tempt the inexperienced palate.

The British home life on the island is charming as it is everywhere. In the towns and their outskirts are beautiful tropical gardens, partially hiding from street view, these villas of all year summer. But it is in the country and the smaller towns that one finds the more novel features of the island. The cities and their hotels have their attractive points to be sure. Of amusements there are plenty: Tennis, polo, golf, boating, cricket and other sports await the visitors' pleasure. The hotels, too, make excellent bases of operation, and the roads of Jamaica are famous for their perfection. To be satisfied with the route of the average tourist, however, is to miss the rarest charm of the island.

Through the kindly courtesy of Kingston friends I was so fortunate as to secure glimpses of Jamaica in its every day dress that tourists rarely think to seek out. One day was devoted to a drive to Port Morant, a distance from Kingston of forty miles, or thereabout. "We shall have to start before dawn," cautioned my friend, "if you are to see a day of banana buying."

At five o'clock we were rolling through the outskirts of Kingston in a comfortable "surrey," drawn by a well put up pair of horses. Our route lay among the coast with the heavy foliage of the tropics, backed by the mountain range to the left, and to the right ever changing vistas of the sea through cocoanut groves.

The nuts grow in clusters at the heart of the spreading foliage at the top of a tall and graceful palm tree. A grizzled old negro, whom we came across volunteered, on sight of a sixpence, to shin up a tree and throw down some nuts. With his sharp machete he deftly hacked, through the outer husk and still soft shell within, a hole from which we could drink the cool and refreshing milk. Negro peasant life began to present itself at every turn. Here are women washing clothes in the streams—I should rather not trust my linen to the vigorous scrubbing over the rocks and gravel that these Jamaica washerwomen gave their garments. Then came boys with pack-laden donkeys, then more women with huge bundles on their heads, baskets of vegetables and small fruits, packs of sugar cane, immense bunches of bananas; with them little negro girls bearing on their heads burdens almost as heavy as those their mothers carried. The straight backs, erect carriage and swinging stride of the native women are cultivated early. I wondered where all these people could be coming from and going to, miles out on a country road. Now and then we

passed women at the roadside, cheerfully breaking, with small hammers, stone, for use in fresh macadam repairs. A few shillings a week is all they are paid. A "week" however, means to them four days. The others days they devote to their little banana plot of an acre or so—or to going to market.

The event of our drive was the fording of the swollen Yallahs River. Waiting negroes, powerful in build, two to a wheel and two at the horses' heads, forced us through the current. We stood on the seat and failed to escape a wetting at that. Following us were banana wagons, to each of which eight oxen were harnessed. One ox was cast in mid stream and nearly drowned before the madly dancing and gesticulating teamsters got him on his feet and to the shore.

At Port Morant and Morant Bay we saw the banana and fruit exporting industry in all its activity. Here I realized where many of the burden laden people we had passed in our drive were bound. Individually and in groups they came, bearing their banana bunches, some with pack mules, others with carts, but more of them with head packs. The checker and grader, with impartial firmness, accepted the bunches according to quality and size and rejected those that were bruised or immature.

This was all so fascinating that I welcomed the chance to skirt the south shore, and round the west end of the island in a fruit ship to Montego Bay on the north—putting in at the main ports, Black River, Green Island, Lucea and others, where I saw huge cargoes of bananas and other fruits, logwood and sugar, loading for the North.

From Montego Bay we went by train eastward through a mountainous and constantly changing landscape. At Spanish Town, the early capital of the island, we caught a train for Ewarton, this time a typical British train with compartment carriages. From Ewarton to Moneague is an eight-mile drive. Beyond toward the sea, through a circuitous drive of forty miles or more the garden spot of the island may be seen. It is the grazing country, with stone walls and hedges and magnificent chalky roads bordered by pasture land and miles of Pimento groves.

I planned to spend my last Saturday in the Kingston markets. The night before the never-ceasing stream of country women and their offspring, head packs, mules, carts and cheerfulness began their march to town. The market, especially on Saturday, is a social function for the natives. There they visit, exchange news, gossip and sell things, at prices varying as they discover whether the purchaser is a tourist or a knowing resident of the island.

THE CHARM OF THE CHANNEL ISLANDS

A Lovely Holiday in These Quaint English Possessions Where Old Norman French Is the Official Language

By Anna McClure Sholl

"We live in constant terror," said the Guernseyman, "of being ceded by England to France; but by virtue of holding us, the King of England is Duke of Normandy, and he would scarcely relinquish his last claim to that title. But, geographically, we should belong to France."

Our little party was perched on the summit of a huge cliff, its head bathed in the soft afternoon sunlight, its dark foundations in deep sea—shadow flecked through with white gleams of flying foam where the in-rushing tide met the impregnable rock. Eastward across a sea of opalescent tints France lay like a blue cloud on the horizon. The peasants of little Guernsey speak the old Norman French. The whole island uses French currency as well as English; French names are everywhere, and the principal families are of Norman descent, yet the Guernseyman of our party voiced the popular sentiment. The island is intensely, proudly English, when the question of belonging to any government arises; but it is still more proud of belonging on the whole—this little garden in the sea—to its own tidy self. It coins its own money; it has its own parliament, authorized to make supreme and final decrees, and every male resident in the island must take his turn as a wheel in the political machinery. Two or three years a carpenter refused to take public office when it fell to his lot. He was compelled to leave Guernsey.

It is difficult for an American—used to the feverish atmosphere of political campaigns—to the jangle of pots and kettles calling each other black—to realize the deep peace that broods over little Guernsey and her sister islands, also autonomous in their government. The liberal party or the conservative may be dictating to the nation under Big Ben, but Guernsey is more interested in some local strife over a sale of potatoes, in which a good citizen was cheated. In her court-house this summer the writer heard such a case argued in the ancient Norman French, between two grave lawyers, a fat judge presiding solemnly. They spent the whole day on it. They may be

arguing it yet. About all their legal and governmental processes there is a primitive simplicity. If a man has a grievance and can get no redress, he can as a last resort kneel down in a public highway, and in the presence of two witnesses cry out in French: "To my aid my prince!" His case is then taken up in court, and his enemy or offender is summoned, and justice is done.

Climate has been a strong determining factor in civilization, and the soft airs and pervading sunshine of the Channel Islands must have done much to lull the inhabitants deeper and deeper into their insular peace. Given a little island of enchanting beauty, surrounded by lovely but treacherous seas which do not invite travel; pour sunshine like wine into every crevice of it; let its soil bring forth the fruits and flowers of paradise, and what wonder if its people become lotus-eaters.

But enough of generalization. We had spent, several years ago, three months in Guernsey, and, as the day-boat from Southampton made its way through the treacherous channels to the little harbor of St. Peter's Port, we wondered if the ancient glamor would still be resting for us on the old town and on the seaward looking cliffs. The spire of the twelfth-century church was the first familiar object that we saw. Close around it were the tall stone houses of pale, old tints; above it the crowded red-tiled roofs of the older town; terrace above terrace, and the streets only stone steps between the walls. It was just the same—withdrawn into its past and living there with all the ineffable comfort, to the American nursed on mutation, of an unchanging and quiet beauty.

In St. Peter's Port there is only one main street, and everybody walks in the middle of it, because two people can scarcely pass each other on the sidewalk. There are no automobiles to be avoided, nothing more alarming than the old stages going out to the country parishes, or the donkey-carts, drawn by little gray-nosed donkeys with meek faces and preposterous ears. If it is Saturday morning the scene is very gay, for everybody goes to market; and the market of Guernsey is no ordinary commercial place, but a resort for poets and painters. The stalls are heaped with pied flowers, with purple grapes, with luscious green figs, with pears of saffron color, and red apples from France. In the fish market there are mother-of-pearl hues gleaming through the dimness from shining scales. Such strange shapes of fishes! Even the octopus is sold here—small and tender—and only resembling in potential hideousness the great monster of "The Toilers of the Sea."

Victor Hugo's house, by the way, is not far from the market, in a dark steep street. It is still shown to the public when the family is not in residence: a big, roomy abode, full of quaint carved furniture and old-world treasures. Out of the gloom one climbs gradually to

the little bright glass study on the roof where the great man wrote his books, and looked out, no doubt, in many a dreaming moment, to the faint blue coast of France, his country, from which he was an exile. Only by reading "The Toilers of the Sea" can one realize how deeply Hugo entered into the spirit of his adopted home. The surge and thunder of its restless seas roaring in its cliff caves; its placid lanes; its procreating sunshine; its wild cliff walks through the prickly yellow gorse—all these aspects of Guernsey are in his novels.

Beyond St. Peter's Port is the ancient port of St. Sampson's, with its weather-beaten church dating from 1100, and looking not a year younger. Its grave-yard is crowded with graves, the inscriptions over them chiefly in French, and in the midst of them is a prominent memorial to the crew and passengers of a vessel—among many—which foundered on the rocks of this inhospitable coast. "Out of the deep have I called unto Thee, O Lord," is written on the stone, the old cry of the psalmist coming, as it were, through the wail of an ocean wind; and references to the sea and its might are plentiful on the graves of the Channel Islands. "All thy waves and billows are gone over me," is written over one whose grave was the deep.

In the other direction from St. Sampson's and beyond St. Peter's Port the cliffs begin to rise, and there begins a series of bays of enchanting loveliness, still, hidden places shut in by bold promontories over which the dizzy paths wind, that seem ever climbing towards some window in the sky. Down in the bays the water runs a heavenly gamut of blues and greens, and sometimes pale rose, where the light cuts sharply across it. In nearly all these bays there are prehistoric round towers still guarding the coasts of a ghostly past from shadowy invaders. Of more practical interest to the tourist are the little tea-houses, small inns, scattered all over the island.

But it is time to take the boat for Sark, the incomparable—an island not much larger than a plum-cake, only three miles around and one mile across, but having its own parliament and its Lord of the Manor, who lives in feudal state and is responsible to nobody but King Edward—and rather looks down upon that monarch! The only other representative of "the gentry" in Sark is the Vicar, and at present he is in a state of feud with the Seigneur. Parliament is composed of the forty owners of the forty parts into which the island is divided. Only heaven knows what their proceedings are when they meet, for in this lovely, forgotten part of the world nothing happens. There is a jail, but nobody is ever put in. They once arrested a little girl for stealing a handkerchief and shut her up for the day, but had to break open the rusty lock to accomplish the imprisonment. The postmaster's duties are second to his agricultural interests. If he is at work in the fields you can't get your mail until the hay is in. The boat comes over once a day from Guernsey,

and if the tide is in enters the smallest harbor in Europe; if the tide is out the passengers are taken off in row-boats. Then they enter the island through a tunnel in the great cliffs. Formerly one had to climb a series of ladders, and only the fishermen attempted this. Once on top, the views are enchanting—a wild and awful sea-coast surrounds a little paradise. In the feudal garden of the seigneurie cannon presented by Queen Elizabeth point out to sea under the battlemented wall. Now the sole invaders are tourists, and they themselves are captured by beauty. There is no memory of Sark that could not be translated "Et in Arcadia Ego."

TO NORWAY FOR A VACATION

How Two American Business Men Found Novelty and Relaxation in the Bracing Land of the Fjords

By William Morrow

"Going abroad?"

"I'll go with you."

"But maybe you don't want to go where I'm going."

"Where?" I asked.

"Norway," was the answer.

"I don't care where, so long as I escape conventional sightseeing and have plenty of outdoors," I replied.

So, with little forethought and no choice, I found myself embarked for a land I had seldom thought of. To-day, I am a Norway enthusiast, and am urging friends of all temperaments and tastes —excepting automobilists, to go to Norway next.

Norway is just the place for the tired man who is willing to enjoy things as he finds them. There he can sit quietly in the little steamers that ply industriously through the mysterious fjords, or he can jog along comfortably on splendid post-roads through wonderfully varied scenery; and if he wakes some fine morning with a burst of energy that demands an outlet he can climb to his heart's and legs' content and see panoramas that will delight his soul. Also it's a fine country for the tired man's wife, if he has one, whether she be athletic or not, for she, too, can vary her exertions as she will.

Let me tell you of one single day and the sights thereof. We had to make an early start on a bitter cold morning on a little steamer in the upper Sognefjord. But cold and sleepiness were quickly forgotten in the magnificence about us. After some smiling stretches of water way, lightly touched by the morning sun, and flecked here and there by shreds of departing mist, we entered the somber and inspiring Næröfjord, where the many colored headlands, olive-green, purple, blue, and some even salmon-colored in the morning light, rise abruptly from the black depths of the fjord. These wonderful channels are narrow and look like great cañons worn down by prehistoric rivers. They are really arms of the ocean, often thousands of feet in depth, extending hundreds of miles inland. They branch

in all direction as minor fjords from the great trunk fjords which cannot connect with the ocean.

The steamer was headed straight for a rugged wall of rock, towering two thousand feet above our heads, and turned when almost its own length away to glide into a channel whose existence we had not suspected. Four hours brought us to Gudvangen, and there we began our tramp. Through a great rock-walled valley we passed, walking sometimes in the warm sunshine and sometimes in the cool shadow of a cliff that lay more than half a mile across the valley. And down the precipitous sides of the cliff fell some ten waterfalls; some slender little ribbons of white that scarcely seemed to move, so steady was the flow, and others, great rushing, roaring torrents that sent out foaming clouds of mist where they struck projecting boulders. A marvelous sight it was, yet only one of many. In two hours we reached the Stalheim Klev, and from there had a more magnificent view. Thirty minutes of hard climbing brought us to the top by the great Stalheim Hotel, and then words failed, for the retrospect over the Nærödal was the most entrancing view we had ever beheld.

But now you may wish to know how we got into this splendid part of Norway and what experiences travelers must look for. Our voyage on the Scandinavian-American Liner was delightful and satisfactory in every respect. On July 30, the eleventh day after leaving New York, we landed at Christiania, to find heat that made us glad we had brought some light clothing.

After two days of complete enjoyment in and near Christiania we set out for the interior by a railway journey of about 180 miles, lasting eight hours and costing about $1.70 for third class. The cars were clean and airy, built in the usual European compartment style, but with an aisle down one side of the car. As the aisle was on the side of the better view, it was crowded most of the way, for Norwegian travelers seem to enjoy their native scenery as much as foreigners do. The Norwegian civil engineer violates all our American notions about locating railways. He scarcely tries to build along the water courses, but hangs his road high up on the side of a ridge, and solves the problem of grades, while giving the traveler magnificent vistas. And the trains travel slow enough to enable the traveler really to enjoy the scenery. I remember that as we were going slowly up a steep grade on the way to Aurdal, my friend got out upon the steps of the car and reaching out picked some purple flowers about which we had been talking. "Ah!" exclaimed a Norwegian in our compartment, "you will go back to England and put it into a book that in Norway trains are so slow that passengers can pick flowers from the steps while the train moves." We assured the gentleman that we had no such evil intention; and then grati-

fied to find some one to talk to, we plied him with questions about his country. He, in turn, questioned us about American political and industrial conditions and was especially interested in discussing the ethics of Standard Oil!

Such widespread knowledge of the English tongue is a great convenience. I cannot recollect an instance where we were in a group of say five travelers whether in steamer, train or inn, that at least one of the group could not talk English.

Our enjoyment and approval of the restaurants and inns of Norway began promptly and continued throughout. Even the railway restaurants did not irritate us. Excellent food, well cooked and in great variety and abundance is laid out on a long counter. Passengers help themselves and retire to nearby tables covered with clean linen and furnished with good clean china and cutlery. The quality of food is distinctly better than in American railway restaurants, and quite equal to that of our dining cars. The charge for dinner in Norway is usually forty cents.

The Norwegian eats late and often. It is difficult to get breakfast before nine o'clock. When traveling there is a chance to eat a bite "that doesn't count" at about noon, and dinner comes at two or two-thirty. An hour or more later comes after-dinner coffee, which is a separate, important repast and is accompanied by sweet cakes, jam and the like. Supper appears between eight and nine, but if you have the afternoon tea habit you'll get the chance to indulge about six.

The English, whom the Norwegians know best of all foreigners, have taught three good things to the inn-keeper; how to make and serve good tea; to provide boiled eggs for breakfast; and to produce good marmalade whenever it's called for. The boiled egg for breakfast is a distinct boon, because a large part of the ordinary breakfast consists of cold or dried meats, sardines, dried salmon, cheese, flat bread (an unleavened cake). These appear at every meal. Excellent fish can always be had if specially requested. The other meals are more to an American liking.

In other respects also the Norwegian inns are comfortable and pleasant much more satisfactory than ordinary summer-resort houses in America. They are primitive in bathing facilities, but no worse than all European inns. In price they are very low. The highest charge we paid for supper, lodging and breakfast was six kroner ($1.60) each and the lowest three kroner.

Our intention was to tramp as much as possible and to climb the mountains; but to get from one part of the country to another we used the conveyances on the post roads or the steamers on the fjords, and in that way saw a great deal of the most delightful scenery in Norway. When driving we used the stolkjærre, a native

vehicle with one wide seat to accommodate two and a small perch behind for the driver. For a vehicle will also have room for say, three suit cases or valises and extra wraps. Post stations, under government regulation, are situated all along the main roads. Ordinarily, travelers have to change about every two hours, but on the chief lines of travel it is possible often to use the same conveyance, horse and driver, for several days. The little hardy Norse horses frequently travel seventy to eighty kilometers a day, carrying three people and baggage. The rate is fixed by the government and amounts to about ten cents a mile for two, plus a tip to the driver.

There is no monotony about such traveling. In our drive of two days and a half there was scarce a mile that did not bring its own beauty, its own delight for the eye. One is in and out of the carriage frequently because of the steep hills. Often we would climb over a ridge and wait for the conveyance to come round by the road.

At the end of the post road we paid off our driver and rewarded him with a good tip, upon which he gravely shook hands with us. Whenever we gave a sufficient *pourboire* in Norway we were rewarded either by a charming little courtesy and "manje tak" (many thanks) from chambermaid or waitress, and a serious handshake from porter, driver or guide. This habit of thrusting out the hand for a farewell shake, a little annoying to English travelers, is a sign of that independence which is so pleasing in Norway. Even a lad of ten, to whom I gave a trifling gratuity for his help in mooring a boat, pushed out his hand as if he couldn't help it, and I shook it with entire gravity.

In the midst of our tramping and climbing we spent five happy days in Vik on the Sognefjord, and wished they might have been a month. Beautifully situated across from Balholmen, a famous tourist resort, and opposite the entrance of the Fjaerlandfjord, it is seldom visited by tourists. Yet is a convenient place from which to make trips, as we did, in all directions by steamer and on foot. Close to Vik is Rambören, a mountain of 5,300 feet, which afforded us the finest panorama of our trip. In Vik, too, we enjoyed to the full the splendid hospitality so characteristic of the best Norwegians. Our landlord and his charming family treated us as invited guests. The fact that we were to pay a bill before leaving was meanwhile forgotten and didn't in the least disturb the host-and-visitor relation between us.

Our last week was spent in the great mountain country—the Jotunfjeld or Jotunheim (home of the giants). We thought our enthusiasm for Norway had already reached its highest point, but we hadn't experienced the beauty and the grandeur of the Jotunheim, with its wonderful snowfields, broad glaciers, rugged peaks and

herds of tame reindeer. This was the roughest part of our trip, yet we always managed to secure the necessities: decent lodging with enough covering to protect us at night from the bitter cold, and sufficient food, though sometimes very plain. But rough as it was and hard as were the tramping and climbing, the reward was greater, and I recommend to any one of good constitution, even though tired from American rush, to spend a week and as much more as possible in this glorious mountain region of Norway. The mountains are not very high; Galdhöppigen, the highest, is only 8,400 feet and is not difficult of ascent. Other peaks though not so lofty present more difficulties and call for the resource of the experienced mountaineer. For this part of the journey stout boots, which have already been "broken in," are a necessity. Rough woolen clothing with an extra sweater, or a rain-proof jacket, will also be needed. Guides are needed for Galdhöppigen and for any of the difficult peaks.

Most tourists are specially desirous of going to the North Cape "and the land of the Midnight Sun," and they are fully repaid for the time, but we preferred to miss that sight than to cut short our delightful trip in the country further to the south. If I were to go back to Norway I should leave the steamship at Christiansand and go by small steamer to the quaint old town of Bergen. From there one can easily reach the glorious Hardanger Fjord and after exploring that region can cross over on foot or by driving into the Valdres region or the country by the Sognefjord, returning by way of Christiana.

Our trip of three weeks in Norway cost us slightly over sixty dollars each. For a longer stay in any place or places the proportionate cost must be reduced. But a trip to the North Cape involves much greater expense, which can, however, be kept below an average of five dollars a day for each person, unless one desires all the comforts in sight.

MONTE CARLO

The Country of Chance

By Katherine Browne

Monte carlo is the Capital of the Unsatisfied. It means the things that the children of mankind crave; flowers; diamonds and electric gold. Everyone who is there has come because he wants something infinitely, wants it so much that he is willing to risk sometimes life itself for it. And all the splendor of luxury that is so desperately craved waits before the eyes in the fabulous sables, and huge rubies, and moon-fine lace, that make gay the arcades and narrow streets which hang on the sheer hill that dips into the Mediterranean.

When you look down on Monte Carlo from the height of the Riviera Palace Hotel or the summit of the Turbie mountain, it is the Casino itself that seems to find a ledge and halting place to hold up the world from slipping off the cliffs into the sea, the world made of thin white streets and shining roofs and the cataract of palms and cactus.

Seen in the moonlight or under the rose wash of the sunset it looks like one of the dream palaces artists sketch as poised in the clouds, or on the crest of some fantastic mountain. Its domes are gold, and underneath it is bound with the lush green of low palms and hawthorne bushes and beds of ferns. It is the perfume of the flowering bushes and the pathways of flowers that hold you most as some tangible glamor of the place when you go down into the gardens: wall flowers and violets, hawthorn and hyacinths, and great golden bands of perpetually new daffodils. Even the Casino seems just the vaporous reality of a visionary thing, a page of the Arabian Nights put into life, but for all its fantasm it is nevertheless in actuality the place of a reigning Prince. His servants receive you as his guests, or you may be refused as someone unknown, if it pleases them to follow some inscrutable law.

Once past the gold-laced lackeys you come to the mosaic and marble Antrium paved and walled and roofed in pink and yellow and green, waved over with gold frosted lights, and held as in a shower of sparkling sound by the tinkling rhythm of the Hungarian players.

Over the glistening floors are the resplendent trains of the women. *Paillettes* like a dragon fly's wing, or the shimmer of moonlight on water, or the iridescence of black diamonds. This madness for the eyes is free, the smooth leather luxury of the library above is free. Every afternoon the concert in the crimson and gold and frescoed Court Theater opening off the Antrium is free.

Two endless streams of people come and go through two sets of leather padded doors at the end. These doors are guarded on each side by attendants in plain livery as well as by the servants in their white and scarlet, and tall gold-crested staves.

If you have obtained the card of "invitation" for the day you go in through one door. If after longer and detailed difficulty, including the registering of your mother's maiden name, you have acquired a card that admits you for a month, you go in with the sensation of belonging to the Court circle, to the obeisance of deferential recognition through the favored entrance.

A low continuous murmur like some heart beat made audible strikes through the tense air, strung taut as though formed into an ethereal violin. The mood is the passion of desire, of despair, of abeyance made articulate. Life, love, wealth, all the obscure craving to be satisfied by gold; the gold that man has made the veins of his civilization, the yellow blood of the world; hums unceasingly in the sensitized light. There is a frigidity of poise among all the people, they seem held as it were on some magic and potent swaying of life's scales. The whole soul and brain seems hushed, for does not to these gamblers all their hope and longing spin instantly to the whirl of the little ivory ball? The walls themselves fade away in the sun dizziness of gold, of gilded angels that rim the cornice, of the azure paintings of the ceiling.

Binding the vacillating emulous uncertain soul of the gambler is yet the invincible strain of self preservation that with him can only show in one way, in the calculated and rigidly regulated plan which he used in flinging his life and soul and future to the swaying of a most minute ball, to the drip of thin, painted pieces of pasteboard.

He would not put on five francs, which is the minimum stake at roulette, or five hundred francs with the motive of regarding it as an isolated stake.

Each sum that he puts down is a part of a complex network of calculation that may be based on the most abstruse mathematical synthesis of average chances, or on some personal scheme of numbers or colors or alternations of both.

In roulette as the mark zero has equal chance with the other thirty-six sections of the wheel, and as all the money on the table is lost to the players when it turns up, that per cent, of chance of

Zero can be looked on by the more indifferent of the players as in a way their price of admission to all the charm and strangeness of this theater of genuine tragedy.

For it is not only a tiny white ball twirling rapidly in an ivory groove marked with figures that one stands around the table to watch, but the actual gaining of rapture or destitution or shame for these human beings so icily waiting to see what Fate will make of the life that has been tossed into her hands. Yet to the more practical of the players this possibility of losing to Zero is regarded with a venemous hate that all the misfortune of wrong numbers or combinations could never arouse.

In the Trente et Quarante rooms the lowest stake is twenty francs, and it is in these rooms that the most regular showing of high play is to be seen. But in Trente et Quarante the game is played with the dealing of cards by the croupier and his handling of the actual numbers that mean gain or loss, takes away something of the sense of the choice of Fate that clings to the infinitesimal ball at roulette, that seems to spin so unerringly to the number Fortune herself has chosen.

And it is this madness of seeing the living face of Fate change to its smiles or frowns before the eyes that draws to this maelstrom of unsatisfied desire the multitudes that often have among them the names which mean the power and wealth and genius of the world.

They may come they may say for the music, for Monte Carlo gives the apex of achievement long before other places have even heard of it; they may call it the perfection of its warmth and shelter, for it is sunny and still in January when Nice is swept with frigid winds; they may even say foolish things of its exotic trees and flower jeweled gardens and the drivers that curve up the white cliffs above the turquoise sea; but it is to breathe and see and feel the very open soul and passion of brain-naked humanity that makes the power, the enthrallment that brings the fascinated world to the glistening Capital of Desire.

A TRIP DOWN THE YUKON RIVER

An Outing Among Natives and Woodchoppers in the Arctic Circle

By George R. King

White Horse, Yukon Territory, is the northern railway terminus of the White Pass and Yukon Route, and head of navigation of the Yukon River. At this point the steamers of the White Pass Route start for Dawson, where connection is made for St. Michael and the lower Yukon River points. Since the opening of the Klondike region, thousands of gold seekers have started for Dawson from White Horse in row boats, and just above the steamboat landing may be seen the yard where these boats have been and still are built. At Dawson one of the sights of the town is the large number of these boats, for sale "cheap," that have carried miners and their "grub-stakes" to the gold fields.

We arrived at Dawson on July 4th, to find that there would be no steamer leaving for St. Michael for several days; so we purchased one of these White Horse boats, blankets, a small tent and provisions. The whole outfit cost about $30.

Our baggage was delayed up river and arrived about eleven o'clock Sunday night, July 8th. By the after-glow of sunset we put our goods aboard, and at 12.45 A. M., July 9th, pushed out into the current and started on our journey to Fort Gibbons, eight hundred miles down the river.

As we passed the city limits a "sour-dough," whose acquaintance we had made, fired a salute from his cabin on the shore, to bid us *"bon voyage."*

Rowing with the stream was a delight. The day had been warm and the air was balmy, the sun being just below the horizon, the sunset glow never leaving the sky until sunrise about 3:30.

About five o'clock camp was made on a rocky point, beside which a spring of ice cold water made its way to the river. Fried bacon, hard-tack and coffee tasted good after our first night drifting on the Yukon.

We stopped at Fortymile, the customs post of the Canadian Government, also a post of the "Mounted Police," famous all over the Canadian Northland.

Salmon were just beginning to run, and at Cliff the first drying establishment was seen. Nets are used, and are placed in the eddies of the stream and the curing is done in rude shacks in which a slow fire called "smudge" is burning. The smoke greatly assists in the process.

It was a matter for surprise to a New Englander, that a fish so highly prized for food should be put to so common a use as feeding dogs. There is not a cannery on the Yukon, the entire catch being prepared by drying for the above purpose. But when it is remembered that dog-teams are the only method of transportation during the long weary months of winter, the value of salmon may in no wise be lessened, but the respect one may have for the dog generally increased. It is probably safe to say that during the few weeks in which the salmon are running, thousands of tons are prepared in this way, chiefly by the Indians, the catch being made by the men, and the cleaning and drying by the squaws.

There is probably no navigable river in the world with such varied scenery as the Yukon. Viewed from the deck of one of the big steamers that ply between Dawson and St. Michael's the scene is one of ever-changing character. But to view the same mountain and stream in detail from a small boat, pulling ashore at times to prepare meals or camp, is an experience long to be remembered.

Eagle is a point of interest and importance, being near the International boundary line, on American soil. The Custom House is situated here. Fort Egbert occupies a commanding position on the south side of the river. Here the river makes a sharp turn to the north amid towering cliffs. We passed this point about 9 o'clock, the sun declining in the most marvelous cloud effects possible to imagine.

Two large commercial companies maintain stores at Eagle. At one of these we replenished our stock of provisions, and were requested by the manager to deliver to a woodchopper's camp down the river a supply of salt. This we agreed to do, and reached the cabin at Charlie's River about midnight. We were welcomed by the proprietors of the camp, brothers, who left Maine years ago and are now satisfied to remain in the Yukon country, supplying the steamers with wood at $8.00 per cord, and in the winter hunting and trapping in the mountains.

We slept soundly in rude bunks, with superb furs for coverings, and after breakfasting in royal fashion on moose steak, flap-jacks and coffee, pushed out into the current for the last stage in our journey to Circle on the border of Yukon Flats. Here, as the name indicates, begins a section of country topographically the opposite of what we have passed through. Gradually the mountains near the

river disappear and the lofty ranges are dimly seen in the distance. The river widens, and many sloughs are formed, each with a current as swift as the main ship channel, making it difficult to keep the course taken by the steamers. Often times these passages are eight or ten miles in length, but as they always connect with the river below there is no danger in letting the boat drift.

During July and August the mosquitoes in this section are numerous and aggressive. Fortunately sandbars in midstream, make a safe refuge, and there is always an abundance of driftwood for camp fire.

Woodchoppers' camps are numerous on the Flats, as the islands are densely wooded with spruce and poplar, and this is largely used by the steamers for fuel. At one of these camps where we stopped to cook our evening meal, we found the proprietors, two Canadians, married to "daughters of the land," the union having been blessed by half a dozen children, who were running about in furs and with bare feet.

Here we made the acquaintance of John Whiteface, an uncle of the ladies of the camp, and a man of some consequence among the natives of the region. His own camp was some eight or ten miles down the river toward Fort Yukon. We were glad of his company. His language was quaint, and the lightness with which he handled his birch canoe afforded us no little entertainment. Whiteface lost no time in informing us of the distressing condition in which he would find camp on his return home. Pointing to a small volume of smoke in the distance he remarked: "Indian Camp." In a moment, "Indian wife heap sick;" later on, "Indian no grub." The attack which John made on the small quantity of "grub" which was passed to his canoe made it somewhat doubtful if the sick wife would ever benefit by the slight charity.

When within three or four miles of Fort Yukon Whiteface bade us farewell and headed his craft for the shore, to answer to the charge of "being out with the boys."

Fort Yukon, now only an Indian village, was once an important station of the Hudson Bay Company. At this point we crossed the Arctic Circle at midnight.

Because of the mosquitoes, we made no camp while in the Flats, but rowed all night, one taking rest for two hours while the other plied the oars. When within forty miles of Fort Hamlin a severe storm struck us, and in looking for a favorable place to land, we discovered a cabin on the south side of the river. The current was swift and the wind blowing a gale. After a hard pull we made a landing. The cabin was a winter mail post on the route to Dawson and it was our good fortune to find the agent making repairs in

putting the camp in condition for winter quarters. Fort Hamlin was reached as the storekeeper was taking in his nets.

We reached Fort Gibbon July 19th in time to take a passage on a steamer leaving for St. Michael the same day, and our journey across the Arctic Circle in a row-boat was at an end.

Within a very few days the upper river waters will begin to congeal, navigation will cease, and the long severe winter will shut in on the great northwest possession of Uncle Sam.

BERMUDA, THE WINTER HAVEN OF LOVERS OF THE SEA

Ocean Bathing and Sailing in March Around the Coral Islands Where the Easter Lilies Grow—A British Colony in the Gulf Stream Forty-eight Hours from New York

By Percy K. Crocker

We had seen our pilot dropped outside Sandy Hook, into swirling snow and sleet that obscured the shore line, and had hidden between decks our red noses and smarting eyes from the inhospitable "God Speed" of a northern blizzard.

That was Wednesday.

The passengers had come on deck to watch another weather disturbance, one entirely different. Borne by a balmy breeze from the southeast a mild appearing cloud came upon us. Then the horizon was hidden in a gray haze, the sea quickly lost its blue, the glorious coloring of southern waters, and took on a drapery of pearl mull, billowing into the hazy distance. Rain spattered down, the sun burst through, the cloud scudded away to the north and, all within ten minutes, we had the warm wind again to dry the ship's decks.

That was Friday.

Between the days the ship had cut the gulf stream on the bias. I had revelled in a bath of its waters, drawn by my steward into a big tub, and had discarded as a deck companion a heavy overcoat.

"That's a typical Bermuda rain squall," remarked my steamer chair neighbor, "and there, just peeping over the horizon are the islands themselves."

Deck idlers began to stir about, "six best sellers" were put aside and the negro pilot coming over the rail divided honors with the foaming reefs in the interest of the tourists. The pilot of the Bermuda harbor is a man of importance. It is no light trick to take a vessel through the chain of hidden rocks and coral reefs that for miles out encircle the islands, danger points that have contributed much to make impregnable this British military and naval outpost.

It is common for the untraveled to think of Bermuda as one island. There are nearer three hundred, though their total area is but two square miles greater than that of our Manhattan Island.

As the steamer felt its way into the channel we began to discover the more definite contour of the pink and white coast line and to individualize the different islands. There were green hills, garden-like in verdure, here and there standing out a cedar or a palm, set off by white splotches, white with a brilliancy unknown to the New Yorker, which developed on closer inspection, into buildings. The violet haze over all suggested restfulness and contentment and toned with the varying purple of the sea. A southern sun brought out the contrasts. The effect of this first general glimpse proved later to have been a trustworthy agent of the attractions of Bermuda.

We skirted St. David's and St. George's islands, with their fortifications and quaint quarters of the British officers, along the mainland to Grassy Bay, Ireland Island, with its dock yard and formidable naval display, and crept into the harbor of Hamilton.

Steamer day is a day of happenings in Bermuda. Everybody goes to meet the steamer. We made our way through a crowd of colored folk, here and there a clean-cut appearing Britisher or white colonist, a sprinkling of soldiers, well set up men who wore natty "walking out suits" and carried the inevitable "swagger" stick.

The customs examination was superficial and conducted with marked courtesy. We negatived the question, "Any liquors or tobacco in your luggage?" and were taken in charge by our host, who awaited outside with a comfortable appearing surrey and negro driver.

The roads of Bermuda are remarkable. No macadam is needed here. When ruts and rough places occur, the surface is planed off and the road begins life over again with a new face.

Our route led between gardens, partly hidden at times by walls of coral, like the roads, over which we caught glimpses of gleaming white houses, the same that we had picked out in the distance from the deck of the steamer. Soon we were rolling beneath the cedars' branches interlocked in an overhead arch. Now and then royal palms and cocoanut trees gracefully cut the sky line. The cocoanut palm here is an ornament only; the nuts fail to mature.

Banana plots here and there introduced us to the Bermuda fruit products. The bananas are smaller than those of the regions further south, but they are fat and chunky and of superior flavor. There were paw-paw trees in plenty, almost as numerous as the native negroes who depend upon the fruit as a staple the year round.

Actual contact is necessary to realize how many negroes can be sustained in life in such a small area. At every turn we came upon them; lively pickaninnies, some barefoot, others with "experienced" shoes and rumpled stockings; cheerful "mammys," wearing calico and big white aprons; men folk with two-wheeled donkey carts; now

a group of old and young, gathering onions and packing them in wooden crates made from slats imported from Nova Scotia.

The Bermuda onion, like the Bermuda potato, is famous far and wide. The production of both constitute the chief industries of the islands and afford labor for the negroes and a living for the small planters, largely of Portugese immigration. These products are generally grown in small patches and it is only when the loads are brought in for the outgoing steamers that the magnitude of the industry is apparent.

It is a long jump from onions to lily bulbs. Yet in Bermuda, industrially, these are linked together. The bulbs are grown for the floral markets of northern cities and are shipped in great quantities. Anyone who has visited the Broadway florists' shops in Holy Week, or has caught the inspiration of the delicate scent and beauty of the lily banks in chuch on Easter morning, knows in a certain way the charm of the flower. To know these blossoms out of doors is to know them very differently.

There burst upon us a sight that, but for our stolid negro driver, would have halted us on the spot. Spreading out on our right was a field of undulating white, green stalks waving, mass on mass of fragrant blossoms, fragrance that came to us in waves of deliciousness. Here was the spirit of Easter, as no Northerner can conceive it. It came to us overwhelmingly, with winter scarcely two days behind us.

Our long distance selection of a stopping place proved a fortunate one. We were to put up in one of the coral built houses that had now become familiar to us. Perhaps the thing of the most permanent interest on the islands is the way the people build their houses. Underneath a thin layer of soil the coral rock is soft enough, when first exposed, to be sawed into building blocks. They rapidly harden under the influence of air and sun and make building material that is lasting and has the qualities of coolness and cleanliness.

Even the poorer inhabitants enjoy the advantages of this construction.

I was given a room of a size that would make an average city apartment blush. There was a big four-poster bed, of rosewood, and windows overlooking the sea and many little islands. We found the cooking, both native and American, excellent. Meats were not as prominent as at home. Bermuda imports her meats from the "States." Fish there was, the famous fish of Bermuda, of many varieties; I believe I tested thirty-five or more. The people there know how to prepare fish. We had garden vegetables, avocada pears, sugar apples, sweet and juicy, which look like a cross between a pine cone and an artichoke—and pepper-pot. "What's in this

pepper-pot?" asked a novice. "What isn't in it?" replied a seasoned tourist. We never quite discovered.

We loafed, loafed in a literal sense. There were lazy days, days spent lying on the sand, interviewing and being interviewed by the natives, always friendly and respectful, always glad to tell the "story" of their simple life. Invariably simple save with one exception. This was a negro with "old time" marked in every lineament. "Yes, sir; I was the Admiral's body servant, sir," he told me in purely spoken English. Then would follow tales upon tales of the Crimean War and things that probably never happened. Ours was a sort of Arabian Nights friendship, continued from day to day. When I came away he "begged permission to present" me with a native walking stick. I never could figure out just what that stick cost me, but it—with the tales—was a bargain.

At Hamilton we were in the heart of the island life. The big tourist hotels were filled with the enterprise of vacation enjoyment. Dances, card parties, teas and, not the least, veranda or "gallery," gossip sessions. Driving parties were formed, with trips to old St. George, rich in historical interest, and a dozen other points hardly less attractive. We passed through the much talked of cuts between the coral, moss covered and picturesque. We traversed the south shore, visited Ireland Island, inspected the immense floating dry dock there and saw an important British naval base at first hand. We made luncheon pilgrimages. When we did not drive we cycled; when we did not cycle we sailed.

Of course we visited the reefs, everybody does that. We looked through the glass-bottomed boats, far down into the depths at the deep sea life and the fishes, the "157 varieties"; and there are more varieties and color constructions of which the New York Aquarium will give you barely an intimation. We fished for these, moreover, and caught them. We bathed in the sea in March; no fear of sharks either, for the reefs protect the beaches.

There were tennis games, golf, cricket and football matches, between teams made up of soldiers, townfolk or clubs of the different parishes. The Hunt Club vaulted the jumps for us.

A SPRINGTIME RAMBLE IN IRELAND

Three Weeks Among the Green Hills, Jaunting Cars, and Silver-tongued Peasants of the Emerald Isle

By George C. Bartlett

We arrived at Queenstown at three o'clock on the morning of April 11th. Many of the passengers did not retire, but waited to see us disembark; and the saloon was merry while we anxiously awaited the first glimpse of the light-houses on the Irish coast. The minority who were to land at Queenstown were tumbled into a small tug, and were soon puffing toward the shore. The next morning while half asleep, I raised the window curtain of my dingy room, and found the hillside opposite laughingly alive with yellow flowers, as though wishing to give me a cheerful welcome to the Emerald Isle.

I was told that the expense of my room at the Queen's Hotel, Queenstown, would be three shillings, but upon receiving my bill found I was charged three shillings for the room, and one shilling and sixpence for attendance; so that in reality the expense of the room was four shillings and sixpence. Such is the custom; therefore, it is well for visitors to inquire the price of attendance and other extras when procuring a room.

We spent but a half day at Queenstown and then went on to Cork. Naturally there was a St. Patrick Street. We found it much alive with Sunday-going-to-Mass-people, all clasping prayer-books. I enjoyed a long walk that Sunday afternoon. I left the business, yarn-sock, and flannel skirt part of the city, and meandered along St. Luke's road, which winds up the hill and by the side of the pleasant waters of the River Lee, along the banks of which are beautifully situated the homes of the Irish aristocracy,—the wealthy Corkers. The houses are mostly walled in from the street; the walls covered with hanging vines, much resembling those villas along the road from Nice to Monaco. The many comfortable and handsome looking homes made a restful picture. At one place a horse and colt were munching clover on the lawn, with a cow and calf for company. It

was the time of day when fresh milk was being delivered, carried in large tin buckets by large-waisted women. These women did not look down-trodden, or as if they could be easily evicted; and as the lambs bleated a welcome to them as they entered the gate, all seemed well in that part of Ireland. The views from these houses were fine indeed,—the River Lee ever in sight, with the tall green hills on the opposite, the peaceful green valley below. By the river were the public playgrounds and race track, so that on any pleasant day the family could, by looking out of the windows, behold a circus of sport. The game which was being played on the day I mention, was the Irish game of Hurley. Had I met the same people whom I met on St. Luke's road in any American city, I should not have known they were Irish,—there was no distinctive mark.

Pipes are in in universal use; cigars are seldom seen.

The gentlemen follow the English style of dress, with a profusion of different kinds of leg-gear, which they wear while riding and on rainy days. The rainy season in Ireland occupies most of the time, as it rains on an average of two hundred and eight days in the year. That is the reason, I suppose, that Ireland keeps so beautifully green, trimming up her country with the ivy and shamrock the year through; hence the songs: "Wearing of the Green," "The Green Lanes of Ireland," etc. Ireland is a small country, only three hundred miles long, and two hundred miles wide. Two-fifths of the land is very poor, and is called bog land. Linen is the staple manufacture. They also manufacture the Irish poplin, woolens, silks, cottons, gloves, paper and glass.

I should judge that the season here is in advance of ours about three weeks. The dandelions, daisies and buttercups are showing their bright faces by the wayside, and they look the same here as in the States.

Shilling paid my fare in a jaunting car to the road which leads to Blarney Castle; I then walked to the Castle, a distance of about six miles through a most charming country; the scenery was exceptionally fine, varied and verdant. Along the way we met trout streams with rushing, talking waters. Flocks of rooks were sailing here and there, some alighting on the newly plowed ground in search of spring worms, while others were busy at work building their nests. In one small cluster of trees there must have been a hundred nests built and in process of building. The farmers are friendly to these birds as they destroy the grubworms that live about an inch under ground, and eat the roots of the grain.

At the gate of the Castle I was met by an Irish peasant girl, who greeted me with, "Good morning, God bless you. Plenty of your countrymen come here." I said, "How do you know from what

country I come?" "Oh! and sure I know you Americans as quick as me eye rests upon you, you are all so good-looking and liberal!" When I gave her the usual fee, one shilling, she said, "God bless you, 'tis the first money this morning, it will give you luck, and me luck." I said, "I wished it would, as my heart was broke." She said "it would not stay so long after I had kissed the Blarney Stone." So I climbed to the top of the old, old castle, and falling upon my knees, dizzy with the distance, twice kissed the famous Blarney Stone, and have felt better ever since! When I came down, the girl said, "Did you kiss the Stone?" "I did, twice." "You will have luck," she said, "forever." She God-blessed me once more, and her parting words were, "when you come again, bring the lady with you."

Women generally seem to hold the clerkships in the hotels, and barmaids serve the drinks."

At the hotels when a gentleman comes in for the night, his shoes are removed by the "Boots" and his slippers placed in readiness, he is then supposed to be in a comfortable frame of mind, to enjoy his pipe and night-cap in the smoking or reading room.

The hotels in Ireland are good, with clean linen sheets and an abundance to eat!

The distinctly national female garment in Ireland is a black or blue broadcloth Connemara cloak, which covers the entire form, and has a kind of Monk's hood, which covers the head, or hangs on the shoulders; she is a poor woman indeed who has not one of these, as to procure one is the early ambition of every girl; it is often the girl's only dowry. Some are quite costly and are richly lined with silks and satins.

From Cork a three-hours' ride by rail brought us to Bantry, a small country village, where we were to remain an hour for lunch. It happened to be a fair day, which gave us a fine opportunity to study the country people, for on fair day they congregate from miles around, and bring in their sheep, pigs, cattle, donkeys, horses and all kinds of produce for sale.

From Bantry we drove a distance of eleven miles to Glen-garriff. The London *Truth* says, "There is not a prettier spot on the globe than Glengarriff." The steward of Earl Bantry's estate was a fellow passenger on the way over and he invited me to call on him. It was a pleasant walk of about two miles, and gave me a good idea of an Irish landlord's estate. The landlords own most of the land in Ireland and rent it out to the farmers, who assert that it is poor, and consequently they have a hard time to produce enough to support their families and pay the rent. Most of the land seems to be used for pasturage, and but little of it is under high cultivation, as are the lands of Italy, Germany and France. Besides, there is a

great waste caused by the building of wide turf fences. There are more fences to a farm in Ireland than in any other country. The poor people complain of the rich landlords much as our people complain of the rich men in America who are accumulating the millions.

From that pretty spot, Glengarriff, we came by coach or tally-ho to the Lakes of Killarney. The drive was forty-two miles through a most picturesque part of the country. We stopped at Kenmore for lunch, which is half way to the Lakes, and visited for half an hour the Catholic School where they make nuns and laces; after which with fresh horses, that fairly jumped the hills, we did the last twenty-two miles. The day was fine and the ride a joy. We arrived at the Lakes too early in the season to see the scenery in its perfection. The best months for visiting the lakes are July, August and September.

Excursion parties are arranged for at the hotels. The first morning we took jaunting cars at nine o'clock, riding ten miles to the Gap of Dunloe, then a five-mile walk over, or rather through the gap of the mountains until we reached the lakes. There we found boats awaiting to take us across the lakes. This occupied about two and a half hours; then we were met by the same jaunting cars which took us back by another route to our hotel. It was a perfectly arranged excursion; just enough ride, just enough sail, just enough walk.

From the lakes I took the train for Limerick. I was anxious to stop there, as the name is so suggestive of all that is Irish! As an experiment I traveled third class, and was so pleased that I made up my mind to try it often in the future.

I found Dublin a substantial city. The streets were well paved and the people well dressed, good horses, fair buildings, and although it is so celebrated for stout and whisky, the people appeared thrifty—that is for Ireland.

A YEAR IN CAPRI

By John Lennard

Doubtless the fact that Capri is an island has helped to keep its bloom from being rubbed away by the rough hand of Modernity. The mile or so of water separating it from the mainland, has, so far, managed to hold back the railroad and the trolley—ugly conveniences to which beautiful Sorrento, only ten miles distant on the mainland, has fallen prey.

Less than five miles from end to end and not two miles across, Capri rises from the brilliant Mediterranean, a beautiful and defiant breakwater before the Bay of Naples.

The feeling of the place is that of mediaeval Italy. Save for a few modern hotels and villas in its two towns—Capri and Anacapri—the island has changed little in the past few centuries. But with each succeeding year travelers go there in larger numbers, until now a funicular railroad is being built from the town's picturesque *Piazza* down to the *Grande Marina,* where the little steamers (daily in fair weather) from Naples and Sorrento, land their passengers, after having carried them to the mysterious and beautiful Blue Grotto. When completed, the funicular will no doubt do away with many of the picturesque *carozze,* drawn by spirited little stallions in proud silvered and feathered harnesses, in which present-day visitors are carried up the steep road that winds its way, between white-walled gardens, vineyards, and plantations of lemon and olive trees, from the *Marina* to the town of Capri, five hundred feet above the sea. The sturdy and not ungraceful women porters who may now be seen swinging up from the Marina with such trifles as trunks and pianos balanced nicely on their heads, are also menaced by the *funiculare.* But away with dread prognostication! The thing is not yet built, and if it does not reach completion sooner than most Italian things, no man alive to-day shall live to see it running.

The only other dangerously modern tendency I think of is towards the unbeautiful but comforting American base burner. One of these is carefully concealed behind a rich fifteenth-century screen in *Villa Narcissus,* the exquisite residence of the distinguished American painter, Charles Carryl Coleman, who has lived for years upon the island; another is in *Torre Quattro Venti,* the delightful home of

Elihu Vedder, another celebrated American artist; the third belongs to Capri's leading physician, Dr. George Cerio. (Dr. Cerio is a graduate of both American and Italian medical schools, and has practiced his profession in New York.)

Capri has a large and kaleidoscopic foreign colony. Artists and authors love the place for its peaceful primitiveness and its exquisite lights, colorings and panoramic views, some of which suggest roseate dreams rather than realities. Most of the world's distinguished personages have visited the island, since Augustus Caesar lived in his palace here before the time of Christ. But the Roman Emperor whose name is most associated with the island is Tiberius (called by the natives "Timberio,") who was Caesar during the lifetime of the Saviour. Authentic remains of some of the palaces Tiberius built are visible to-day, the most important of them being those of *Villa Jovis,* said to have been the Emperor's principal residence. This huge palace was perched on a precipitous point rising abruptly from the sea to the height of a thousand feet. Huge gloomy, vaulted rooms are still intact; but the outer layers of marble which made the palace beautiful, vanished long since. Only a bit of tesselated pavement and a few broken marble columns remain—sullen relics of the glory of the Roman Empire.

But to Capri.

As we left Naples in the morning, we had our first view of the little island's jagged outline, seventeen miles distant, across the incomparable bay. To our left, rose the huge gray bulk of Vesuvius, a cloud rising like a great plume above the crater, and small white towns huddling beneath upon the mountainside, in dread appreciation of Hell's furnace, ranging ceaselessly beneath their very cellars.

We stopped off at Sorrento, and were at once surrounded by a flotilla of small boats, each of whose rowers shouted to disembarking passengers the names of the hotels—shouted as though the hotels' names were set to music. Soon under way again, we skirted the peninsula of Massa with its tufa cliffs, its dark mysterious caverns and its ancient watchtowers; crossed the turbulent channel that separates Capri from the mainland, and, with some relief, found ourselves riding under the lee of that most enchanting island.

We were fortunate in having friends in Capri; they had arranged accommodation for us, in the *Villa Cercola,* a house charmingly situated on the southern-exposed side of the island, and surrounded by a garden that would be hard to match. Terraced down the hillside, and shaded by tall cedars, it commands exquisite views of the island and the Gulf of Salerno. It is invitingly laid out in walks and white pergolas, with here and there *amphore,* and flower pots of ancient pattern, from which various plants blossomed, in their seasons. In the Spring the garden is brilliant with red poppies, and in

late Fall and Winter, chrysanthemums and a great variety of roses bloom there.

Southern exposure is considered best for the cold season, but is not absolutely necessary. In Summer the shady side of the island is thought the more desirable. Considered the year around, the world affords few spots to rival Capri as a place of residence. Aside from its extraordinary natural beauty, its Roman ruins and history, its mediaeval picturesqueness, and its inexpensiveness, it has a really splendid climate. Spring and Autumn are said to be the finest seasons, though the Winter brings more visitors. On the other hand, many foreign residents, who know it best, will tell you they prefer the Summer, when there are always fresh sea breezes, with bathing and yachting, and when the marvelous flowers of the place (799 species, and 129 varieties) are at their best.

The mean temperature of Capri ranges from 72° in Summer, to 48° in Winter. Changes, when they come, are seldom violent, and may, almost invariably, be anticipated. The chill following sunset in the cold months is not so severe as at either Nice, Monte Carlo, Mentone, Cannes or Pau. Nevertheless, it is essential that those who plan to stay in Capri for the Winter should look to proper facilities for heating, as the stone houses, with their tiled floors, are cool in all seasons—comfortably so in Summer, but in Winter inclined to be a little barn-like, especially when one comes into them from the warm sunshine of outdoors.

Capri is not Egypt, and there is no use in pretending that the Winter weather is invariably fine. No one can question, though, that the average is very much in favor of sunshine and mild bracing air. Last Winter we played tennis almost every day. On Christmas, our little boy celebrated in the garden. The Christmas tree was a young olive.

The two extremes of weather come with the winds known as *Tramontano* and *Scirroco*. The former, from the general direction of the North, brings fair weather; the latter, supposed to come across the sea from the Sahara, is decidedly unpleasant, usually bringing rain and setting nerves a-jangling, and servants quarreling in shrill voices.

The smoke from Vesuvius serves as a barometer for Capri; when the smoke from the crater rises straight the weather will be variable; when the smoke rolls away from Capri the *Scirocco* comes; but with the *Tramontano* the smoke blows down the mountain's face, as seen from Capri.

The island is an inexpensive place in which to live. The most costly furnished villa that I know of has rented in the season for about one hundred dollars per month. Fifty dollars is, however,

ample, if not exorbitant rental for a first-class furnished villa, and many delightful places rent for considerably less than this.

The best way of settling is to go first to a hotel or pension, and look about for villas. Take the first place that offers and you're likely to pay well for it. Hunt a little and you'll find a bargain.

I know a charming house in which an American family had two floors, last winter, at a six-months' rental of about thirty dollars per month. Their rooms were attractively furnished, and a grand piano was provided. They had two hard-working little Capri servants, a cook at six dollars per month and a maid at three dollars. The cook did all the marketing and did it well. Neither girl had a day or minute off. The Capri servant who has not worked for foreigners (especially Americans) is better, as a rule. Strangers spoil them. They may learn to steal, if they did not know how before; but the thefts of Italian servants are usually small. Matches, sugar, tea and the like, are likely to be appropriated in small quantities, unless locked up and doled out by the housekeeper, as needed. The Americans above referred to, lived very comfortably, and their total expenses did not exceed $150 per month, including everything.

One must be contented in most Capri houses without such modern comforts as porcelain-lined tubs and running water. On the other hand, three or four dollars a month will supply a maid to bring in the portable bathtub and fill it; what does it matter, after all, whether you go to the bath, or the bath comes to you—whether the water comes from faucets or from pitchers? In spare moments when she isn't bringing in your bath your maid will dust and sweep and make the beds, and like as not she'll sing Italian opera as she does it. One feels quite lordly with one's servants all about one, singing and stealing matches. In Capri you have a happy retinue for what you'd pay a discontented New York housework girl. Would you have a *chef,* in white cap and apron? He is yours for eight or ten dollars per month. If you want a *chef* who is also an accomplished thief, pay more than that, and get a man who has worked for previous "very rich Americans."

Of the peculiar subtle charm of Capri I've said nothing. Perhaps I've put it off because I don't feel competent to cope with it. Live on the island for a year, and each day you'll be discovering new charms, just beyond your doorstep; views and vistas and spots of color, warm and beautiful. Walk beside a wall a hundred times, and on the hundredth and first there'll be a door that's open, revealing a pergola whose rows of white pillars lead your eye along spellbound, beneath the grape vines, to a superb view of the streaky opalescent Bay of Naples, with Vesuvius behind it.

FROM THE LATIN QUARTER TO SAINT CLOUD

The Most Interesting Parts of Paris Shown by an Art Student to Her American Friends

By Rosina Emmet

A year ago when I was tucked away in a little room in a tidy French apartment, pursuing my studies at the Beaux Arts, I had a letter from some friends, from Ohio, my native State, who were coming to Europe on a short jaunt and had just a fortnight to give to Paris. They had wisely decided to give a week to each side of the river, the "Rive Droit" or right side, where modern Paris has been made famous by her great dressmakers and her magnificent hotels and theaters; and the "Rive Gauche" or left side, where still exist many remnants of the past . . . the Faubourg St. Germain, the Luxumbourg Gardens, and the old Latin Quarter, which includes many museums and churches as well as the two great colleges. But above all this part of the city reeks with the atmosphere of old Paris, with dim nooks and corners, high walls blackened with age and hung with ivy, little stone paved alleys and *"impasses"* with such bygone names as "Impasse d'Enfer" (Hell) or the "Impasse des Deux Anges" (Two Angels), and sudden flights of crooked steps, leading one knows not whither, mellowed by age, discolored by the accumulated years, and worn away by the many feet which for many generations have passed up and down.

My friends wished me to help them "do" the Latin Quarter. They informed me that their means were limited but their enthusiasm enormous, and as this was my part of Paris, the part I knew so well, I was willing to be their guide. They came from England via New Haven and Dieppe, the cheapest and most interesting of the many routes from London. I met them at the Gare St. Lazare, and after the tedious but unavoidable examination of luggage, secured a *"voiture a galerie,"* or closed cab for four, with a railing around the top where the luggage was stowed away, and we rattled through the warm spring evening, across the city, over one of the bridges, to the Rue des Saints Pères, for I had decided that my party must put up in the Latin Quarter.

There are any number of quaint hotels in this part of the city, hotels built around paved courts and named, like the streets I have

mentioned, for something that had its existence in bygone times, generally some religious order, some Roman Catholic Sisterhood or Brotherhood. So we found a charming little hotel, and after securing rooms were shown into the dining room by a polite French waiter. It was a mild May evening and from our table, standing beside an opened window, we looked out into a lovely garden, one of those verdant secluded spots with gleaming statues and an old stone fountain which the combined genius of the architect and landscape gardener has contrived to hide in the very heart of the city. Like all French people our waiter was delightful and very polite; we took him into our confidence and he offered advice in ordering our dinner. First, he suggested *"soupe a l'oignon."* This soup, he informed us, had acquired a national reputation. It was cheap, palatable and very filling. It was a thick soup composed of onion, bread and grated cheese and many years before had originated with the peasantry. Then it had become a standard dish of the *"cuisine bourgeoise,"* especially, he went on to tell us, at the students' cafés in the Montmartre quarter. He ought to know something about that, he had been a waiter over there for several years . . . "Nom de Dieu!" he certainly remembered the couples who turned in after midnight and called for *"soupe a l'oignon."*

I cut him short here and ordered the rest of our dinner, which included fish *"au gratin,"* roast chicken, salad, and for a sweet, *"omelette aux confiture."* All this was washed down by *"vin ordinaire blanc"* and then the waiter brought us coffee, cigarettes and *"les petits verres,"* liquers in little glasses. The entire dinner came to less than four dollars.

The next morning we began sightseeing in good earnest. That is, we went out early and loitered in the streets and public gardens and watched the people; the only way in my opinion to really learn to know a city. During the morning we visited the Hotel des Invalides, the tomb of Napoleon I. This beautiful edifice with its golden dome, together with the Eifel Tower, which stands near by, dominates the mass of buildings on the left side of the Seine. It stands near the famous "Champ de Mars," which was created in the Eighteenth Century for the Ecole Militaire and is now used for military maneuvers. The Hotel des Invalides is a home for soldiers who have seen active service and been retired from the army. The main part of the building was used at one time for a royal chapel, but for almost one hundred years has been the tomb of Napoleon.

Nothing could be more impressive than this vast and silent church. Facing the entrance is a golden crucifix illuminated by the stained glass windows which flank it on either side, and in the center of the hall, directly beneath the great dome, is the open circular crypt

with the plain wooden box, which holds all that remains of the mighty Emperor. Twelve marble figures of sorrowing angels surround the coffin, gazing with downcast eyes at the charge they must keep, and stacked in their naked arms are sixty bloodstained and tattered flags . . . all that remain of his mighty victories. Sometimes on a Spring morning a peasant lad, serving his four years in the army, or a party of workmen with wide corduroy trousers and wooden shoes, will shuffle in, and stand uncovered, gazing down, reading perhaps with a beating heart, the inscription, the last earthly wish of Napoleon: "I desire that my remains shall repose on the banks of the Seine among those French people whom I have loved too well."

In the afternoon we went to the Luxembourg Gardens, walking up the Boulevard Montparnassé to the Avenue de l'Observatoire, and stopping for a minute to admire the famous fountain there. This fountain, standing at the head of the Alle de l'Observatoire, rises from a flat basin and consists of eight bronze sea horses grouped around a slender pedestal on which stand four nude figures, the four quarters of the globe, supporting on their shoulders a miniature world, encircled by the twelve signs of the Zodiac. From this fountain we followed the two lines of beautiful trees down to the iron gates of the Luxembourg Gardens and entered the only Renaissance garden left in Paris. The Luxembourg Gardens, together with the Palace, were erected in 1612, by Marie de Medicis, widow of Henry of Navarre, and in many ways the Palace is a copy of the Pitti Palace in Florence, her ancient home. Since those days it has all remained almost unchanged, though the Palace has served as residence, senate, council hall, and even a prison during the First Revolution. To-day the gardens are the most frequented pleasure ground in Paris, and nothing could be more instructive or delightful for a student of the French People than to linger there for several hours on a Spring afternoon. We made our way to the side of the gardens near the Boulevard St. Michel. A military band was playing in a stand among the flowering horse-chestnuts, and two men in white caps and aprons were turning out hot waffles for a sou apiece. A great crowd of men and women were strolling and loitering and making love. There were threadbare students with long hair and velvet caps and handsome eyes, there were swaggering soldiers in wide red trousers and neat young women with pale expressive faces and dainty high-heeled shoes. The murmur of the talk and the ripple of laughter, the play of the fountains and the booming of the "march militaire" from the bandstand under the blossoming trees, mingled with the occasional nasal song of a baker's boy lounging by with a basket of loaves on his head, or the plaintive whistle of a pretty Italian model sitting in the sun.

That evening at dinner our waiter advised us to spend the following day at St. Cloud, which could be reached by one of the many boats running all day up and down the river. He further charged us to take our dinner at the "Pavillion Bleu," the most famous restaurant in Europe—he ought to know something about that, he was a waiter there once for seven years—"Nom de Dieu!" how well he remembered a certain Russian prince who used to come there for dinner with a beautiful dancer from the "Ambassadeurs" and call for *"bifteck* au Champignons," but I cut him short again, with every intention, however, of visiting St. Cloud on the following day.

It was on a very fine spring afternoon that I took my friends to see St. Cloud. The day had been an eventful one for three young Americans in Paris for the first time. We were out in the streets early, as early as seven o'clock, and witnessed as we lounged about, all the awakening activities of this active city, the *"cochers"* poking their bleary faces through the windows of their cabs, the busy, bustling waiters setting little tables to rights outside the café doors, and the fine, handsome peasant girls from the *"boulangeries,"* swinging bareheaded through the streets, delivering the morning bread.

At eight o'clock we went to a little "crêmerie" near the Luxembourg Gardens for our first breakfast, or *"petit dejeuner,"* and for a franc apiece we each had a bowl of delicious *"café au lait,"* two boiled eggs, and a loaf of *"pain de cuisine."* This is a species of bread not known to many Americans, and as its name indicates, is coarser than the ordinary French bread which we get in this country. The *"pain de cuisine"* has a stronger and more agreeable flavor, is more nourishing, and costs just half as much. The kindly woman who kept the creamery brought all this out and set it on a table on the pavement, but how unlike the pavement as we Americans know it ! A bright awning protected us from the sun rays and a stately row of flowering chestnut trees bordered the edge of the street; moreover, two pretty, hatless girls lingered by, their arms filled with the mimosa blossoms which they were selling.

Before taking the boat to St. Cloud we visited the Cluny Museum. This is one of the most interesting spots in the Latin Quarter, not only as a museum but as a building, and as a record of many of the most dramatic episodes in French History. It stands at the intersection of the Boulevards St. Michel and St. Germain, not far from the famous Fountaine Saint-Michel, on the site of a Roman Palace built by the Emperor Constantius, who lived in Gaul from 292 to 306. In this same palace Julian was proclaimed Emperor by his Roman soldiers in 360, and from that time on for a number of years it continued to be the home of the early Frankish monarchs.

But of this old palace only a portion is still in existence, and this includes the Roman baths, in ruins, of course, but sufficiently preserved to indicate the spacious sweep of the original building. In 1340 the entire property was bought by the Benedictine Abbey of Cluny and the Abbots built themselves a residence on the ruins, leaving untouched, however, the Roman baths. The building is a very beautiful specimen of the late Gothic style of architecture, with slight indications of the coming Renaissance and is enclosed by a battlemented stone wall which also shuts in the garden on the other side.

On the other side of the building, attached to its main body, is a mysterious looking little round tower. My friends were curious about this and our guide led us upstairs to a dim, lofty room which contained an ornate canopied bed. This room, the guide informed us, in his sing-song way, had been, during a portion of her first widowhood, the chamber of the unfortunate Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots; and then with that dramatic instinct, which is the birthright of every Frenchman, he laid his finger on his lips, and crossing the room led us into the Queen's oratory in the upper story of the mysterious little tower.

Early that afternoon, after a hurried *dejeuner,* we took one of the many little steamboats at one of the many little docks that border the river, and sailed away to St. Cloud. Nothing could be lovelier on a spring afternoon than gliding silently with the current, on past the clean banks with their neat stone walls and blossoming terraces. The round trip cost us only twenty centimes, or four cents each, and in less than an hour we were landed at the dock at St. Cloud.

St. Cloud is a small town lying on the left bank of the Seine, and like many another small town in the environs of Paris, owes its celebrity to its gallant and historic past. If I remember rightly it takes its name from a monastery founded there by Saint Clodolald, a grandson of Clovis, one of the earliest Christian kings in France. The town has also long been famed as a country residence of the French monarchs and the beautiful palace now destroyed is said to have been the favorite retreat of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Only the gardens remain now and these have been turned into a playground for the playful Parisians, who flock there on fête days and frolic in the bosky shadows. The palace stood high on a terraced hill which rises sheer from the river and from its upper windows a view of the entire city could be obtained.

There is a terrace now a little to the left of where the palace stood, from which on a clear day the sightseer can get the same view.

A thrilling story is told about the destruction of this building, one of those intensely patriotic tales which give such a flavor of

gallantry to the history of France. When the Prussians entered Paris at the termination of the Franco-Prussian war, the invading general decided to take the palace at St. Cloud for his headquarters. But at this terrible insult, that the enemy should sleep in the bed of French kings, the Parisians made their last desperate stand, and while the Prussians were marching through the Bois to take possession of the palace, the French soldiers leveled their big guns upon it from the Place de la Concord, and it was completely destroyed.

THROUGH HOLLAND IN CANAL BOATS

The Land of Dikes and Windmills as Seen by an American Party on a Summer Vacation

By H. C. Danforth

"Well," said the Older Cousin briskly, "it occurs to me that we'd better take that canal trip to Zaandam and Zaandyk this afternoon. The steamers run every half-hour. It cannot be hotter on the canals than in the city, and they say there are swarms of windmills."

We hailed the suggestion with enthusiasm and were soon proceeding toward the docks. It was very hot in Amsterdam—the month was August, and mosquitoes were rather troublesome. During the three days we had already passed in Holland, we had experienced the canals as spectators merely, and hadn't participated in them, so to speak. So we hurried to catch the boats which leave the docks west of the great Central Station, at the half hours.

We certainly were cooler once the boat had started, as it pushed up the Zaan Canal, and no mosquitoes disturbed our content. The fares are only a few cents to Zaandam, first class, and about five cents cheaper round trip, by second class, and as forward is first class on some boats, and second on others, we generally were guided in our choice by the presence or absence of live stock. I have traveled first class in company with a sow and her family, but that is unusual and only because the boat was overcrowded. Usually the four-footed passengers are carried amidships, and the overflow in the second class.

The canal steamers make good time and one has no moments of ennui. Beautiful fresh greens, upon which innumerable sleek cows disport themselves, lie in every direction. As far as the eye can reach are the lawn-like flat of the polder. Polders are the fields of reclaimed land—land that is far below sea-level and which has to be drained by a system of canals, great and small. These polder stretch for miles without a ripple of aspiration from their low levels, broken only by the straight rows of poplars that mark with mathematical precision the roads laid across the low country. There are windmills too, many of them, but not the multitude that you get after you have passed Zaandam. I forgot to say that, lured by the fresh air and by the charm of the rural vista, we took another boat

at Zaandam for Zaandyk, and it was then that at every turn we came upon a bewildering bevy of windmills, old and young, casting enchanting reflections in the water.

All too soon we found ourselves approaching Zaandyk, and loath to turn back, remained recklessly on board (though sunset was imminent), for the two hours' sail farther to Alkmaar. To make this trip one should start from Amsterdam by one o'clock, at least, or if possible, make an all-day trip of it. Then one can return by canal. We were so late, we were obliged to come back by train. Even so it was a cheap excursion, costing little over a gulden, or forty-one cents, round trip, and going by water would have cost even less.

From Zaandyk to Alkmaar the villages became fewer and fewer, and the farm-houses much more scattered. The great North Holland Canal runs straight through to Helder, a town at the northern extremity of Holland, where are the most massive dikes in the world. Not long after leaving Zaandyk it widens into lakes and marshes which are peculiarly lovely. It was on this canal that I first fully realized how much lower the land lay than the water on which we were sailing. We looked over hedges, which are also the dikes, into the gardens, quite below us, and into the second-story windows of the farmhouses. Imagine yourself on an elevated train —only imagine yourself on a river instead of on iron rails, with the solid land far down below you, and you will get an idea of the sensation. And as the twilight deepened and the mist arose, all we could see, as we glided along, were the peaked roofs of the cottages, rising above the hedge-tops.

After that initial journey by water, we could not be induced to travel otherwise than by canal steamer. Every jaunt was well worth while, and we decided that canalling was the pleasantest mode of travel in Holland. Certainly it is far superior to railroading; as for bicycling—I know it has charms for many, and for such, the facilities in Holland are superlative. Amsterdam is an excellent starting point for a number of delightful trips; a very interesting one is through the North Sea Canal to Ymuiden, a town at the western extremity of the canal, where are the huge gates that guard the entrance of the canal from the in-rush of the sea. Good walkers can cover the five or six miles from Ymuiden to Haarlem, if they wish to devote a day to these towns. We did not try to do this, as we were there in August and the weather was warm.

The longest trip we took was to Leyden—about six hours by canal from Amsterdam—but every foot of the way repaid us; for we got an impression of rural life such as nothing, I am sure, short of several weeks' sojourn in Holland would have given us. The steamers for Leyden start on the Amstel Canal and we continued on it for miles and miles as it turned down and wound between the

polder. There were cheerful little farm-houses at the very brink of the water, and picturesquely dressed women and children who ran out to see the steamer and help take off cargoes at the little stations. Milk and vegetable carts jog briskly along the roads bordering the canal, drawn by undersized dogs, and clumsy trekboats hauled by a straining boy or man who does the pulling, while "mynheer," at ease in the stern of the boat does the steering. The canal itself is beautiful, shadowed by tall trees, hemmed in by tall grasses and green dikes, spanned by a hundred drawbridges that lift up slowly at your approach.

An extremely delightful day was spent going to Marken and Vollendam and Edam—by canal, of course—the costumes are picturesque beyond description, the men's clothes rivaling the women's in quaintness.

We made Amsterdam our headquarters, so I know more about that vicinity than any other in Holland; but a glance at the map will show you that canalling may be freely indulged in in any section of this watery little country. The canal-boats are fairly comfortable, with cabins, in case of rain, and a provision of sandwiches and milk and beer, to be had at trifling cost, in case of belated hours and hunger.

IN THE HEART OF THE CANADIAN ROCKIES

The Delights of the "Switzerland of the Western Continent" as Experienced by One Who Has Camped and Climbed There

The popular consciousness of a country of wonderful natural resources, newly discovered, is apt to be utilitarian. Pioneer settlers usually "go out" to seek their fortunes and write back stories of the hand to hand encounter, of the first efforts of man to wrest from Nature a share of her great idle riches.

In the days when these first tales are being written there is little time for the contemplation of unproductive charm, and only after the first hard work is done, are backs straightened and eyes raised to the realization of sheer beauty in the field of toil.

During the past few years the industrial world has become accustomed to think of Western Canada as "the future granary of the world" and the stupendous scale on which wheat is farmed there is a part of a boy's common school knowledge.

That Western Canada is a fair rival to epic Switzerland worn old by the feet of centuries of beauty seekers, is a strange idea to millions of our countrymen who are within easy access of it.

But there is a certain group of the human family which has its representatives in all times and countries, a group whose individuals have the pioneer spirit and who respond by instinct to the strange challenge of high places. These are "the mountain climbers," professional and amateur. To some of these who have written with enthusiastic sympathy we owe brilliant glimpses of the wonderland known as the Canadian Rockies.

One of the most adventurous of such spirits, who has also the gift of graphically communicating his impression is Mr. James Outram. In his book which grew out of his camping and climbing there, he presents a vivid picture which gives even a casual reader a thrill for "the heart of the Canadian Rockies."

He turns from a reminiscence of Switzerland to say: "But though its scenery is unchangingly beautiful and the familiar Alpine monarchs retain forever the affection of the mountaineer, yet his soul will crave—and rightly so—the chief joy of the climber's ambition, a 'first ascent.' He turns most naturally, therefore, to the great continent of America, where he expects to find plenty of new things

and generally finds them on the largest scale. The United States, with its enormous area and limitless array of Nature's mightiest works and treasures, might well expect to possess some counterpart to Europe's pleasure-ground. But, hunt as we may amid the upland solitudes of Colorado's sea of lofty mountains, the noble peaks and canyons of the California Sierras, or the icy fastnesses of Mt. Shasta and the Cascade Range, the more closely they are studied, the more intrinsically are they found to differ from Switzerland. Each contains some of the splendid features that are all combined within the scanty limits of the little European Republic, but the wondrous glacial fields, the massing majestic ranges, the striking individuality of each great peak, the forest areas, green pasture lands, clear lakes, and peaceful valleys are nowhere found harmoniously blended on the western continent until the traveler visits that section of the Rocky Mountains which lies within the wide domain of Canada.

"Following the Continental watershed from Colorado northward, the ranges of Montana begin to display the characteristic features which culminate in the Switzerland of the Western Hemisphere. The rounded or gabled summits here give place to broken pinnacles, precipices rise in frequent grandeur, enormous seas of ice sweep from the Alpine heights into the verdant heart of pine and spruce-clad valleys, gemmed with emerald and turquoise lakelets, and silvery waterfalls and sparkling rivulets unite in producing a series of absolutely perfect mountain pictures.

"Two variations from the European prototype are certainly conspicuous. The one, that in this country of superlatives the ranges and peaks are multiplied tenfold. The area is vastly larger and the mountains are more closely packed together, but, as a consequence, the individual peaks, with some notable exceptions, are scarcely so strikingly characteristic as their Helvetian relatives. The other obvious difference lies in the wildness of the Rocky Mountain region. Except where the railroad, with its intruding wheel of civilization, has caused the springing up of one or two small hamlets and an occasional section-house, even along the highway of transcontinental traffic there is but little sight of man. The graceful châlet, the climbing herd of cattle, the musical tinkle of whose bells chime faintly through the distance, the sturdy toiling peasant, here are not. Nature alone holds sway, rugged and wild and beautiful. And yet the seeker of these temples of Nature, whether to worship from afar or to explore with strenuous foot the innermost recesses of the wooded valley or the topmost pinnacle of some white summit, whence a bewildering panorama of matchless mountain scenery is unfolded before his delighted gaze, need not endure a single privation or discomfort in his quest. In all the luxury of the modern sleeping-car the traveler is rapidly transported into the very heart of the moun-

tain world. Much of it may be enjoyed without passing from the sight and sound of the great railroad artery, where charming hotels and rustic châlets keep him in comfort during his stay, and combine with the unsurpassed scenery to lengthen it to the utmost limit.

"But to view the grandest mountains and obtain the finest climbs, it is necessary to camp out for a short or long period, and as this mode of life is one of the most delightful of experiences, the necessity enhances the pleasure of one's holiday. It adds to all the varied charms of scenery a free and healthful life, long journeys through primeval forests, scented with the sweet fragrance of the balsam-fir, the fording of great rivers, and the enjoyment of the numerous attractions, human as well as scenic, of a roving life.

"Such is the great chain of the Divide, for a brief section of its long-drawn line. Year by year new beauties are discovered far and near, whilst yet no distant regions with untrodden peaks and glaciers await the enterprising traveler, who, with camping outfit and string of pack-horses, plunges still farther into the unknown to enjoy the unspeakable delight of discovering for himself new scenes that in some future day thousands will be seeking beyond the limits of the present round of famed resorts."

Of Banff, Mr. Outram says: "Banff is a place for leisure rather than the strenuous life. Pleasant drives and rides and walks abound; the river invites laziness in a canoe, and many a delightful hour may be spent amongst the shallow lakes or threading the narrow waterways amidst the trees and bushes. Weird little Sundance Canyon, the wooded valley of the Spray, Lake Minnewanka, and various minor altitudes can easily be reached by trail, and the Hot Springs demand a visit and a swim in the warm aërated depths.

"For the aspiring mountaineer Banff offers but little attraction except for training and an introduction to the topography of the Rockies, although it is the starting-point for Mt. Assiniboine, one of the most famous and fascinating peaks in Canada."

To Lake Louise Mr. Outram took a friend one day and heard from the friend the comment: "I have traveled in almost every country under heaven, yet I have never seen so perfect a picture in the vast gallery of Nature's masterpieces as you have brought me to this afternoon."